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THE RIGHT HONORABLE HUGH ELLIOT.*

THE position of a diplomatist is, in some respects, less favorable to the gratification of personal ambition than that of an officer of rank in the army or the navy. The most important part of the diplomatist's work is unseen, and is unknown to the great body of his countrymen. He may convey to his Government the most ample details of his proceedings, but, in most cases, it would be inexpedient and in many injurious to the national interests to make these public. If, for example, he has succeeded in conducting, with consummate ability, to a satisfactory conclusion, discussions which threatened to produce a rupture between his Government and that to which he is accredited, he has rendered an important service to the State; but it can rarely be desirable to make public in detail all that passed in the course of such a negotiation. It is generally more conducive to the maintenance of a good understanding between the parties, that these details should be

kept out of sight, if not forgotten; but without a knowledge of these, of all the difficulties he has had to contend with, and of the manner in which he surmounted them, the diplomatist's merits cannot be duly appreciated. He must therefore be content, in most cases, even on occasions of the greatest success, to forego the popular appreciation which attends success in the other branches of the public service. Such, at least, was the position of our ambassadors and envoys in the last century.

For diplomatists, however, who have been men of mark in their generation, there may come a time, but not till they and their contemporaries have passed away, when some friendly hand, shaking the dust of many years from the papers they have left, gives a truthful picture of a man who, it may be, was known and admired at almost every court in Europe, revives the memory of his talents, accomplishments, and public services, and contributes authentic materials for the history of the times in which he lived.

This is what, in the memoir of her grandfather, Lady Minto has done with

* Memoir of the Right Honorable Hugh Elliot. By the Countess of Minto. Edinburgh, 1868.

much ability and judgment, and with a candor, vivacity, and grace, that make doubly attractive the story of a life which, even in rougher hands, could not have failed to be full of interest. The available mass of papers appears to have been such as would have furnished materials for several volumes; but although the labor of selection must have been great, and often perplexing, we do not doubt that it was wise to compress the memoir into a single volume. It is to be regretted that equal self-denial has not always been exercised by those who have undertaken similar tasks. It is better for both subject and author that the readers of a Memoir or a "Correspondence" should wish the book to be longer than that they should complain of its being too long.

"With the laudable desire," says Lady Minto, "to begin at the beginning, I should gladly trace the manner in which my grandfather's earliest years were spent, but unfortunately I have no means of doing so; the oldest letter in my possession is of the date of 1762, when he was ten years old, and was living with his family at Twickenham; and in none of the subsequent letters have I found any internal evidence as to the locality which they looked upon as home. In none is there any allusion to favorite haunts, to gardens or games, to dependants or pets; nothing to show affection for home as a place. Strong family affection has been ever a characteristic of the race, and to be together was at all times an object of tenderest longing, but where the meeting should take place seems to have been a matter of indifference.

"I therefore suppose that during the youth of the family their parents led an unsettled life, probably dividing their time between Parliamentary duties in London and visits to relations in Edinburgh, occasionally living at Lochgelly, and occasionally at Minto. It is possible, too, that the home life may not have been of the kind to make itself remembered with unmixed pleasure. Sir Gilbert was a grave, highly cultivated man, immersed in politics, and, like all fathers of his time, he seems to have inspired his family with as much awe as admiration.

"Lady Elliot, clever, high-spirited, and imaginative, was not, like one who filled her place in after years,

"Blessed with a temper, whose unclouded ray,
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day."

Her preference for those of her children who most resembled herself was openly avowed, and in Isabella and Hugh, she cultivated rather than repressed the uncontrolled sensi-

bility, the romantic impulsiveness of character, and 'high imaginings,' which, in the case of the sister, probably increased constitutional tendencies to the extent of rendering them morbid, and which in that of the brother diminished the successfulness of his career and the happiness of his life. Her eldest son Gilbert and her youngest daughter Eleanor, were not supposed by her to be of the porcelain clay of which the rest were made, and her allusions, soon after Hugh left her, to Gilbert's coldness of manner, as compared with Hugh's more demonstrative nature, is not less striking, when we find that she lived to give her entire confidence to her eldest son, and to be on terms approaching to estrangement with the younger.

"To a want therefore of home sunshine, it is possible that we may in part ascribe the fact that the letters written from home deal chiefly with news, with politics, or with advice, while those addressed there by the absent sons are confined to matters affecting their studies and pursuits.

"From their earliest years the boys were training for the world.

"Life," says Byron, 'has no Present,' but childhood is the time of life which should form an exception to the rule, a time when stores of mental as of bodily health may be laid up in days of careless enjoyment.

"At twelve years old Hugh was with his elder brother in Paris, learning French and *l'usage du monde* under the auspices of David Hume."

In 1762, Mr. Liston, afterwards Sir Robert Liston, a well-known and much-respected diplomatist, became the tutor of the boys Gilbert and Hugh, with a salary of £25 a year, bed, board, and washing. Towards the end of 1764 they were sent with their tutor to Paris, where they spent two years at the military school directed by the Abbé Choquart. "While there they made the acquaintance of Mirabeau, a boy of their own age, for whom the school of l'Abbé Choquart had been specially selected as being more like a prison than a school. No complaints of harsh treatment have, however, been recorded in the letters of the Elliots."

On their return from Paris in 1766, the boys were sent to Edinburgh, to be under the superintendence of Professor George Stuart, who, in the spring of the following year, writes, "In everything where Hugh's age admits (he was barely fifteen) he is really wonderful." And again: "I never had occasion to see two brothers so contrasted, and indeed I should find it a more difficult task to

manage Hugh, were it not for the example of his brother. He is lively, agreeable, and popular. No wonder if his vivacity is now and then above his reason. As it is he needs a very sharp eye." A further account of Hugh Elliot at this time will be found in Dr. Somerville's *Life and Times* :—

"At this period of their lives," Lady Minto informs us, "Hugh got into scrapes by 'mixing too much salt with his repartees;' while Gilbert ran some danger of finding that sweets have their 'sour' too. It was surmised at home that he neglected his law-books for the society of a young lady of his acquaintance; but his defence seems to have been complete when he wrote to his mother that, 'after all, it had only made him take up Thomson's Seasons once or twice instead of his Roman History;' and he proceeds, perhaps in self-justification—'this town is proving idler every day. It is already much thinned. There are at present in Edinburgh about a thousand people perfectly idle. The journeymen tailors have for some time given up their work, insisting on higher wages. The masons and carpenters have all followed their example.'"

In 1768 the brothers went to Oxford, and, soon after his arrival, Hugh wrote a letter to his father, giving an account of the life there. They had been dining with Dr. Markham, who questioned them about their studies, and gave his advice with regard to them.

"In short," says Hugh, "I think he endeavored to recommend everything that is taught here, and disrecommend everything which is not taught here. . .

"We are told we must take great care never to speak upon politics, or prefer any other University to this. . . Pray, papa, if anybody asks you how we like Oxford, don't tell them that we find fault with anything, for I never saw people so bigoted to any place in my life, and they are jealous of the least thing that can be construed against it."

Two years later both brothers were again at Paris, and Hugh writes,—“As soon as we were equipped we waited upon Mr. (Horace) Walpole, who seems to be as dry and cold a kind of gentleman as I ever saw.” They found Madame de Boufflers—Walpole's *Idole du Temple*—at her studies in her bedroom. She said, “if she had time she would set about translating Mr. Smith's *Moral Sentiments*. ‘Il a des idées si justes de la sympathie.’” Hugh slyly adds, “This book is now in great vogue here—this doctrine of sympathy bids fair for cut-

ting out David Hume's Immaterialism, especially with the ladies, ever since they heard of his marriage.”

“Madame du Deffand has told us to come to her *petits soupers* whenever we please.” This lady is well known as the correspondent of Voltaire and of Horace Walpole. Her society, we are told, was composed of all that was eminent in France, either by intellect or position. In a letter to Walpole she describes the young Elliots as very amiable, perfect in their knowledge of French, gay, gentle, well-bred, good-looking, and agreeable to every one. They were also well received by Madame Geoffrin, whose saloons were frequented by such men as Montesquieu, the *Encyclopédistes*, l'Abbé Delille, La Harpe, &c., and by Mademoiselle l'Espinasse, an authoress of some note. She was the friend of M. d'Alembert, who, in concert with Diderot and secretly assisted by Voltaire, started the *Encyclopédie*, designed to undermine religion and monarchy in France. This was then considered the most distinguished intellectual society to which a youth could obtain access in Europe, and it was sought accordingly. It was brilliant and immoral. Few of the women were considered, and probably many of them did not desire to be considered, immaculate, but they were clever and accomplished, and there has, perhaps, been no epoch in France or elsewhere, in which the destructive force of mere intellect, uncoupled with rank or wealth, and divorced from religion and morals, has been manifested in such power as at that time in Paris. The men who were the guiding lights of the society we are speaking of—the Philosophers, as they were called—Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot, and others of that sect, deliberately sapped the foundations of the social and political fabric of France, already damaged by vice and corruption, and prepared the ground, if they did not lay the train, for the mine which, in its explosion some years later, broke up the whole framework of society, and blew monarchy, aristocracy, morality, and religion to the winds. The political principles which they inculcated and diffused may be inferred from the declaration attributed to Diderot, that “Mankind will never be happy and free till the last of kings has been strangled with the

bowels of the last of priests,"—and France acted as if she had accepted the spirit at least of this dictum. We all know what followed. Flying from anarchy, France sought the protection of military despotism, and having drunk too deeply of military glory, reeled and fell. After a time, another outbreak of republicanism drove her to the same shelter, and under the vigorous discipline of the second empire, she now seems to be gradually recovering her sober senses.

It is worthy of remark that amongst the admirers of this Republican philosophy of Liberty and Equality, none professed greater admiration than Frederick of Prussia and Catherine of Russia, perhaps the most despotic and arbitrary sovereigns in Europe. They kept up a familiar, but, on their part, deferential correspondence with Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot, and other notabilities of that school, and invited them to Berlin and St. Petersburg. Voltaire, as every one knows, resigned his appointments at Paris and settled at Berlin, as the king's friend, chamberlain, and guest. But they quarrelled, and Voltaire had the mortification to discover that his Royal friend had become tired of him, and had privately avowed his intention, as he expressed it, "when he had squeezed the lemon to throw away the rind."

Catherine made the purchase of Voltaire's library an occasion for conferring upon him a pecuniary benefit. She invited D'Alembert to St. Petersburg to conduct the education of her son—afterwards the Emperor Paul—and there to complete the *Encyclopédie*, which had been denounced in France; and when he, warned no doubt by Voltaire's experience at Berlin, declined her very liberal and flattering proposals, she wrote to him a letter (November 19, 1762), in which she endeavored to prove that it was his duty to accede to her request, adding—"In this whole letter I have argued only from what I have found in your writings; you would not contradict yourself." She also purchased Diderot's library, which she left with him, at the same time appointing him keeper of it with a liberal salary; and having induced him to visit St. Petersburg, she received him with the most flattering attentions. "Diderot,"

says a writer who had special means of obtaining accurate information, "unfolded his principles on the liberty and rights of nations with his usual enthusiasm and eloquence. The Empress seemed to be delighted with them; but she was not at all the more disposed to put them in practice. 'M. Diderot,' said she, 'is a hundred years old in many respects; but in others he is no more than ten.' Perhaps her Majesty's private opinion was not more in favor of the wisdom of Voltaire, though she never spoke of it but with the deference due to the foremost dispenser of fame." Both the King and the Empress bestowed flatteries and largesses on the leading literary men of the day, in order that their own praises might be sounded throughout Europe; and they effected their object. They no doubt regarded the Republican Philosophy which they professed to admire in the same light as they did abstract propositions in science, which it was interesting to discuss or to hear discussed, but which had no immediate or practical bearing upon their duties as sovereigns. They lived to take a different view of the effect of such teaching.

But the young Elliots do not appear to have been influenced by the views of the French society in which they occasionally mingled, and in the autumn of 1770 they both left Paris, the elder, Gilbert, to resume his studies at Christ Church, thereafter to engage in public life, and to become Viceroy of Corsica, Envoy Extraordinary to Vienna, President of the Board of Control, Governor-General of India, and first Earl of Minto.

The younger, Hugh, proceeded to Metz to study military science. While yet a child, he had received from General Scott of Scotstarvet a commission in the British army, in accordance with a practice then too common to be regarded as blamable. From that time he had been led to look to the army as his profession, his studies had been directed with a view to prepare him for it, and it was his own ardent desire and ambition to seek distinction in pursuing a military career. But quite unexpectedly, when he had completed his education, Lord Barrington refused to ratify the appointment. This refusal, whatever may have been the motive that dictated

it, was then looked upon as a cutting insult, which was to be resented by the family and their friends; and it is perhaps not too much to say that Hugh Elliot never entirely overcame the mortification. His ardor for military distinction had become a passion. The short and brilliant essay in arms which he soon afterwards had an opportunity of making, served to inflame that passion; it continued to burn and burst forth long after he had apparently settled to his diplomatic work, and probably it never was altogether extinguished. He seems to have felt that his true vocation was military, and, although he acquired distinction as a diplomatist, he was probably right.

In the hope that he might obtain employment in the Austrian army with the rank of captain, which had been conferred upon him with that view, he set out in 1772 for Vienna, and although he failed in his object, he gained the friendship of Lord Stormont, who, afterwards writing to a friend (not of the Elliot family), says with reference to Hugh, "The sweetness of his disposition, the manner in which the *elements are blended* in him, the variety of his accomplishments and pursuits, make him a young man so much after my heart, that I often lament in secret I am not the father of such a son, though God knows I never was less disposed than at present to try my chance." Madame de Thun, too, who was one of the most agreeable, cultivated, and sensible women in Viennese society, said of him, years afterwards, "Such as he was at eighteen, so would I wish my son to be."

Thirsting for military employment, Elliot pushed on to Warsaw, where he was favorably received by the King, Stanislas Augustus, whose person and manner he describes as "strikingly engaging and manly." Stanislas was not a man of elevated birth; his grandfather had been steward of a small estate belonging to the Sapeiha family. He had himself accompanied the British ambassador, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, to St. Petersburg, as an unofficial secretary, had become one of the favored lovers of the Empress Catherine, had by her been placed, with the connivance of Prussia, and almost by force of arms, upon the throne of Poland, and was now (1772)

about to become the victim of her ambition.

The partition of Poland was on the eve of being perpetrated, the forces of the three Powers were closing round their prey, and the feuds and contentions of the Poles, fomented and fostered by foreign agency, made any attempt at resistance hopeless. "I never was so moved with any scene," writes Elliot to his father, "as with the first aspect of this Court. Remorse or despair get the better of the forced cheerfulness with which they endeavor to veil the approach of ruin, slavery, and oppression."

From Warsaw, Elliot set forth to join the Russian army, then employed in Moldavia against the Turks, and finding that operations were suspended, and negotiations in progress, he took the opportunity to visit Constantinople and Shumlah, where the headquarters of the Turkish army lay. This displeased his father, who accused him of seeking amusement rather than employment, and ordered him home. But by this time hostilities had been resumed, and Hugh Elliot, rightly considering it inconsistent with his honor to leave the army at such a moment, excused himself on that ground. In the actions that speedily occurred, the young Englishman so distinguished himself as to attract the attention not only of Generals Soltikof and Potemkin, but of Marshal Romanzow. The Marshal wrote to the British ambassador at St. Petersburg in the highest terms of Mr. Elliot's gallantry and conduct, which, he said, he had also considered it his duty to report to the Empress. M. Pouschkin, Russian ambassador in London, was desired to report to the English Government the very strong expressions of approbation with which Marshal Romanzow had mentioned the young Englishman in his despatches to his own Government, and Sir Gilbert was mollified by the high encomiums bestowed upon his son.

From Moldavia Mr. Elliot returned to Warsaw, where he received intelligence of his nomination as minister to the Court of Munich. His military life had terminated, and his diplomatic life was to begin, at the age of twenty-two.

In June, 1774, he arrived at Munich, accompanied by Mr. Liston, who had been his tutor, and was now his secretary,

but did not yet hold any official appointment. The young minister had little or no public business to transact with the Court of Bavaria, but Munich was a post of observation from which the intrigues and manœuvres of the greater Powers could conveniently be observed and reported. Whatever his duties were, they seem to have been performed to the entire satisfaction of his Government. The Court of Bavaria appears to have been as loose and frivolous as it has been since that time. For an amusing account of it we must refer to the *Memoir*, and recommend to such as may be wearied with the lax frivolities of that mimic and miniature Versailles, to turn to the very sensible and clever letters of Madame de Thun to Elliot, which are those of a thoughtful, kind, and judicious friend.

Lady Minto has adopted the arrangement of giving alternate chapters of home and foreign intelligence, and we hardly know which is the more attractive. The letters of Lady Elliot, of the sisters, and indeed of nearly all the female correspondents, are charming, so also is much of the narrative. Let us take at random the following reference to Minto. Every one who has, or can look back to, an hereditary home, round which family reminiscences, traditions, and affections cluster, will appreciate the current of feeling that runs through it:—

"Parliament was dissolved in October, and, before the new one had assembled, the family left Minto, none of them ever to return, except Gilbert, whose home it was to be, and Isabella, who went there once only, and for a very short period, on a visit to her brother. It does not appear that any of them, except, perhaps, Sir Gilbert himself, entertained any affection for the place, and the ladies certainly considered that going down there 'was a great breach in society.' The love of Minto, which we now guard like some hereditary spell, came in with a stranger, for Gilbert's wife was the first who is said to have 'loved Minto passionately.'

"But the Minto of those days was not the Minto of these. The sheet of water which now reflects laburnums and rhododendrons in sight of the windows, was then a narrow burn running under banks shaggy with thorns; where the flower-garden is now, stood a dismal little church in a corner dark with yews, and dreary with unkept graves; the manse, surrounded by a few untidy cottages, overlooked the little glen, and was near enough to the house for the minister to see the family as they sat at dinner in the round room on the

ground floor, known as the 'big room' by uncles and aunts, and as the 'school-room' by the children of to-day. The rocks may have been finer than when no woods hung like drapery on their sides, but from the old castle one must have looked down on muirs and heaths where now lie the woods of the Lamblairs, or the green slopes and corn-fields which smile in pleasant Teviotdale.

"The green hills are possibly the only feature in the place which remain unchanged, though the village which clusters at their feet is new.

"In those days roads were few, and drains were not, and the dwellers in a land where high farming triumphs will sometimes lament the days when fences were odious and turnips undiscovered. Yet, on the whole, though sunny days may then have shown bright stretches of whin or of heather which have disappeared now, we must admit that we live on a drier soil, and in a more 'innerlie' country, and have a greater variety of cheerful pleasures than fell to the lot of our forefathers; so peace be to their ashes! even though they did not care for Minto."

In 1776 Sir Gilbert Elliot died. His eldest son Gilbert succeeded as fourth baronet, and thenceforward took an active part in public affairs. In the same year Hugh was transferred from Munich to Berlin, then, as now, one of the most important diplomatic posts in Europe. Frederick the Great was still in full vigor. He had secured his conquest of Silesia, under the guarantee of all the powers that were parties to the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. He had instigated, promoted, and assisted in the partition of Poland, and had obtained his share of that unfortunate country, and the plunder of its inhabitants. He was the greatest military genius of his time, and one of the most astute and unscrupulous statesmen. To his fame as a king and a warrior he desired to add that of a philosopher, a poet, and a wit. He was vain, arbitrary, and overbearing, capricious in his humor, and when out of humor ready to say something offensive to every one who came in his way. That he did great things, and in so far was a great man, is unquestionable; that in small things he was often coarse, mean, and insolent, is equally undeniable. He was feared by many, loved by few, and trusted by none.

The state of Europe was unsettled. France, with a feeble court, a corrupt government, shattered finances, a discon-

tented people, and a vast amount of unemployed intellect assailing the existing institutions, was in that uneasy state which precedes and forebodes revolution. The financial and other reforms undertaken by the Emperor Joseph II. had alienated the affections of Hungary, driven the Netherlands to revolt, and produced uneasiness and discontent in the hereditary dominions of Austria. Gustavus III. had effected a revolution in Sweden, and had usurped despotic power, to which his subjects were not prepared to submit, and which his army was not disposed to sustain. The King of Denmark and Norway was in a state of imbecility, and quarrels and intrigues in the palace distracted that spirited nation, and paralyzed its power, at that time not inconsiderable. Poland had been destroyed. The smaller States of Germany, overrun by contending armies, had little weight in the political scale. Italy was but a battle-field for foreign hosts. Spain had still a navy, and colonies which supplied her with gold and silver, and she might be useful as an ally; but her military power was now of small account. England was engaged in the American war, in which she suffered humiliating military disasters that damaged her reputation in Europe, though they were in some measure counterbalanced by naval victories. Russia, whose alliance with Prussia had been studiously cultivated by Frederick, and cemented by their concert in the partition of Poland, was intent upon her aggrandizement in the East,—where she was adding to her conquests from year to year at the expense of the Turks,—occupied nearer home with the affairs of Poland, harassed in the Baltic by the hostility of Sweden, and had not yet appeared in Central and Western Europe as a great military power. Prussia, therefore, although geographically weak, was strong in the valor and reputation of her army and the genius of her king, whose Court became the centre of many intrigues and ambitious schemes. The Envoy at the Court of Frederick did not sleep on a bed of roses; and to have been selected for that post was a proof of the estimation in which Mr. Elliot was held by his Sovereign and the Cabinet.

After mentioning his arrival at Berlin, the Memoir proceeds:—

"The Court to which my grandfather was now accredited was as unlike as possible that which he had just left. In place of the gay and dissipated Munich, he found a capital of regular and handsome architecture indeed, but in 'the streets of which reigned an air of dejection at noon-day, scarcely any passengers being seen except soldiers.' The only court held there was that of the Queen, the neglected wife of Frederick the Great; to her all presentations were made, and her receptions, at rare and stated intervals, were the only royal entertainments at which Berliners were called upon to assist; but so parsimonious were the habits of the Court, that the occasional glimmer of an old lamp in the staircase of the palace was sufficient to make a passer-by exclaim—'Her Majesty doubtless holds high festival to-day!' and so scanty were the provisions at the royal table, that those who had the honor of partaking of them previously fortified themselves with a repast at home. Thiebault tells us, that on one occasion a great lady especially recommended by Her Majesty to the care of the assistants, received for her entire portion one preserved cherry!"

"The fête-day of the Queen was the grand gala of the year, for then Frederick honored her with his presence, and taking off his military boots for that day only, appeared for the space of half an hour in silk stockings, which, ungartered and ill-fitting, fell in folds around his legs.

"No less unlike to the splendors of Nymphenburg was the residence of the Prussian King at Potsdam, 'rather a military station than a city. Guards and hussars constituted half its inhabitants;' while the little palace of Sans Souci, a quarter of a mile off, consisted only of one range of apartments on the ground floor. 'A sandy barren soil and groves of gloomy fir gave an air of melancholy to the surrounding scenery,' says an English traveller whose words I have before quoted; and after expatiating on the evidence of military despotism apparent throughout the land, he adds—'The Prussian monarchy reminds me of a vast prison, in the centre of which appears the great keeper occupied in 'the care of his captives.'"

An old friend, who knew Berlin, hearing of his appointment, writes to him that "on y traite les ministres à la Vénitienne; la cour et la ville ont peu de communication avec eux, les personnes auxquelles ils se lient, et les maisons qu'ils fréquentent deviennent mêmes suspectes."

Lady Minto has found "no letters from Mr. Elliot describing his first impressions of Berlin; but in the letters addressed to him there are passages which throw some light

both on the reception he met with, and on his own views of the place and people.

"My grandfather's military tastes had led him to form an enthusiastic admiration for the great soldier of his age, and no doubt the military manœuvres which formed the staple amusement of Berliners were peculiarly interesting to him, but as Madame de Thun shrewdly surmised, Berlin had other attractions too."

The other attractions here alluded to were those of the beautiful Mademoiselle de Krauth, "*sans contredit la plus belle personne de ce pays*," of whom we shall see more presently; but we must first refer to another matter.

The envoy had been but a few months in Berlin when circumstances occurred which affected unfavorably his position at that Court. Two agents from the revolted colonies in America arrived there; and the British Government, informed of their movements, and having reason to believe that Frederick had been secretly intriguing with the Americans, instructed the envoy to watch the proceedings of these "rebel agents." Their presence at Berlin, which was known to Mr. Elliot, and which in any case could not have been concealed from him, was formally announced to the British envoy by the Prussian minister, with an assurance that "the King of Prussia had too high a sense of the regal dignity to give his sanction to the rebellious colonies by receiving their emissaries, who were therefore obliged to maintain the strictest incognito." Mr. Elliot, however, had what he considered sufficient reasons for not being satisfied that he could, in this case, rely with confidence on Frederick's "high sense of the regal dignity;" he therefore endeavored to obtain more precise information. Offers, which he accepted, were made to obtain for him, secretly, the papers of the American agents, but, the risk being found too great, those offers came to nothing. Mr. Elliot impatient at being thwarted, and anxious to procure evidence of the secret objects of the American emissaries to Berlin, happened to say, at his dinner-table, that he would gladly give a sum of money to any one who should bring him their papers. This was overheard by a German servant, who thereupon, without further authorization, broke into the apartments of the Americans at an hotel in which they had put up, forced open

the bureau, and carried off bodily the papers it contained.

The master of the house, who had previously been tampered with unsuccessfully, instantly accused Mr. Elliot's servant of the theft, and the police were pursuing their inquiries when Mr. Elliot came forward, declared himself to be solely responsible for what had occurred, acknowledged the guilt of his servant, and admitted his own indiscretion in having expressed himself as he did. The papers were promptly restored to their owners, and Mr. Elliot submitted himself entirely to the judgment of the King of Prussia, acquitting his own Court of any share in so unjustifiable a transaction. This was, no doubt, a very judicious as well as a very proper course if the papers contained, as was believed at the time, matter that in some measure compromised the King. He could not desire that any such matter should be made public; he knew that Elliot was not a man that would shrink, if pressed too far, from defending himself or exposing the King. Frederick, however, gave a gracious answer, to the effect that he should wish the subject to be dropped, and it was dropped, at Berlin. But Mr. Elliot thought it his duty to recommend that he should be recalled, because the credit of his Court might possibly suffer from the conduct of its representative.

Mr. Liston had been sent over at once with letters explaining the circumstances. Lord Suffolk censured Mr. Elliot, attributing what had occurred to unwarrantable excess of zeal and want of discretion, advised him to "abstain from vivacities of language, and to control and discourage so criminal an activity on the part of his dependants." He was at the same time informed that "the generous conduct of the King of Prussia" on the occasion made it unnecessary to recall him.

While Frederick informed Mr. Elliot that he wished the matter to be dropped, and was desirous that it should not be further discussed at Berlin, he held totally different language elsewhere. Mr. Eden, in a private letter, says—"When you were told that the outrage was forgiven, we had absolute proof that you were only told so, and that it was likely to be seriously resented."

Lady Minto appends to her account of this extraordinary affair a note in the following terms:—

"My attention having been called to the discrepancy between the account given in the text of this transaction and that to be found in the 6th vol. of Mr. Carlyle's *History of Frederick the Great*, I have only to say, that I have translated all but verbatim Mr. Elliot's letter on the subject to the Prince of Prussia, and have accurately copied the most important passages relating to it from Lord Suffolk's despatches and Mr. Eden's letters; and that no papers, public or private, containing any different version from that given in the text, have been preserved in the MSS. of my grandfather."

On the whole, we are disposed to regard the account given in the Memoir as probably more accurate than that which Mr. Carlyle, relying on the materials he used, has given in his *Life of Frederick*. He seems to believe that this outrage was instigated or connived at by the British Government; but that view, which would in some degree exonerate Mr. Elliot, cannot be reconciled with the letters of Lord Suffolk of 1st August and of Mr. Eden of October, 1777, which were strictly confidential, and have now for the first time been made public.

"From that time," we are told, "he (Mr. Elliot) never recovered the ground which he seems originally to have occupied in the King's good graces, nor does he appear to have adopted Mr. Eden's conciliatory advice, nor to have sought to regain the Royal favor by attentions and deference."

"The King condescended to '*bouder*' the young envoy—the latter affected to disregard the King—the King, growing gradually more and more hostile to England, amused himself by twitting her representative with the failures of her policy, and the unsuccessfulness of her arms; and the minister retaliated by replies, of which the sarcasm was equally delicate and sharp."

The "replies" here referred to are so characteristic of the man that they cannot be altogether omitted, and one or two of them may as well be given here as in the chronological order of their occurrence.

The recall of M. Maltzahn from London, and the appointment to that post of an "ill-conditioned fellow, merely to spite the English Cabinet," gave occasion to the following repartee:—"What do they say of — in London?" asked

Frederick tauntingly. "Digne représentant de Votre Majesté," replied Mr. Elliot, bowing to the ground.

"For some time the relations between England and Prussia had not been cordial, and Frederick showed his bad humor by not addressing a word to Mr. Elliot at several successive levées. Mr. Elliot was indignant, and burning to be revenged. When at length, on the arrival of intelligence that Hyder Ali had made a successful and destructive inroad into the British territories in the Carnatic, Frederick broke his long silence, asking—'M. Elliot, qui est ce Hyder Ali qui sait si bien arranger vos affaires aux Indes?' Elliot promptly replied—'Sire, c'est un vieux despote qui a beaucoup pillé ses voisins, mais qui, Dieu merci, commence à radoter.' Mr. Elliot related this anecdote to my informant with much exultation, adding—'Sir, it was a revenge that Satan might have envied.' And Satan's envy might have reached its acmé when the news of Hyder Ali's reverses produced an ebullition of spite from the King which gave Mr. Elliot an opening for a second and no less ready rejoinder. Commenting on the expressions of gratitude to Providence which accompanied the official narrative of Sir Eyre Coote's victory, the King remarked—'Je ne savais pas que la Providence fût de vos alliés.' 'Le seul, Sire, que nous ne payons pas,' was the reply."

Mr. Elliot spent the year 1778 in Berlin. "The spring found him attending the deathbed of his old friend, the Lord Marischal." He was the eldest son of Lord Keith, Hereditary Earl Marischal of Scotland, whose title, which dated from the days of Malcolm Canmore, was attained, and his estates forfeited in consequence of the prominent part he took in the Jacobite "rising" of 1715. His son, however, continued to be called Lord Marischal. "Born in 1685," he had served under Marlborough, had left his native country after the failure of the Pretender's attempt in 1715, and, with some other Jacobite gentlemen, entered the service of Spain. When his younger brother, Marischal Keith, attached himself to the King of Prussia, in whose service he ultimately fell, Lord Marischal also settled at Berlin. He was much respected, was employed by Frederick on important missions, and seems to have been generally loved and admired. Mr. Elliot, in a letter to his brother, passes a high encomium upon him—

"Experience gained in the school of ad-

versity, great penetration, sound judgment, retentive memory, made him equally instructive and entertaining. He will long be cited in this country as a model of wisdom, benevolence, and virtue. I sincerely loved and honored him. I have just learned that an accident destroyed lately a considerable part of his correspondence, which would have thrown great light upon the principal characters of those times, when, to use his own expression, 'we were fighting for a king and not for an empire.'

Lady Minto mentions that a few days before his death, Lord Marischal summoned Mr. Elliot to his bedside,—“You may, perhaps,” he said, “have some commission to give me for Lord Chatham. I shall see him in a day or two.” He knew that Lord Chatham had died a fortnight before. “If it were worth while,” writes Mr. Elliot, “to form any wish concerning so indifferent a circumstance as the manner in which one would choose to take leave of a scene that flies from us, ‘Que je meurs comme ce juste,’ would be mine.”

The successive military failures in our attempts to regain the American colonies had produced a general feeling of depression, and even of uneasiness, at home, and of satisfaction or exultation abroad. Our ally of Prussia, when it became evident that both France and Spain would take a part against us, seemed to speculate on the possibility of our downfall. “Hugh Elliot, young, spirited, and full of military ardor, had many a mortification to devour in silence while acting as England’s representative at a Court of whose sentiments he thus writes to Lord Suffolk,” on the 5th of June, 1778:—“As to this Court, it is composed of individuals thoroughly ill-inclined to Great Britain, but too sensible of their own situation not to know that the day is perhaps not far distant when the existence of their power may depend upon its assistance.” But in the midst of alarm at home and evil expectations on the Continent, he ever maintained a serene front and confident demeanor.

In July the war of the Bavarian succession broke out. Frederick, who had already commenced that rivalry with Austria for supremacy in Germany, which we have lately seen decided in favor of his successors, appealed to arms rather than permit Austria to make good

her claims to the Electorate of Bavaria, which would have given her a decided preponderance. The King of Prussia set out to join his army, carrying with him all the princes of the blood and *élite* of male society of Berlin. “How far Mr. Elliot profited by this may be guessed by the more frequent mention in his correspondence of the fair Mademoiselle Krauth.” Letters from travellers returned home inquire tenderly for “la belle des belles,” or more irreverently refer to Hugh’s taste for “cabbage.” “Beware of Miss Cabbage,” writes one, “for she is artful, and knows very well you love her.” “If you feed on sprouts,” says Sir J. Harris, then at St. Petersburg, “you will find them hard of digestion.” But it was already too late to argue or laugh him out of his love for Krauth. In the last two years he had lost his father, his mother, his brother Alick, his friend and “patron” Lord Suffolk, “whose kindness had never flagged,” and some of his most intimate friends, and he felt the necessity of forming new ties. “M. Elliot,” says Thiébault, “était devenu éperdument amoureux de Mademoiselle Krauth,” and in July, 1779, he returned to England, on leave, to prepare his family for the declaration of his marriage, which had taken place privately before his departure. It was an unfortunate alliance. The lady was well-born, was reputed an heiress, and possessed acknowledged beauty; but she proved to be deficient in good sense and right feeling, and he was ultimately obliged, by her flagrant misconduct, to divorce her after the birth of her second child, which, however, did not survive. For two or three years he appears to have lived a tranquil, and, on the whole, a happy domestic life with his young and beautiful wife at Berlin, but his position at the Court was not agreeable:—

“No one can tell,” wrote Mr. Elliot, “the misery of appearing in public here in moments of disgrace and defeat. In my public despatches I dwell less upon the general ill-humor of the King, and his particular dissatisfaction with England, than I might be warranted to do, were it not an ungrateful task to expose the weakness of humanity in prey to the infirmities of age and an irritable constitution. It is sufficient to say that sudden starts of passion hurry him (the King) beyond the bounds of reason. In one of these Maltzahn was recalled; and since

the Chancellor's disgrace none of his Majesty's ministers count upon the stability of their places."

Frederick's temper had become abominable, and his caprice absurd:—

"Priests and academicians were made to feel the force of the royal will. On the 30th May, 1780, the first were ordered to perform a mass, and the second to assist at it, for the repose of the soul of M. de Voltaire!—a solemn satire, at which the spectators, struck with a sense of its absurdity, observed neither decorum nor decency."

In 1782 a change of Government at home consequent on a change of policy with reference to America, was followed by the recall of Mr. Elliot from Berlin, on the alleged ground that he was not personally agreeable to the King. The rumor of his recall reached Berlin before it reached Mr. Elliot, and appears to have called forth strong expressions of regret from the Princes, and from almost every one about the Court. Even the King expressed himself in terms laudatory of Mr. Elliot. The truth appears to be that the new ministers had great difficulty in finding places for their followers, and that Mr. Fox, then at the Foreign Office, was unable to resist the importunities of his colleagues, who wanted the post at Berlin for one of their own friends. However this may be, Elliot was recalled. But Mr. Fox assured Sir Gilbert that his brother should be appointed to another diplomatic post. In July of that year the Rockingham ministry was broken up by the death of its chief, and in September Lord Grantham notified to Mr. Elliot his appointment to Copenhagen. On the 29th he writes to his sister informing her that he had accepted the appointment, which he thinks exceedingly handsome on the part of those who made it, adding, "I was very humiliatingly treated by the demigod of the blackguards."

Mr. Eden, writing to Elliot on the 8th August, 1778, says, "The pretence taken for putting your talents under an extinguisher does not palliate the injury. Lord Derby wanted an employment for Mr. Stanley, who was first meant to be named, but was not sufficiently skilful in languages; Lord Cholmondeley was next named, and went out with the ministry that named him; Lord Hyde is now talked of." Mr. Eden's letter concludes with some amusing gossip. "The

King's situation," he says, "is undoubtedly much enfranchised. It was not ill said by H. Walpole that the crown devolved to the King of England on the death of Lord Rockingham. Hare says that his friend Fox is promoted from the service of the King of England to that of the King of Egypt (Pharaoh). Their remark on the defection of the Duke of Richmond was that his Grace would not *go out* with any man."

"The early part of the winter of 1782," says Lady Minto, "found Mr. Elliot at his new mission at Copenhagen; his wife had urged upon him so strongly the danger to her own health and that of her child, which might arise from a winter journey, that he had consented to leave her till spring under the charge and roof of her mother. A generous nature would have felt grateful for the trust implied in a compliance with her wishes on such a point, but hers was light and arid as her native sands, susceptible of the slightest impression, and of the deepest retaining no trace."

Under these circumstances the winter was passed. The very beginning of spring was signalized by the unfortunate events which made my grandfather's private history the nine days' wonder of half the capitals of Europe."

The time arrived when his wife should have joined him, but she positively refused to leave Berlin. The letter which intimated her determination was couched in terms which convinced him that it had been dictated, and having had from various sources intelligence of her misconduct, and reason for some uneasiness about his child, on whom her mother's fortune was settled, he set out at once from Copenhagen, travelled with unprecedented rapidity, and entering Berlin under a feigned name, got possession of his child and his wife's criminal correspondence, and with these returned to Copenhagen, having first written to the Baron Kniphausen, his wife's cousin and seducer, an insulting letter, in which he intimated his intention to return speedily to Berlin for the purpose of exacting satisfaction from the Baron. He had hazarded his appointment by leaving Copenhagen without permission, but he now demanded leave of absence to return to Berlin for the arrangement of his affairs. Meantime Kniphausen spoke big, practised pistol-shooting, and endeavored to get a second, but for some

time without success. The Baron himself was dismissed from the service of Prince Henry, and being threatened with arrest passed into Mecklenburg. There Mr. Elliot, who had searched for him at his usual residence, came up with him at three o'clock in the morning, at a small road-side inn, and entering his room demanded instant satisfaction. This being refused, he broke his cane over the shoulders of the handsome Baron, who made no resistance, and who, even then, was in no haste to resent the insult. At length, after repeated excuses and delays on the part of the Baron, a meeting was arranged, when after firing three shots, the last of which slightly wounded Mr. Elliot, the Baron made a humble apology in writing, and therein acknowledged the falsehood of some of his previous statements. He was ostracized by the society of Berlin, and Mr. Elliot received from the princes, princesses, and many others, hearty congratulations on the chivalry of his conduct throughout the whole course of that distressing affair. He made arrangements for his divorce, and ultimately returned to Denmark on the best footing with his mother-in-law, Prince Henry, and all his Berlin connections. The King of Prussia on hearing of what had occurred exclaimed, "Was I not right when I said that he would make an excellent soldier?"

"Thus again Hugh Elliot stood alone in life; his household gods lay shattered around him; the mother who would have mourned over him was gone; and though his family sorrowed for his sorrows, it was with a feeling not unmixed with congratulation at the severance of so deplorable a connection. 'Thank God,' says Isabella, after his return from Berlin, 'you have got safely away from all those strange people.'"

At Copenhagen he was received with cordiality by those families amongst the higher ranks whose society he must have most desired to cultivate, but—

"Dispirited and suffering in body as well as in mind, he held aloof as far as was compatible with his position from the world around him, and occupied himself with 'his child, his books, and his thoughts.' He relates with pride the growth of his little girl's vocabulary, and the increasing intelligence of her remarks; and the 'dear pretty little Bella' becomes a prominent personage in the letters he writes and receives.

"To his family he describes himself as resuming old studies for her sake—learning that he might instruct."

But though depressed, his energy and zeal for the public service were not abated, and the high spirit, which could not endure what he considered a slight or an impertinence, flashed forth from time to time as of yore. As an instance of this we may refer to what occurred when Paul Jones, the noted pirate, having been employed in the naval service of Russia, came to Copenhagen, and was there received "with singular marks of distinction." He was presented to the royal family by the French minister, Baron la Houze, who also took him to call for the British envoy, and left their cards. The visit not being returned the French minister asked Mr. Elliot at Court, in presence of a numerous circle, if he was aware of the visit. Mr. Elliot said that he was, and requested the Baron to observe that they had not been admitted. "Why?" demanded the Baron; to which Mr. Elliot replied, "You will never be admitted to my house in such company."

In the autumn of 1783 Mirabeau fled to England, where he renewed his acquaintance with Sir Gilbert Elliot, and we cannot refrain from extracting the amusing account of their old schoolfellow, which Sir Gilbert wrote to his brother Hugh:—

"I was lately agreeably surprised by a note dated *Hatton Street, Holborn*, from our old persecuted school-fellow Mirabeau, who has fled to England for safety, and has nothing but his pen to trust to for support. I found him as ardent a friend as I left him, and as little altered as possible by twenty years of life, of which six have been consumed in prison, and the rest in personal and domestic troubles. He is very much ripened in his abilities, which are really considerable, and has acquired a great store of knowledge. . . . Mirabeau is as overbearing in his conversation as awkward in his grace, as ugly and misshapen in face and person, as dirty in his dress, and withal as perfectly *suffisant*, as we remember him twenty years ago at school. I loved him, however, then, and so did you, though, as he confesses, you sometimes quarrelled with him, being always somewhat less patient in admitting extreme pretensions than me. His courage, fortitude, spirit, talents, application, and, above all, his wrongs and sufferings, should rather increase than weaken our affection for him, and I am really happy in wel-

coming and perhaps serving him here. I brought him with me the other day to Bath, where he made such hasty love to Harriet, whom he had little doubt of subduing in a week, and where he so totally silenced my John Bull wife, who understands a Frenchman no better than Molly housemaid, where he so scared my little boy with caressing him, so completely disposed of me from breakfast to supper, and so astonished all our friends, that I could hardly keep the peace in his favor; and if he had not been called unexpectedly to town this morning, I am sure my wife's endurance, for I cannot call it civility, would not have held out another day. He says he shall sell his estate when his father dies, settle for good in England to be naturalized, it being absolutely impossible to live in France with any sort of security. In the meantime he is writing books and pamphlets for bread."

A characteristic letter from Mirabeau to his old friend Hugh Elliot will be found in the appendix to the Memoir; but we must return to Copenhagen, where things were in a strange condition.

The King, Christian VII., had fallen into a state of hopeless imbecility. The Queen, Caroline Matilda, sister of George III. of England, and known in Denmark as Queen Matilda, had conducted the Government, which was then a despotism, though mild, till 1772, when she was banished, and her *favorite* Struensee, who had been her physician, and had become Prime Minister, was beheaded. Thereupon the Queen-Dowager, step-mother of the King, assumed the control of affairs, and conducted them in the interest of the King of Prussia, who had won her by parsimonious presents and profuse flattery.

The Prince-Royal, afterwards Frederick VI., son of the King and the banished Matilda, was still a boy of fourteen, but possessed of remarkable self-possession, prudence, and courage for one so young, when Count Bernstorff, nephew of the former minister of that name, who had for some time maintained a secret correspondence with the Prince, unfolded to Mr. Elliot his views and plans. The existing Government had alienated the affections of the people, and the most influential men in the country were prepared to unite with the Prince to overturn it. But this could not be accomplished until after His Royal Highness had attained his legal ma-

jority, which would not be until he was sixteen. The secret was well kept, and when the time arrived, on the 14th April, 1784, the Prince-Royal took his seat at Council, and read a memorial explaining his views, which involved a total change in the Government. A second memorial prayed the King to enact that, in future, orders by himself in the Cabinet should not be valid unless countersigned by the Prince-Royal. No serious objections were made; the King signed the documents presented to him, and the desired change was effected. The party of the Queen-Dowager was, however, so much incensed, that fears were entertained for the personal safety of the Prince, and these were intimated to the British Minister. Mr. Elliot had, of course, no instructions for his guidance in so unexpected a contingency; but on his own responsibility he took the manly and decided course that might have been expected from his character. He let the Prince know that should the opposite party resort to violence, he should ask leave to appear openly in His Royal Highness's defence; and as a number of English ships had opportunely arrived, he had little doubt of procuring assistance from their crews and other persons attached to him in Copenhagen. It was unnecessary, however, to have recourse to such measures. "Thanks be to God," he says, "the personal resolution, constancy, and prudence of the Prince-Royal have alone overcome every obstacle."

The Government at home expressed great satisfaction with Mr. Elliot's conduct throughout the whole of these delicate transactions. The King highly approved of the line taken by his representative. Lord Carmarthen, then at the Foreign Office, regarded the singular degree of confidence reposed in him by Count Bernstorff, from his first arrival in the country, as "a proof of the high opinion which that eminent person had conceived of Mr. Elliot's ability, judgment and secrecy," and from many of his influential friends he received cordial congratulations. The result, which without the concurrence of the British minister could hardly have been attained, was not merely that the nephew of George III. had secured his proper position in the State—the people of Denmark and Norway had been relieved from a

rule which they disliked and despised; and the friendly relations with Denmark, to which both the Duke of Portland and Mr. Pitt attached great importance, and which had been imperilled by the policy of the Queen-Dowager, were re-established on a satisfactory footing. In 1784-5, looking to the progress of events in France, and to the condition of the north of Europe, this was a matter of no small moment.

A great part of 1785 was spent by Elliot in England, when he had several interviews with Mr. Pitt, with whose great ability he was much struck. In the following year he returned to Copenhagen, well informed as to the foreign policy of that minister, which was specially directed to the maintenance of the balance of power.

In the north, that balance had long been endangered by the ambition and the overbearing policy of Russia, to which Sweden and Denmark would doubtless have succumbed, had they not received support from other Powers, and especially from France. But in 1784-5 the condition of things in France was such as to disable the Government from taking so prominent and influential a part in the affairs of the north of Europe as it had been wont to take. It was struggling with formidable difficulties at home. To maintain the balance of power in the Baltic, which really meant to preserve the integrity and independence of Denmark, and more especially of Sweden, it was necessary that some substitute should be provided for the support which those kingdoms had received from France, but which could no longer be relied on.

The relations of Sweden and Russia, notwithstanding occasional treaties of amity, and even of defensive alliance, had been essentially hostile in spirit since the time of Charles XII. In Russia the national feeling of animosity against the Swedes was intense, and still is inveterate; the great and growing power of Russia pressed upon Sweden with a weight that was intolerable, and the insatiable craving for territorial aggrandizement that afflicted, as with a disease, the rulers of the most extensive and most sparsely peopled empire that has its capital in Europe, was a source of constant uneasiness to their weaker neighbors. Sweden especially had reason to dread

the Tzars, and no less the Tzarinas, who, by successive tragical revolutions, were raised to the throne of the Muscovite Empire. Each and all of them, by open force, or by secret intrigue and corruption, had sought to break down or to undermine the power of the successors of him whom fortune deserted on the field of Poltowa. Of the Sovereigns and rightful heirs to the throne of Russia, many have been "put out of the way," so many that M. de Talleyrand hearing it alleged that the Emperor Alexander was one of these, quietly observed, "*C'est la mort naturelle de ces gens-là*;" but whoever succeeded the policy was still the same. Territorial aggrandizement still continued and continues to be, *per fas et nefas*, the policy of Russia.

The monarchy of Sweden, like that of Poland, had long been elective, and the means which had been so effectual in ruining the latter of these kingdoms were perseveringly applied to the former. Of the influential men in Sweden a large proportion were in the pay of Russia. Those who were discontented with their own Government found employment and favor at St. Petersburg, and in the early part of the reign of Gustavus III., Stackelberg and Osterman, the Russian ambassadors, who disbursed large sums for the purposes of corruption, even affected to control the deliberations of the Senate and the proceedings of the Court. Gustavus, impatient of this domineering influence, and irritated by the authority which the Senate assumed a right to exercise over his domestic affairs in subservience to that influence, determined in 1776 to make at least an attempt to free himself from this double yoke. He so far succeeded, that he broke up the Senate, dispersed the Diet, and assumed despotic power, with the concurrence and even applause of the lower orders, with whom he was exceedingly popular. This *coup d'état* produced a burst of indignation at St. Petersburg as violent as if the King of Sweden had been a revolted vassal.

Attributing to hostile designs the collection of a Russian army on the Dnieper, while Catherine, accompanied by the Emperor Joseph II., was making her famous progress through her southern provinces, Turkey, in August, 1787, declared war against Russia. Gustavus,

thinking the opportunity favorable, paid more than one visit to Copenhagen with a view to induce the Prince-Royal, whose paternal aunt he had married, to enter with him into an alliance against Russia. But he failed in that object. Denmark had concluded, in July, 1746, a convention with Russia, by which they reciprocally engaged to afford each other a stipulated amount of aid by sea or land in the event of either being attacked, or threatened with attack, and Denmark, though she concealed the existence of this convention, remained faithful to her engagements.

Failing at Copenhagen, Gustavus renewed the old alliance of Sweden with the Ottoman Porte, which undertook to furnish a subsidy, payable annually, during the war, and at once advanced a considerable sum.

As soon as he was thus provided with the means, the King commenced his preparations. The activity in the arsenals of Stockholm, and the movements of troops, attracted the attention of the Russian ambassador, who demanded, but failed to obtain, a satisfactory explanation. Russia was thus fully informed of what was passing at Stockholm, and Catherine therefore returned to St. Petersburg sooner than she had intended, but nevertheless she denuded her northern provinces of troops to reinforce the army of Potemkin in the south. In 1788 the Swedish fleet put to sea, and the King, crossing the Gulf of Bothnia with a considerable force, put himself at the head of his army in Swedish Finland. The panic at St. Petersburg was great. The junior members of the imperial family were, as a matter of precaution, sent off to Moscow. Catherine herself stood firm, and made such dispositions as she could for the defence of her capital. But her reliance was not on these. She confidently predicted, and doubtless had good reason to anticipate, the defection of many of the Swedish officers. Those predictions were fulfilled. When the Swedish army came before Fredericksham, which it was ordered to attack, the officers refused to advance, and the men, under their influence, when appealed to, grounded their arms. The King was no longer safe in his own camp, and hearing at the same time that the Danes, under Prince Charles

of Hesse, accompanied by the Prince-Royal, had invaded Sweden from the side of Norway, and were marching upon Gottenburg, he recrossed the Gulf of Bothnia by sea, running the risk of being captured. Finding that disaffection had spread among the upper ranks at Stockholm, he sought support from the peasants, who were much attached to him, and especially amongst the sturdy miners of Dalecarlia, who on former occasions had risen in defence of their Sovereign.

Meanwhile the Swedish fleet had fought a desperate action. Russia had prepared a fleet, destined for the Mediterranean, to operate against the Turks in the Archipelago. It was ready to sail, and was therefore in readiness to encounter the Swedes, who had entered the Gulf of Finland, and approached Cronstadt. The Russian fleet was commanded by Admiral Greig, a Scotchman, and many of the ships composing it were commanded by British officers who had been thrown out of employment at home after the termination of the American war. But when the fleet was about to sail an unexpected difficulty occurred. Paul Jones had been employed by the Empress, and was to hold a high command under Admiral Greig. The British officers, with one accord, and without a single exception, went to the Russian Admiralty, refused to serve under a renegade and a pirate, and tendered their resignation. The idea of such a proceeding had never presented itself to the mind of any Russian of whatever rank, and the authorities were greatly embarrassed, but at length, finding that argument was unavailing, and seeing that the emergency was urgent, they gave way, and Paul Jones, who had made himself obnoxious on other grounds, was dismissed. The British officers suffered severely in the action, which was indecisive; but Admiral Greig, having speedily refitted at Cronstadt, resumed operations before the Swedes were prepared, and, having surprised their fleet in Sveaborg, shut them up there. The condition of the King of Sweden had thus become desperate.

It was in this unpromising state of things that Mr. Elliot set out for Stockholm to communicate personally with the King, in order, if possible, to devise means for his preservation, and for thus

giving effect to the views of his own Government. He knew that arrangements were being concerted with Prussia to maintain the balance of power in the north, and therefore to support Sweden, and that 16,000 Prussian troops were ready to enter Holstein if the Danish and Norwegian forces invaded Sweden:—

"On my arrival in Sweden," writes Mr. Elliot, "after a search of eleven days I traced the King wandering from place to place, endeavoring to animate his unarmed peasants to hopeless resistance. His very couriers were ignorant of his abode. At length, exhausted with fatigue and illness, I reached the King at Carlstadt, upon the 29th of September. Here I found his carriage ready to convey him to a place of greater security; without generals, without troops, and with few attendants, he was devoid of every means of defence. The King's own words were, that 'I found him in the same situation with James the Second, when he was obliged to fly his kingdom, and abandon his crown.' He was on the point of falling a victim to the ambition of Russia, the treachery of Denmark, and the factious treason of his nobility. In the sincerity of distress the King also added, 'to the mistakes of his own conduct.'"

On being assured of support from Great Britain and Prussia, Gustavus consented to adopt "all those measures which I thought most suitable to his situation." By Mr. Elliot's advice he now resolved to throw himself into Gottenburg and there make a stand. On the way thither intelligence from Berlin confirmed the assurances previously given by Mr. Elliot, and confirmed his confidence in the envoy. While the King hastened to Gottenburg, where he arrived on the 3d October, Mr. Elliot despatched a courier to the Danish camp with letters which pointed out to the Princes the danger they would incur by persevering in the course they were pursuing. This communication appears to have had some effect, for the King writes on the 4th to Baron d'Arnfeldt, "Il faut que le courier d'Elliot ait fait impression, puisque l'on croit que les ennemis se sont arrêtés à Uddevalla." On the 6th, Mr. Elliot joined the King in Gottenburg. While he pursued his negotiations he employed his military knowledge in strengthening the defences, "and," he says, "the voluntary offer of assistance from the gallant spirit of the English seamen, then in that

harbor, ready to man the batteries under my command, would, I trust, have helped to render the Danish attack of a very doubtful issue, had those very preparations not had the more desirable effect of inducing the Prince of Hesse to treat for an armistice of eight days, in which interval the Prussian declaration arrived, and I was confessed to have been no less the savior of Holstein than of Gottenburg, Sweden, and its sovereign. . . . To so circumscribed a period had the distresses of the King reduced the possibility of retrieving his affairs, that had I reached Carlstadt twenty-four hours later than I did, or been less fortunate in concluding the first armistice before the expiration of forty-eight hours, Gottenburg must have fallen; and I have the authority of the King, seconded by the whole voice of the country, to say, in that case, there would have been no safety for the sovereign in his own dominions, and nothing less than a successful war, carried on by foreign powers, could have rescued Sweden from a dismemberment by Russia and Denmark."

Such a success could not be achieved without causing mortification to the parties whose plans had been frustrated, and perhaps exciting envy in the breasts of others. Mr. Elliot was accordingly assailed, and to this circumstance Lady Minto no doubt justly attributes the tone of self-assertion that is to be observed in these despatches, and which is altogether foreign to his usual style. But the King of Sweden and the Municipality of Gottenburg were profuse in their acknowledgments; the Prince of Hesse was hardly less so; the Prince-Royal of Denmark, in the presence of his officers, called him "l'ami commun du Nord." The Russian and Danish ministers, however, intrigued against him in England, complaining that he had outstepped his instructions; but the Duke of Leeds conveyed to him His Majesty's high approval of his proceedings, informing him that he might show the despatch to Count Bernstorff, the Danish Prime Minister; and Mr. Ewart writes from Berlin:—

"Count Herzberg (Prime Minister of Prussia) begs to repeat to you the strongest assurances of his esteem and admiration, adding that the extraordinary ability you had dis-

played not only justly entitled you to the appellation of an excellent minister, but to that of a distinguished statesman, since you had acted much more in the latter capacity than in the former by having directed the whole of the operations entirely yourself.

"His Prussian Majesty, in a long conversation I had with him the other evening, paid the most flattering compliments to you, and to the whole of your conduct on this critical occasion. I don't wonder that Count Bernstorff likes you much better as a man than as a minister."

Few diplomatists have ever had an opportunity of rendering so important a service, and no one who has been fortunate enough to have that opportunity, has made better use of it for the advancement of the public interests.

We learn from the Memoir that, "in 1790 Mr. Elliot came home on leave, and was sent by Mr. Pitt on a secret mission to Paris. Beyond the mere fact that he was so sent, the correspondence tells nothing of this mission." There is, however, we are told, one allusion, years afterwards, in the letter of a brother diplomatist, who, writing about another delicate negotiation, says, "If you could have been sent to conduct it as successfully as you did your mission to Mirabeau," etc., etc.

Lady Minto does not seem to be aware that Earl Stanhope, in his Life of Mr. Pitt, refers to Mr. Elliot's negotiations in Paris at this time (vol. ii., p. 56), and subjoins a letter addressed to him by Mr. Pitt early in October, 1790, in which that minister explains his views, and conveys minute instructions for Mr. Elliot's guidance. At page 59, *et seq.*, there will also be found extracts from what is described as a very long letter from Mr. Elliot to Mr. Pitt, reporting the course of his proceedings, and intimating his intention to set out immediately for England, for the purpose of personally communicating to Mr. Pitt what had passed between him and the Diplomatic Committee of the National Assembly, with which he had been in confidential negotiation.

There is reason to believe that the result of these negotiations had a very important influence on the discussions then pending between the British and Spanish Governments with reference to an outrage committed by the Spaniards on British subjects at Nootka Sound, and for

which we had demanded redress. Had the Court of Spain been assured of the support of France, which it had been led to expect, it can hardly be doubted that it would have persevered in refusing the reparation which we had demanded, and in that case war would have been inevitable. It is evident from Mr. Pitt's letter that early in October he anticipated war, and Lord Stanhope states that the British minister (at Madrid) "became convinced that, rather than yield, the Court of Spain was resolutely bent on war. Ere long, however, the formidable fleet, far superior to the Spanish, which we had with so much expedition made ready for sea, produced a powerful effect. Nor did the Spaniards fail to notice the doubtful prospects of the promised French alliance. Rather suddenly, at last, on the 28th October, the two ministers signed a convention," etc., etc.

These dates are worthy of attention. Early in October, when our naval preparations were known to be nearly completed, war was believed to be imminent. On the 26th of that month, Mr. Elliot reported the satisfactory conclusion of his negotiation with the French Committee, and on the 28th of the same month the Spanish Court suddenly yielded. It is difficult to believe that these two events were not closely connected. The natural inference appears to be that the Spanish Government suddenly yielded when it became aware of the resolution of the French Diplomatic Committee not to unite with Spain in a war against England. That resolution, having virtually been adopted a considerable time before it was formally communicated to Mr. Elliot, must have been known at Madrid some days before the convention was signed, and it was the only event that could account for the sudden change in the views of the Spanish Court at the precise time when that change occurred.

Lord Stanhope could not have known that Mr. Elliot and Mirabeau had been schoolfellows, and retained the mutual feelings of kindness which had then been generated—that in fact they were old and familiar friends—or he would not have attributed to Mr. Elliot's "very popular opinions" the familiarity of their intercourse in 1790. We are not aware

that Mr. Elliot ever entertained such opinions, and certainly in the correspondence now published there is nothing that leads us to suppose that he did. Neither are we at all satisfied that he had gone to Paris solely of his own accord, though he probably desired it to be believed that he had. Lady Minto tells us, on the authority, as we suppose, of the correspondence, that he was sent by Mr. Pitt; and the first sentence of Mr. Pitt's letter is couched in such terms as would hardly have been addressed to a mere volunteer. He says, "I am extremely glad to find, by your letter, that you have succeeded so well in opening a confidential intercourse with the leaders of what appears to be the ruling party in France." This seems to imply a previous understanding that he was to endeavor to open such an intercourse. But after all, it is of little consequence whether he was sent because of his known intimacy with Mirabeau, or whether, having gone of his own accord, his intercourse with that remarkable man led to his being employed to negotiate with him and his party. There can, we think, in either case, be no reasonable doubt that Mr. Elliot rendered an important service to his country. Had he failed at Paris, the war with Spain would not have been averted, and we should, in that case, have had war with France also. That we then escaped those evils, and obtained from Spain the reparation we demanded, was, we believe, mainly due to the diplomatic success achieved by Mr. Elliot at Paris.

We should gladly have followed Mr. Elliot's career to its close, and should especially have desired to give some account of his services at Naples before and after he accompanied the royal family in their flight to Sicily; but we have already exhausted our space, and must refer to the Memoir such of our readers as may be interested in the story of a Court with which the name of Nelson at that very time was so closely connected.

We cannot, however, take leave of these memoirs without explaining that in following, perhaps too closely, the course of Mr. Hugh Elliot himself, we have left untouched what to many will be the most attractive part of the book—we mean that series of charming let-

ters which, for the most part in a very lively and playful way, throw so much light on the state of public feeling and the views and proceedings of men high in the councils of the nation, during an eventful period of our history.

Good Words.

PERCEIVING WITHOUT SEEING.

A ROMANCE IN ASTRONOMY.

To see without perceiving, is among the commonest of all things. Simply to see, is often an involuntary and always a mechanical act; to perceive, implies often the intention, and always the intelligence, of a prepared mind. Thousands before Galileo, had seen the stately swing of the great chandelier in the Duomo at Pisa, yet none but the young philosopher perceived that each of the swings, whether great or small, was performed in the same period of time. To this perception we owe the invention of the pendulum clock. Thousands had seen the fall of many an apple, but it was reserved for Newton to perceive the relation which such a fall might bear to the motion of the moon. To this perception we owe the knowledge of the longitude at sea. Many before Darwin had seen the bees flitting among the orchids, with pollen on their noses, and among the loosestrifes, with pollen on their breasts also, and on their thighs; yet none before Darwin perceived the object of the strange motions of the former pollen, or of the triple positions of the latter. To this perception by the intelligence of a prepared mind, we owe our knowledge of some of the most beautiful interadaptations in the whole realm of nature.

The foregoing are instances of perceiving *after* seeing; but the remarkable tales which we shall now proceed to tell owe their origin to that strangest and most prophetic of the human faculties, whereby man is not seldom enabled to perceive *before* he sees. The perception of the planet Neptune in the minds of the great English and French astronomers, before they had taught their German colleague the precise region where to find him, beyond the presumed boundary of the solar system, is so familiar an instance of the phenomenon before us, as to require no further allusion.

The bright star Sirius is another case in point, philosophically quite as remarkable, though not generally so well known, as that of Neptune. There are certain small but teasing vagaries in the motions of this brightest of the stars, which induced Bessel to suspect the existence of some, as yet unseen, companion sun, whose disturbing influence might account for the unusual displacements. For a long time, this hypothetical body was called "The Dark Companion." Auwers, another astronomer, calculated some of the probable elements of this unseen disturbing mass. Ultimately, the Dark Companion was revealed as a speck of light to Alvan Clark, in a telescope of admirable quality, constructed by himself. A new sun had thus been perceived by the human mind before he had been seen by the human eye.

But the scientific tales which we now purpose to narrate, are not taken from the abstrusest, and, in some respects, the least interesting, of the multiform phases of astronomical research. On the contrary, they are drawn from among the recent discoveries in the physics of the universe, which, on account of their unexpectedness and their brilliance, have invested some portions of modern astronomy with the air of a romance. I suppose that before the year 1866, it was not conceived possible to detect the motions of the so-called fixed stars by means of the analysis of the light which they emit; neither, in fact, was it possible with any instruments which had then been devised. Since that time, our knowledge of the constitution of light has become so vastly increased, and so minutely accurate, that the elementary composition of a substance may often be detected by the examination of the light which it emits when in a state of incandescence. In fact, what is termed spectrum analysis, under its ruder forms, has become a scientific amusement, and the spectro-scope now takes its place among many other philosophical toys. Mr. Huggins, in May last, announced to the Royal Society that he had at length successfully applied an improved form of this instrument to the measurement of the motion of at least one star, viz., Sirius, to whose minute but eccentric displacements in

the heavens we have already referred. We shall proceed to give the outline of the principle and the method which Mr. Huggins employed, but we must warn our readers that, simple and intelligible as is the whole affair, we must, nevertheless, somewhat tax their attention, if they desire to catch the thought which is at the bottom of the beautiful process we are about to explain.

We must commence with an illustration gathered from certain elementary principles in the propagation of sound, with which, we doubt not, all our readers are sufficiently familiar. It is well known that the pitch of a musical note depends entirely on the number of pulsations which strike the drum of the ear in a given time. If this number be increased,—that is, if these pulsations succeed each other with a greater rapidity,—then the acuteness of the musical note is increased; if this rapidity be diminished, then there is to the ear the sensation of a graver tone. Now, suppose the whistle of a railway locomotive-engine to be so constructed as to emit the sound of middle C on an ordinary pianoforte. This note is produced by the succession of 528 pulsations beating uniformly on the drum of the ear in every succeeding second of time,—that is to say, the interval between two successive beats is the $\frac{1}{528}$ th part of a second. Now, suppose such a sounding body, in this case the whistle of the locomotive, to be at a distance from the ear of the observer. If, at the moment of the emission of the first of the 528 aerial pulsations, the locomotive commences a rapid motion towards the observer, then the second pulsation is now emitted at a less distance from the observer than was the first; consequently, it has now a less distance to travel than while at rest, and it will now meet the ear in a shorter interval of time after the first than the $\frac{1}{528}$ th part of a second; and, if the locomotive continues to move uniformly, more than 528 pulsations will strike the ear in a second of time, and there will be the perception of an acuter sound than that of middle C. Moreover, the more rapid the motion of the locomotive, the acuter is the sound which reaches the ear. If, on the contrary, the locomotive is receding from the ear, then any second pulsation starts from a greater distance from

the ear than when the engine was at rest, and consequently there is a greater interval of time between two successive pulsations of the drum of the ear than the $\frac{1}{518}$ th part of a second, and the perception of a graver note than middle C ensues. Any of our readers may try the experiment, by observing how much more acute is the sound of a railway whistle while the train to which it is attached is approaching, than after it has passed the place where the observer sits. It is obvious that a knowledge of the alteration in the pitch of the sound will enable us to ascertain the rate at which the sounding body is moving at the time.

We must now transfer these observations on the propagation of sound to similar phenomena in the propagation of *light*.

It was ascertained about eight years ago (so recent and so rapid has been the progress of our knowledge), that the stars in general are surrounded, like our sun, with gaseous atmospheres in a state of strong incandescence. Among these gases is hydrogen. This gas, when heated sufficiently, emits about 600 *millions of millions* of pulsations in every second of time with extreme regularity. Besides these, there are other sets of pulsations with which at present we have nothing to do. These pulsations are propagated to the eye with a velocity of about 185 millions of miles in a second, and being communicated to the retina, convey to the mind the sensation of a *very definite thin line of blue light*, when properly viewed through a prism or a spectroscope. If the number of pulsations meeting the eye in a second of time be ever so slightly altered, the position of the blue line of light becomes altered in the spectroscope.

Now it is possible, by certain ingenious contrivances, to view the light of heated terrestrial hydrogen simultaneously with the light of the hydrogen emitted by a star. This corresponds to listening to the note of a stationary whistle simultaneously with the note of a precisely similar whistle in motion. If the stellar hydrogen is in motion, then the number of pulsations beating the eye in a second will be different from those of the terrestrial hydrogen; more numerous if the star be relatively moving towards the earth, and *vice versa*.

Mr. Huggins, after very long and elaborate preparations, made the experiment upon the bright star Sirius, and with his beautifully contrived spectroscope, he observed—what a memorable epoch in the life of a philosopher!—he observed a want of exact coincidence of the hydrogen line of the star with the line of incandescent hydrogen close to the telescope. From the amount of this displacement, microscopically minute as it was, he was enabled, without any very elaborate calculation, to determine the number of pulsations gained or lost in a second by the motion of the stellar light. In the case of Sirius, he found the number of pulsations *lost* in a second to be about the five-thousandth of the total number; and from this loss he was able to conclude with certainty, that Sirius and the Earth were moving *away* from each other, in the direction of the line of vision, at about 41 miles per second! But, inasmuch as the Earth itself was then moving away from Sirius at the rate of 12 miles per second, it follows that the rate of motion of Sirius itself away from the Earth amounted to 29 miles per second. By similar methods, no doubt in due time that part of the motions of all the brighter stars which is in the direction of the line of sight will become known to us. Astronomers already possess, or are in course of obtaining, the means of discovering those parts of the motions which are transverse; and thus, at length, the whole proper motions of many stars (perhaps of all) will be ascertained.

It is very little, indeed, to say of this great discovery, that it is an instance of perceiving without seeing. It is little, indeed, to say that the mere numbers—millions of miles! millions of millions of pulsations!—are more than enough to bewilder us; the numbers themselves are utterly unconceivable, and so are the distances; yet they are facts as certain as any palpable facts passing before our eyes. But what shall we say of the human mind thus endowed with a genius capable of inventing such instruments, thus reaching into the infinite, and with a capacity and a patience wherewith it manipulates things so inconceivably small and numbers so inconceivably great? It is here on earth one moment, and in the next among the stars, or “dwelling in the light

of setting suns." Better and nobler still, its affections are one moment burning here, and the next they are busy in a loving adoration before the throne of God.

Our next instance of perception without sight affords at the same time a remarkable exemplification of the necessity of previously *knowing what to look for*, lest the very object before our eyes escape our notice.

The readers of GOOD WORDS, and they are legion, may possibly remember the description given by the author in September, 1867, of the wonderful phenomena of a Total Solar Eclipse. At the moment when the sun's face is just entirely covered by the black patch of the moon, and not before, instantly, and as at the command of magic, there starts forth round the dark orb now hanging in mid air, and ominously near, a corona of glory, startling the spectator, not only by the suddenness, but by the beauty of the apparition. In its brightness it extends to more than half the sun's diameter beyond it, while streams of a paler light, and of various shapes, dart to a far greater extent into the atmosphere. Close to the dark round patch there are small tongues of colored flame of various hues and fantastic shapes scattered about the circumference, and some observers have seen a thin, undulating, rosy band, extending almost, if not wholly, round it. The rose-colored flames may extend to an eighth or a tenth of the sun's diameter beyond it, but, remember, this tenth means eighty thousand miles.

The object of the scientific expedition to Spain in 1860, was to determine finally whether these flames truly belonged to the sun or not. The question was finally determined in the affirmative, mainly by means of certain photographs admirably taken, and still more admirably discussed by Mr. Warren de la Rue. There can be no doubt that the corona, and these tongues of colored light, indicate the existence of an atmosphere of vast extent surrounding the sun. As to the tongues of light themselves, they *may* be clouds of vapor floating in the solar atmosphere, and lighted from below, or they may be self-luminous from their own incandescence. Which are they? and what? Again, the corona also *may* be self-luminous, or it may become luminous from light proceeding

from the body of the sun, and then scattered throughout its material, as is the case with the scattered light of our own atmosphere. Which is it? It was to determine these interesting points—questions, moreover, which, if settled, would lead to an improvement of our knowledge of the constitution of the sun—that two scientific expeditions were organized in England to observe the total solar eclipse, which was visible in August last throughout a large tract of the British dominions in India. One of these expeditions was fitted out at the instance of the Royal Society, and placed under the direction of Lieutenant Herschel, R.E.; the other was directed by Major Tennant, R.E., and equipped at the instance of the Royal Astronomical Society.

Now, it must be premised that our means of ascertaining with accuracy the nature of a substance by observations made with the *spectroscope* on the light which proceeds from its vapor when incandescent, dates from a period just subsequent to the total eclipse of 1860. Kirchhoff, in that same year, taught us that the elementary substances, such as oxygen, carbon, and the metals, when in a state of incandescent vapor, are very easily and very certainly distinguishable from each other by certain definite peculiarities in their spectra when viewed through a prism. In order, therefore, to determine the true source of the light in the colored flames round the sun, all that it was necessary to do was to view them through a prism or a spectroscope. If the spectrum coincided with the spectrum of ordinary solar light, then they either reflected that light, or they might be constituted just as the sun itself is; if otherwise, then the nature of the spectrum would probably disclose the nature of the incandescent material. Again, light *reflected* from a cloud undergoes a certain modification, which at all times it is possible to detect with the polariscope, but into this subject there is no necessity for us now to enter.

A question will here arise, and it materially concerns what we shall soon have to say, why is it necessary to wait for a solar eclipse in order to catch a sight of these rosy protuberances round the sun? Why cannot we shut out the body of the sun itself, and then patiently

and at our leisure look round its edge, and see what is there? The attempt has been made. The sun's image has been often thrown into a darkened chamber, and the image itself received as it were into a black bag, while the light round its circumference has been carefully scrutinized, but heretofore without success. The light which is scattered by the sun throughout our atmosphere, and which inevitably mixes itself with the light coming from beyond the edge of the sun, overpowers and obliterates the feebler light of the rosy flames. Many other well-devised attempts have been made, such as the use of absorbing media of various colored glasses, and of minute holes; but all without avail, until a sheer accident, yet not an accident, disclosed the means.

Immediately after the eclipse in August last, Major Tennant and Lieutenant Herschel telegraphed to England that notwithstanding certain drawbacks, their expeditions had so far succeeded that they had to a great extent ascertained the nature of the rosy flames. *They were self-luminous.* They proceeded from gases or vapors in a state of incandescence. These spectra consisted of *three bright lines*, two of them indicating hydrogen, and one of them sodium! Moreover, the light of the corona was *light reflected*. There are therefore floating above the body of the sun, and changing in form from day to day as our clouds change, huge masses of incandescent hydrogen extending through tens of thousands of miles!

When the existence of these *three bright lines* had been telegraphed to England, it set other heads and other eyes to work. *They now knew what to look for.* But how to see them in the absence of an eclipse? That was the question, which heretofore had received no solution. Strange to say, Mr. Huggins, that same philosopher to whom we are indebted for the great discovery referred to in this article, had already devised the means, and had adopted it, but without success. In that same valuable paper in which that discovery was communicated to the Royal Society on April 23d of this year, he says: "I hoped to obtain a view of the red prominences visible during a solar eclipse, by reducing the light from our atmosphere

by dispersion; for *under these circumstances*, if the red prominences give a spectrum of bright lines, these lines would remain but little diminished in brightness, and might become visible. My observations in this direction have been hitherto unsuccessful."

Now it is highly probable that Mr. Huggins may actually have *seen* this object of his search, and would have *perceived* it, had he known precisely what to look for. It is all but certain that had his health and his engagements permitted him to look so soon as he heard from India exactly whereabouts the three bright lines were, he would at once have found them. As it was, the honor of the discovery, and it is great, was reserved for Mr. Lockyer, another gentleman who had already successfully applied the spectroscope to the examination of the constitution of the sun. He too, like Mr. Huggins, had hoped to detect, and had endeavored to detect, these red prominences by the very same means. In a paper which he communicated to the Royal Society on October 11th, 1866, he says: "May not the spectroscope afford us evidence of the existence of the red flames, which total eclipses have revealed to us in the sun's atmosphere, although they escape all other methods of observation at other times? And if so, may we not learn something from this of the recent outbursts of the star in corona?" The curious thing is, that Mr. Lockyer for two years scrutinized the border of the sun like Mr. Huggins without success, and it is almost certain that he may actually have seen and would have perceived the object had he precisely known what to look for. When he did know it, then, as we shall see, he immediately found it.

But here we think it right to explain to our readers wherein the facilities and the difficulties presented by the spectroscope in such a research consist. On the spectroscope, or on the prism (for it is nothing more), when directed to the border of the sun, there falls the light coming not only from just beyond the border itself, but mixed with it there is, as we have already said, the scattered light of the atmosphere. The light from the rose-colored flame is fortunately for this purpose *homogeneous*, or nearly so, and the prism concentrates *that* into

three bright narrow lines. On the contrary, the scattered light of the atmosphere being not homogeneous, is diffused into a long ribbon of therefore much diluted and feebler light; consequently, it no longer masks the three bright lines, and *they* thus become visible to the eye.

As soon, then, as Mr. Lockyer heard by the telegrams from India that the spectroscopic appearance of a red prominence consisted of the three bright lines of hydrogen and sodium, he knew precisely what to look for, and on patiently groping round the edge of the sun with a mind and an eye prepared, he *perceived* what he had long searched for, and to his great and enviable joy, cried, *εὕρηκα*. He could not indeed actually see the *forms* of the prominences themselves; but by moving his spectroscope hither and thither, and thus following the places of the three bright lines, he could with certainty detect the shape of that which in fact he could not see. And these shapes, we are informed, changed like a waving flame almost from hour to hour.

One obvious but enormous advantage derived from this method of procedure arises from the leisuress with which the observations can be made, compared with the excitement of mind which must more or less ensue when the phenomena to be observed are so transient and so rare as those of a total solar eclipse. Already, new fruit has been gathered, inasmuch as Mr. Lockyer has detected *round the entire edge of the sun* a narrow border, affording the same sort of spectrum as that presented by the rose-colored flames. Some suspicions of the existence of such a border have presented themselves during eclipses. If this be the fact, as we doubt not it is, then there exists an atmosphere of hydrogen close to the photosphere, and extending some seven or eight thousand miles above it, from whence are thrown out gigantic gushes of the incandescent gas for tens of thousands of miles into some other atmosphere, of which at present we know not the extent or the exact constitution. The mind becomes lost in such contemplations.

We have already spoken of the skill and prescience and patience of the observer. He reaps the high reward of

contributing through all ages to the intellectual delight of his fellow-creatures, and a meed of fame for himself. But we think that in the record of *all* such cases, there is a duty owed to the skilful *artist* who constructs, and in most cases partly devises, the exquisite instruments, without which such observations cannot be made. In this instance, Mr. Browning of the Minorities deserves all praise.

We have not yet concluded our scientific tale; a little episode which may fairly be called romantic still remains to be told. When M. Jannsen, the director of the French expedition, was observing the eclipse at Guntoor, in India, on August 19, he too saw the same three bright lines in the spectrum of a solar protuberance, which had been observed by Major Tennant and Lieutenant Herschel. Fortunately he did not remove his eye from the spectroscope when the first streak of light from the sun destroyed all the peculiar grandeur of the scene. The three lines still continued visible for many minutes, but the *form* of the protuberance was gone; but if visible for ten minutes in the midst of the light of day, why not for ten hours, why not always? So M. Jannsen, like a true philosopher, persevered, and (as he wrote to the French Institute) he enjoyed the chief phenomenon of a total solar eclipse during the period of seventeen days.* Mr. Lockyer made his own discovery on October 20, but by a most curious coincidence the two letters of M. Jannsen and Mr. Lockyer, announcing what each had separately accomplished, were read *on the same day* to the philosophers who adorn the Institute of France. Each was the independent discoverer of the same new fact. A great French astronomer (M. Faye), in his address to his colleagues of the Institute, on the occasion of the announcement of what the Englishman and the French-

* "Depuis ce jour (Aug. 19), jusqu'au 4 Septembre, j'ai constamment étudié le Soleil à ce point de vue. J'ai dressé des cartes des protubérances, qui montrent avec quelle rapidité (souvent en quelques minutes) ces immenses masses gazeuses se déforment et se déplacent. Enfin, pendant cette période, qui a été comme une éclipse de dix-sept jours, j'ai recueilli un grand nombre de faits, qui s'offraient comme d'eux-mêmes, sur la constitution physique du Soleil."

man had separately and independently done, said with great eloquence and force, "Instead of seeking to divide and therefore to diminish the merit of the discovery, will it not be better to assign the honor of it to each of these two scientific men, without distinction? Each of them by himself, and separated from the other by many thousands of miles, had the happiness of grasping the intangible and the invisible, by a method which is perhaps the most astonishing that the genius of observation has ever conceived."

Our next, and, for the present, our last tale, refers to an important error, which in the first instance, and in principle, arose from seeing without perceiving, and which was ultimately corrected by perceiving without seeing. The error we allude to is that which for a long time existed in what is termed the sun's parallax, or less technically, in the distance of the sun from the earth, naturally one of the most important elements of the solar system. For a long time, in books on astronomy, this distance has been set down roundly as ninety-five millions of miles: well-instructed astronomers themselves have all along been perfectly aware that the amount of this element rested upon an extremely insecure foundation; moreover, they perfectly understood the source of the error, and had long been waiting for the opportunity (always a rare one) of obtaining a value on which greater reliance could be placed. The world at large, indeed, are wont to suppose that planetary masses, and distances, and dimensions are all determined with rigorous exactness; those who are themselves practically busy about the facts, and the methods of reaching them, know well enough that they are after all *approximations* only, wonderfully close approximations, but which admit of, and will receive, corrections from time to time, so long as astronomical science exists.

In the case of the sun's distance from the earth, the quantity actually obtained, from the processes themselves, is the angle which the earth's radius subtends when viewed from the sun; this *angle*, technically called the sun's parallax, was estimated in the "Nautical Almanack," up to the year 1870, at $8''.5776$, and from this angle the distance

of the sun from the earth was deduced, namely, about ninety-five millions of miles. A very few years ago, many circumstances, some of which we shall proceed to detail, indicated that this angle and (consequently) this distance were in error, and at present reasons exist for correcting the angle to $8''.95$, and the distance to about ninety-one millions of miles. But what a sad blunder for the astronomers to make! Here is an acknowledged error of actually four millions of miles, in one of the cardinal elements of a science which is pre-eminently remarkable for its exactness: what reliance, then, can we have upon any of the sciences? There was many a grave shake of the head when the error was discovered, and great self-congratulations among certain not very broad-minded persons, who encouraged themselves and one another in the dread of the extension of human knowledge. Nevertheless, in the sequel, our readers will probably come to the true conclusion, that the correction of this error, or rather the obtaining of a more correct measure of the sun's parallax, is among the very grandest products of human genius. Astronomers are not wont to lift up their voices in the streets; nevertheless Astronomy is justified of all her children.

But before we proceed it may be well to put our readers into a proper position for the comprehension of what this small angle really is, which is so difficult and yet so important to obtain with exactness. What is meant by the angle of a *second*? It will convey but little idea to our readers, if we say it is the 324 thousandth of a right angle, for the very numbers confuse the mind. But what then is a second? It is equivalent to the angle subtended by a ring one inch in diameter viewed at the distance of three miles and a third. The correction to be made to the sun's parallax is just one-third of this; that is to say, it is the error which a rifleman would make who shot at the right-hand edge of a sovereign placed *twelve* miles off, and who hit it by mischance just on the left edge! It is what a human hair would appear to be, if viewed at the distance of above 150 feet! Such are the quantities with which astronomy of necessity deals, and such is the error which it has been the

province of astronomical science recently to correct.

No process has yet been devised, and probably never will be devised, for obtaining the distance of the sun from the earth, which is not beset with complications on every side. The simplest and the most exact of them all is by observing the time which the planet Venus takes to traverse the sun's disc, on the extremely rare occasions when such a phenomenon occurs. The observations must be made simultaneously by at least two observers situated as far asunder as is practicable, but at known places and at known distances from each other; and then through very complicated and elaborate calculations, the differences of the durations of the passages of the planet over the sun's disc, as seen at the two places, lead ultimately to the determination of the distance of the sun from the earth.

It is not by any means easy to put our readers in possession of the principles of the method pursued; some notion of it may be gathered if we illustrate it by the analogy of the illumination of the wall of a darkened room by a bull's-eye lantern held at a distance from it. The bull's-eye lens may represent the earth. The top and bottom of the lens may represent two observers; the point where the rays of light from the top and bottom of the lens (*i.e.*, the focus of it) intersect may represent Venus; in this case the top of the circular disc of light thrown upon the wall will represent where the lower observer sees the planet on the sun's face, while the bottom of the disc of light will be the spot on the sun where the upper observer sees the planet. Now it is perfectly clear that the further the lantern (in this case representing the earth) is from the wall (which in this case represents the sun), the larger will be the patch of light thrown upon it; that is to say, the further apart will be the two little black spots formed by Venus on the sun, as seen by the two observers. The further apart these spots on the sun are, the more different will be the paths of Venus across it, and therefore the more different will be the two *durations* of the transit as reckoned by the two observers. We have therefore, we hope, established in the minds of our readers the existence of a certain rela-

tion between the difference of the durations of the transit of Venus as observed at two different places on the earth, and the distance of the earth from the sun, and that is all we can here pretend to do. We can only commend our readers to the use of a pencil, and to the perusal of the proper treatises if they desire further information on this subject, which, however interesting, is assuredly not easy. But to proceed.

In the year 1769 the celebrated Captain (then Lieutenant) Cook, of H.M.S. *Endeavour*, and Mr. Green, formerly assistant at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, were despatched to Otaheite, in the southern Pacific, to observe the transit of Venus, which was to occur on the 2d of June in that year. At the same time various European governments commissioned other observers to other places, notably Father Hell, an Austrian Jesuit, was sent for the same purpose to Wardhus, at the extremity of Norway. The business of these observers was simply to observe the exact duration of the transit of the planet over the sun's disc at the two places. No doubt this appears, as described on paper, to be a very simple and easy operation. What can be easier, for instance, than to observe when the sun's limb is just notched by the little round planet, or when there re-appears, after the notch, the first thread of light between it and the sun's limb? Just so. But our readers will in due time understand that, practically, these apparently simple observations are attended with a variety of complicated phenomena which Cook and Hell, and the observers of that day, were in a condition neither to anticipate nor to correctly interpret. In fact, it has been reserved for the genius of Mr. Stone, the first assistant astronomer at Greenwich, to unravel those intricate appearances which just one century ago perplexed his predecessor, Mr. Green, at Otaheite.

Suffice it to say, that when the results of all the observations were laid before the various astronomers in Europe, extreme difficulty was found in the interpretation of what the several observers had really seen. Ultimately, to add to the complication, the great astronomer, Encke, who years after the event endeavored to reduce the observations with

greater exactness than his predecessors, considered that he had detected a certain amount of forgery or alteration of the figures in the observation made by Father Hell at Wardhus. Making, however, the best of the case, Encke determined the most probable value of the sun's parallax to be $8''.5776$, as we have already stated; and this was *provisionally*, but of necessity, accepted by astronomers as the amount of this very important element. Here, again, some of our readers may shake their heads and say, What blunderers those observers must have been! We counsel them to wait awhile.

In process of time, that is to say, about eight or ten years ago, M. Hansen re-investigated with remarkable ability the theory of the moon's motion, and thereupon constructed a set of numerical tables which represent and predict the places of our satellite with a marvellous and almost unhopd-for degree of accuracy. So accurate indeed are these tables, that it was at one time stated on authority, that the tabular errors were even less than the unavoidable errors of the instruments and the observers themselves! But this remarkable accuracy could only be attained by making an alteration on the amount of the pull wherewith the sun displaces the moon in her orbit: this necessary alteration amounted virtually to an alteration of the sun's distance from the earth, whereby it was brought *nearer* to us by above three millions of miles.

About the same time, certain new and very accurate observations of the planet *Mars* had been made with new instruments of vast capacity and accuracy at Greenwich and at the Cape of Good Hope. From these observations, the distance of Mars from the sun was obtained with a closer degree of approximation than had before existed. But the distance of the earth from the sun can be obtained from the distance of Mars from that luminary by the well-known law discovered by Kepler, viz., that the squares of the periodic times of the planets round the sun are as the cubes of their distances from it. Now, these periods are accurately known. Hansen's alteration of the sun's distance was thus *confirmed* by these observations on the planet Mars. But observe how strange

it is that we should thus get at the sun's distance by measuring the disturbing pull of the sun upon the moon, and again by calculating the distance of Mars. Again, M. Leverrier found that he could not account for the observed motions either of Venus or of the earth itself, unless he altered the sun's distance by just the same amount as that indicated by the motions of the moon! Finally, M. Foucault, by means of certain most delicate measures with rapidly revolving mirrors, ascertained that the accepted *velocity of light* must be altered, and this alteration necessarily involved an equivalent alteration in the accepted distance of the earth from the sun; the amount of alteration again, *as before*, was about the same—three or four millions of miles.

Thus, all these circumstances combined—viz., the displacement of the moon in her orbit by the action of the sun, the distance of Mars, the displacement of Venus by the action of the earth, the displacement of the earth itself by the action of the moon, the velocity of light as *experimentally* determined by Foucault—all conspired to one result, viz., that the sun's parallax must be about $8''.95$ instead of $8''.58$, as heretofore accepted from the transit of Venus in 1769. How strange that all the foregoing apparently unconnected causes—causes apparently so remote—should conspire to one result respecting an alteration of the distance of the sun from the earth! We doubt if, in the annals of human knowledge—we doubt if, in the records of the achievements of human genius, there can be a parallel to this wonderful consilience of unexpected suggestions. But after all, what was it that was in fault respecting the transit of Venus? The prevailing opinion seems to have been that Father Hell had tampered with the results of his observations. Happily Mr. Stone has vindicated the memory and the fame of this observer, and has demonstrated the *great accuracy* of the observations of 1769. We proceed at length to explain the causes of all the trouble: it will be seen that they do not lie at the door of astronomy: they are *physical*, and not astronomical.

In order to understand the sources of the difficulty in observing the transit

a planet such as Venus across the sun's disc, it is necessary to remark that the sun has *two* discs,—an actual and physical disc, and an optical or visible disc, somewhat larger than the former. The cause of this apparent enlargement of the visible disc over the actual, is assigned to the indefinite word Irradiation. The true cause probably lies in that curious action of the waves of light upon each other, whereby, in a telescope, a star which otherwise ought to appear as a point, is diffused into a little bright circular disc, surrounded with colored rings. This spurious disc and its rings become *smaller* in the exact proportion that the aperture of the telescope is *larger*. Just in the same way, then, the edge of the sun which, in this point of view, may be considered as a number of stars, will, when viewed through a telescope, be diffused into a bright border, extending to a sensible distance beyond the actual edge of the sun's limb. This enlargement is physical and inevitable. It arises from the nature and the interaction of light, and is an actual calculable quantity. Now, here lay the cause of all the trouble relative to the transit of Venus, as observed by Captain Cook at Otaheite, Father Hell at Wardhus, and other excellent observers.

Now the several observers themselves recorded these perplexing phenomena, not as we have done now that we understand them, but in their own language, and with a manifest perplexity as to their meaning or their cause. For a long time they were assigned to the imperfections of the telescope employed!

When the astronomers, such as Encke, came to discuss the phenomena presented to them in the reports of the various observers, and not clearly understanding either the descriptions or the causes of the phenomena, they were unable to ascertain the precise times of the contacts required; they almost unavoidably compared and mixed up *dissimilar* phenomena, and consequently arrived at erroneous and discordant results.

It is to Mr. Stone, the first assistant at Greenwich, who for some time had busied himself in the discussion of the spurious discs of stars formed in the focus of telescopes, that we owe this clear and full explanation of the difficulties of the case. Upon disentangling the

phenomena, and comparing like with like, he has deduced from this transit of Venus very much *the same amount* of the solar parallax which had already been obtained from so many other independent sources. He has shown, moreover, that the observations of Captain Cook, Father Hell, and other observers, are, when properly interpreted, beautifully accordant with each other.

Thus all now has become clear in this very intricate question. We will not say thus has been removed the opprobrium from astronomy, for to astronomy it was never in reality an opprobrium. The physical circumstances attending the passage of a dark body over a very bright one, and then viewed through a telescope, were not understood at the time when the observations were made, and it was these which produced, not the astronomical error, but the then inextricable difficulties of the case. The error arose from the observers of the transit seeing without perceiving, and it has been most successfully removed by Mr. Stone, who perceived the meaning of the phenomena without seeing them.

CHARLES PRITCHARD.

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NEW GERMANY.*

TWENTY years have elapsed since the German nation made the first attempt to regain that unity which it had lost since the Middle Ages. The attempt failed, from various causes, but principally because there was no leading Power seriously favorable to the movement and able to conduct it. Austria was broken up by the Revolution, and in Prussia an enthusiastic but unstable King was entirely unable to direct the course of events. Nor had the popular leaders any well-defined plan. They followed the impulse of the French Revolution of February, 1848; and the upper classes were soon disgusted at the strong socialist element, which threatened to overturn the very basis of every civilized community. The motley Parliament assem-

* 1. *Zur Orientirung im neuen Deutschland*. Heidelberg: 1868.

2. *Politische Skizzen über die Lage Europas vom Wiener Congress bis zur Gegenwart*. By COUNT MUNSTER. Leipzig: 1867.

bled in the Frankfort Paulskirche wasted its time in discussing the fundamental rights of the future German citizen; and when the draft of the new constitution was finished, it was already too late. Frederick William was no sooner elected Emperor than he refused the Crown, recalled the Prussian Deputies from Frankfort, and left the Rump Parliament at Stuttgart to be dissolved by the soldiery of the victorious reaction.

Prussia subsequently made a timid attempt to realize a constitutional Confederation by the so-called "Union," but gave way before the warlike threats of Austria and her allies, and, in 1851, the old Diet was re-established in Frankfort as if nothing had happened. For the rest, is not the history of these failures and disappointments written at large in the Book of the Memoirs of Bunsen? It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that these struggles from 1848-1850 were altogether sterile and unprofitable. Rarely does a great national movement succeed at once, and it is only through repeated defeats that victory is won. The debates of the Frankfort Parliament, and the hard-bought experience which followed its dissolution, had cleared away much of the theoretical mist with which the idea of German unity had been surrounded. A distinct programme was at last formed by the liberal party, namely, the establishment of a Confederation, composed of all the German States, with the exclusion of Austria, and under the leadership of Prussia. An attempt was made in this direction under the regency of the present King of Prussia; but it proved a failure. The weak ministry of the "New Era" remained an idle spectator when the Italian war checkmated Austria, and thus gave them a free course of action in Germany. Indeed, at that time Prussia was on the point of coming to the assistance of her embarrassed rival. The Prussian Ministers declared that they would only proceed by moral conquests, and with the consent of their confederates; and the consequence was that when at last Prussia came forward with a vague programme of Federal Reform, Austria and all the more important States protested by "Identical notes" against the proposal, which at

once fell to the ground and was soon followed by its authors.

Count Bismarck, who then became Prime Minister, took a totally different line. There was no more question of moral conquests, winning over the German populations by a liberal policy. On the contrary, he declared frankly that national unity could only be obtained by blood and iron, and told Austria she had better transfer her capital to Pesth. He ruled Prussia for three years with an utter contempt of every constitutional law, levied the taxes without a Budget, and declared the Deputies legally responsible for their speeches delivered in the house. He first made an alliance with Russia against the Polish insurrection; then with Austria in the Schleswig-Holstein affair; both against the decided will of the majority; and, at last, he engaged in the decisive struggle with Austria in defiance of the protest of the whole German nation. Success decided in favor of that daring enterprise; but it cannot make us forget how nearly the fears of the best German patriots at the beginning of the war have been justified by the result. They objected not to the exclusion of Austria from a future and stronger Confederation; on the contrary, they acknowledged this as the condition *sine qua non* of national consolidation. The existing dualism of Austria and Prussia prevented all progress; it was in fact a state of latent war. Sooner or later the question was to be settled, which of the two Powers should obtain the future supremacy over the nation. Nobody thought that this could be done with rose-water; but the Liberal party opposed the ways and means through which Bismarck tried to accomplish this result. They thought it an act of immense audacity to wage war at once against Austria and the Middle States, while the Prussian commonwealth was violently shaken with interior struggles. They thought the odds were decidedly against Prussia in such a struggle, and feared the intervention of France. Nor can it even now be said that this belief was altogether unfounded; for though Count Bismarck knew better than any of his opponents the weakness of the enemy, and had prepared the war with immense forethought, he was also favored by circum-

stances, and by the faults of his adversaries, to a degree which no human prudence could have anticipated. What, for instance, would have been the position of Prussia, if Austria, instead of losing her temper and bringing forward the ill-advised motion of the 14th of June, 1866, which broke up the Diet, had systematically ignored Bismarck's decided intention to attack her, and had kept simply on the defensive; or, at the last moment, had accepted the projected Paris Conference without reserve, instead of insisting on the condition that no territorial changes should be proposed at it? Nor, further, admitting that the Prussian Prime Minister foresaw the blunder which the Emperor Napoleon was about to make in allowing the war to begin with the intention of stepping in as arbitrator, when both parties should be well-nigh exhausted, could he anticipate the extraordinary collapse of the Imperial will, resulting from illness or some other cause, which led the mighty Ruler of France to accept unparalleled changes in Europe, and submit to the abrogation of the Treaties of 1815, though it was done not in favor of France, but *against* her? Had France been prepared and resolved to act in July, 1866, the result on the policy of Prussia must have been very different.

These were terrible and most real dangers which cannot be effaced from memory by the success of Bismarck's policy, though we readily admit that he acted in all the negotiations before, during, and after the war, with consummate skill and unscrupulous boldness. After having tried to make, in Salzburg, 1865, an alliance with Austria against the revolution, the price of which was to be the abandonment of the Duchies, he brought a king, who boasted of his Divine Right, to an alliance not only with Victor Emmanuel, but with Klapka; at Nickolsburg he checkmated France by Austria and Austria by France; and he quietly signed the military treaties of alliance with the Southern States, while the French ambassador, M. Benedetti, was flattering himself that his influence had saved these states from great territorial sacrifices. The result of this high-handed policy was the treaty of Prague, and the establishment of the North-German Confederation. Let us

now look a little closer into the condition of this New Germany, which has sprung into existence like Pallas from the head of Jupiter. We have already noticed the immense advantage of the exclusion of Austria from the League; and we think that this question is finally settled. In reality this exclusion is in the well-understood interest of Austria herself. She was always wavering between Germany and the East. She has now really become the great Danubian Empire which Talleyrand wished to establish in 1809, against the threatening position of Russia. In this position and capacity she can render immense services to Europe; and although she of course stands by the treaty of Prague, she will probably be little inclined to renounce her freedom of action or to embark again on the troubled waters of German politics. Indeed, the well-meant, but misty propositions of Prince Hohenlohe to form a new and wider Confederation, including North Germany, the Southern States, and Austria, met with a peremptory refusal from Baron Beust, as well as from Count Bismarck.

Next to the exclusion of Austria, the greatest fact of the new state of things is, that North Germany is now united to a degree which it never attained even in the most brilliant times of the Saxon or Swabian Emperors. But, on the other hand, this advantage is bought by such a division of Germany as has not been seen since the Confederation of the Rhine. The German provinces of Austria are wholly severed from Germany. The states south of the Main are internationally as independent as Belgium or Switzerland. They have, it is true, signed treaties of unconditional alliance with Prussia, and the Zollverein has been re-established between them, and a Customs Parliament assembled in Berlin this spring, comprising the representatives of all Germany. Nevertheless the political division remains, and doubts are spreading more and more, whether the line of the Main is really only 'a halting place to take in water and coals,' as was said in 1867 by M. Miquel. Yet in the possibility of reuniting North and South the whole German question is concentrated; and in order to get a clear view of the sub-

ject we must first examine the interior state of the Northern portion of the country.

A mere glance at the North German Constitution shows that there is now no question of a real Confederation, and indeed it is impossible that there should be. It may indeed be doubted, whether a Confederate State composed of monarchical governments is really feasible. The Federal form may be adapted to republics like the United States and Switzerland, but independent dynasties will never submit to the control of real federal power. Waiving the objection, it is certainly necessary that the members of a Confederate State should be relatively co-equal or nearly so. But North Germany now consists of one great power, swollen by the last annexations to about 25 millions of souls, and a number of small states comprising altogether less than 5 millions. If even in 1849, Prussia, then a state of 18 millions only, refused to submit to the central power of the Frankfurt Constitution, how much less would she now acknowledge the rule of an independent central government! We therefore do not in the least blame Count Bismarck for having abstained from artificial combinations, and for having simply transferred the federal Executive to the Prussian Government, nominally checked by a federal Council. This organization is the adequate expression of the fact, that Prussia forms four-fifths of the whole Confederation, and that the other States in giving up to King William the best part of their sovereign rights have become simply Prussian vassals, and their subjects second-class Prussians. To prove this a few words will suffice. The 68th article of the Constitution gives to the federal commander-in-chief, *i.e.*, the King of Prussia, the power of declaring martial law for any length of time in any part of the federal territory, whenever he thinks that the public safety is endangered. Neither the government of that territory, nor the Federal Council, nor Parliament need be asked beforehand, or have afterwards to ratify this extreme and arbitrary measure, which of course places all the lesser governments and their subjects at the absolute disposal of the King of Prussia. This clause is the more remarkable, as Prussia

in the Federal Council has 17 votes out of 43, so that she only requires 5 more votes to have the majority; and these five votes would always be found among the small States. In fact the whole Federal Council can give to the other governments only a deliberative vote. As soon as Prussia is really decided to do a thing, her confederates must give way. But if the minor princes retain only a sham independence, their subjects are still worse off. They have henceforth to bear the burdens of a great State, and at the same time to maintain their own courts and governments; most of them are positively unable to do so; and Prussia has been obliged to lessen the federal contributions in their favor for a certain number of years. If the full proportion was asked, they would be simply bankrupt.

How long can a Constitution based upon such anomalous elements and combinations last? Is it not evident that it can only form a state of transition to the absolute unification of the whole North into one homogeneous commonwealth? Does not history show, that whenever a great State reduces its weaker neighbour to vassalage, this change always leads, by degrees, to a complete amalgamation? This process is dictated by the law of political dynamics; it is the power of attraction of a great body on small ones, which are not self-sufficient. The North German States only subsist in their less than half independence by the goodwill of Prussia. Count Bismarck, for political reasons, treats them for the present with great forbearance; and has even refused offers of complete mediatization, as in the case of Waldeck, because this would upset the complicated fabric of the Federal Constitution. But this policy cannot prevent the extension of the federal jurisdiction and authority in the sense of concentrating the executive powers more and more in the hands of Prussia, and the legislative powers in the North German Parliament. Everything relating to military and commercial affairs, railways and roads, navigation, post and telegraphs, the monetary and banking system, weights and measures, the civil and criminal law, the right of citizenship, &c., belong already to the North federal jurisdiction. Ministers and con-

suls represent the Confederation abroad. Prussia and the Prussian Government are in all these respects acting as the head and the hand of North Germany. Is it not clear that the car once launched in this direction must go on to the end, and that this state of things can only end in the complete unification?

The leading men in the North German Parliament do not conceal their conviction that this must be the result. Count Münster, one of the leaders of the Free Conservative party, as well as the anonymous author of the pamphlet which stands at the head of this article, and who may be considered as the spokesman of the national liberal party, declares frankly that the present state of things cannot last; that it is impossible to make the Northern Parliament, the Customs Parliament, and the Prussian Diet work together for any length of time; and that one unified State under the House of Hohenzollern, setting aside all the other dynasties, must be the aim of the national policy. The same feeling pervades the populations of the minor States. The town-council of Lubeck lately limited a grant to five years, because, as a member said in the debate, it was doubtful whether after that period Lubeck would still be in existence as a free town. The members of the Federal Council who attend the sittings of that body presided over by Count Bismarck have not unaptly been compared to the companions of Ulysses in the cave of the Cyclops.

What, then, must be the effect of this state of things on the question of the accession of the Southern States to the Northern Confederation? Is this evident tendency to absolute unification in the North favorable to the national desire of crossing the Main? We doubt it very much. For what reason should the Kings of Bavaria and Wurtemberg make the sacrifice of their sovereign rights, which an accession to the Confederation would require of them? Can it be believed that the King of Saxony, who in 1862 protested against the idea of Prussian ascendancy, would have submitted to the conditions which the Confederation imposed upon him, if they had not been enforced by the law of war? The Governments of Bavaria and Wurtemberg signed the

treaties of alliance because that too was an absolute condition of obtaining peace from their conqueror. They submitted to the new organization of the Zollverein, because it was the condition of maintaining the Customs Union. But they at once declared that in accepting these treaties, and in promising the faithful execution of them, they had arrived at the utmost limit of concession. Certainly no Bavarian Minister can ever be more friendly to Prussia than Prince Hohenlohe, yet that statesman has repeatedly declared that there can be no question for Bavaria of entering the Confederation; and has openly stated that the impediment lies in the Unitarian tendency of its Constitution—a tendency which, as we have seen, will not decrease but increase, and so render the accession of the Southern States more and more difficult. With Wurtemberg the case is still worse: at the elections to the Customs Parliament, not a single candidate of the national party was returned, and as regards the Court, it is notoriously hostile. Even in Baden, where a patriotic prince has declared himself ready for any sacrifice, the weight which a liberal and national Ministry must always have in the elections could not prevent the return of a considerable number of deputies of the clerical and anti-Unitarian party.

The consequence is, that the first Customs Parliament has not realized any of the hopes which hailed its establishment by the treaties of 1867. When these treaties were concluded, Count Bismarck, it is reported, answered the objections of the French Ambassador by one of his witticisms: '*La ligne du Main est comme une grille dans un ruisseau: la grille reste, mais elle n'empêche pas l'eau de couler.*' This repartee was considered as a fair statement of the case. The national party at first felt confident that the treaties were equivalent to the virtual accession of the Southern States. But hitherto facts have not borne out this sanguine view; on the contrary, the great majority of the elections for the Customs Parliament were decidedly unfavorable. On its meeting the national party moved an address to the King of Prussia destined to give expression to their political hopes; but the Southern deputies protested, and declared

that in case of the motion being carried they would secede from the assembly in a body. The result was that not only the address, but even a very tame amendment of the free Conservatives, was defeated; and after a short debate the previous question was adopted. The Ministers and the majority of the South opposed any extension of the jurisdiction of the Customs Parliament; and the King in his concluding speech, evidently in order to soothe Southern susceptibilities, declared that he would use his power only in strict conformity with existing treaties. Immediately afterwards the fiftieth anniversary of the Bavarian Constitution was celebrated all through that kingdom with great pomp and solemnity.

These are grave facts, which cannot be overborne by the patriotic speeches of some Southern deputies, who have long been known to be favorable to national unity. The friendly reception which the "brethren of the South" met with at Berlin doubtless created a mutual friendly feeling, and destroyed many prejudices; but politically the Customs Parliament left the German question unaltered, and the river Main still remains the Rubicon of Germany.

What then are the reasons of this opposition not only of the Governments (we have seen that it is easily to be accounted for), but of the populations of the South?

Different causes combine to produce this result. The Ultramontane party is opposed on principle to Prussian ascendancy; and Count Bismarck was laboring under a strange delusion when in the last autumnal session he declared that it was in his power to win over that party by concessions, and afterwards pleaded on that ground for the admission of a Papal Nuncio at Berlin. The Roman Catholic party in Prussia, in Southern Germany, and elsewhere, never deviates from its course. They take every concession only as a sign of weakness, and a pledge of future and larger sacrifices. This party is undoubtedly powerful in the South, particularly in Bavaria, but it would not have obtained a Parliamentary majority. The result of the elections is principally due to the exertions of the advanced Liberals. This party, in Wurtemberg, has strong

leanings towards republican principles; but if it was able to get a majority, the reason is the decided opposition of the population to the internal Government of Prussia; and the arbitrary forms of authority which still prevail at Berlin are the most serious, nay, the only real, impediment to the progress of German unity.

The spirit in which Count Bismarck ruled before the war, his conflict with the Prussian legislature extending over three years, is well known; but he has, it is said, broken frankly with his past. He who deposed kings governing by the same right as his master, who proclaimed the sovereign rights of the nation and introduced universal suffrage, is no more the man of the Feudal party; and the best proof of this is that the staunchest of his old friends hate him bitterly, and that the Conservatives only follow him with reluctance. There can be no doubt of this decided change. The question is as to the direction in which he has turned. We utterly disbelieve that Count Bismarck is a convert to liberal principles. On the contrary he dislikes them just as much as ever, though he knows that the establishment of a naked absolutism is impossible, and probably considers Parliament as an unavoidable evil. But he follows the track of Bonapartism in trying to veil absolute power by a show of constitutional safeguards. He is emphatically an imperialist. He threw to the democracy the bait of universal suffrage, knowing well that the masses, who are easily led by the influence of functionaries and great proprietors, will swamp the middle classes, which form the stronghold of liberalism, and by the magnitude of this electioneering apparatus he hopes to exaggerate the real power of the Parliament in the eyes of the people. This power is indeed smaller than that of any existing legislative assembly. The Reichstag can reject bills which are presented by the government, but it has no virtual control over the Executive. Art. 17 of the Constitution makes the Federal Chancellor nominally responsible; but this responsibility exists merely on paper, as there is neither a law to define it, nor a court to enforce it. This species of responsibility strongly resembles that established by the French Constitution of 1852, which de-

clares the Emperor alone responsible, not to the Legislature, but to the people at large. The more responsibility is extended, the more unreal it becomes.

Nor does the Constitution give any guarantees to the personal liberties of the citizen. When this subject came on for discussion, Herr Braun moved that authority should be given to the Federal Government to guarantee a minimum of civil rights to all the citizens of the Confederation. If this motion had been carried, it would have given something like a tangible basis to the liberties of the German people.

But this did not suit Count Bismarck. He meant to give them not liberty, but military and territorial power; so he gravely asserted that this motion had met with objections on the part of the Confederate Governments, which he was unable to overcome. Federal councillors may hardly have suppressed the smile of the Roman augurs, when they heard their power thus exalted, knowing perfectly well that they could prevent nothing which Prussia was really decided to do. But the Federal Council proved in this case, as in others, a convenient screen to cover the Presiding Power against the Reichstag, and the motion was thrown out to the great prejudice of German Unity.

In fact, the essence of the Constitution is the extension of the well-regulated military and administrative system of Prussia to the whole of North Germany; combined with those elements in which, according to some of our modern politicians, lies the real gist of a State. We are certainly not inclined to underrate the importance of the military and economical unification of the North; but man does not live by bread alone, and liberal laws on the rights of the press, of public meetings, on the guarantees of personal liberty, &c., would have acted in Germany in support of the new form of government, with scarcely less force than the victory of Sadowa. The strongest argument of the adversaries of Prussia is, that accession to the Northern Confederation would entail upon the Southern States only increased taxation and the loss of their hardwon constitutional liberties. This argument is the more forcible, as the reconstitution of Austria has been undertaken in the most

liberal spirit, so that with the exception of Belgium, no Continental state now enjoys so much freedom as that Empire, which was formerly considered the bulwark of absolutism. Baron Beust is perhaps personally more favorable to the practice of liberal institutions than Count Bismarck, he is at least in this respect a better judge of the real signs of the time. Count Bismarck thinks he sees through the illusions of the "idéologues," but one of his most signal foibles is that he has the same contempt for real ideas; he overlooks the fact, that in the long run a statesman must be the more powerful the more he is responsible. The consciousness of this principle was the secret of the greatness and the success of Cavour, who even on his dying bed protested against irresponsibility when he exclaimed: "No martial law! anybody can govern with that!" Cavour began by firmly establishing liberty in Sardinia, so that all the Italian populations should long to dwell under the same roof, and he made liberty the great organ for national unity. How much of Count Bismarck's blood and iron might have been spared if the same process had been followed in Germany!

In examining the difficulties which beset his designs, we have hitherto confined ourselves to the internal condition of Germany; yet it would be idle to overlook the fact, that the difficulties from without are still more threatening. Let us look back to the momentous negotiations of Nickolsburg, where the fate of Germany was decided. The victory of Sadowa, however crushing, was not able to establish one united German Empire. When Austria was lying prostrate, France stepped in; and alarmed as she was, Count Bismarck did not dare to push things to extremities, but preferred to come to terms with her. The Emperor Napoleon gave up that part of his programme which had promised to maintain Austria's great position in Germany, and he consented to her exclusion. The ground was cleared for a new structure. For that purpose two ways were open; the one was to unite all the German States into one Confederation under the leadership of Prussia, and to be satisfied with a moderate territorial aggrandizement; the other was to incorporate as much territory as

France would allow him to take without going to war, and to leave the rest to the future. The latter course was that which Count Bismarck adopted, as we think, very much to the prejudice of Germany. If a Confederation of all the remaining States had been established, this Union, supported by the action of a more prompt Federal Parliament, would have become more and more close, and would have prepared gradually but safely the unity of the nation. This course would have offered, moreover, the great advantage of a final state of things, which might have been frankly accepted by Austria as well as by France, for such a confederation would have been of an eminently peaceful organization.

It is said, indeed, that Count Bismarck was unable to restore the conquered thrones, because those dynasties were too bitterly hostile to Prussia. We say nothing in defence of the Sovereigns, who by their follies and misgovernment had provoked the fate they met, but such personal motives ought not to bias a statesman's policy. The case was different with the different States. The war had shown the paramount importance for Prussia of obtaining a junction of the two disconnected parts of the monarchy. The annexation of Hesse-Cassel and Nassau was therefore necessary, and not unjustifiable, because the population accepted it. But with Hanover (not to speak of Frankfort) it stood otherwise. Count Bismarck himself admitted in his conversation with Count Münster, that if a vote was to be taken, the immense majority of the people would ask for the maintenance of Hanover as an independent State. It would have been easy to enforce the abdication of King George, if this was the only way to save the crown for his son, who certainly could not be more opposed to the new order of things than the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt or the King of Saxony. The truth is that these sovereigns would have been expropriated in the same manner, if they had not found powerful friends, who interceded in their favor; but no great sovereign took an active interest in the fate of the Guelphs. The real cause of the submersion of the Hanoverian dynasty is its severance from the dynasty of England. If Hanover had been maintained in the same position

as Saxony, the Confederation would have stopped at the Main, it would have embraced all the German States, and an equipoise would have been established, which might have given a fair prospect for the working of a Federal organization under the leadership of Prussia.

But Count Bismarck's ideas went in a far different direction; his aim was, above all, territorial aggrandizement; he felt himself not strong enough to risk a rupture with France, nor would the deeply roused national feeling allow him to buy her good will with concessions on the western frontier. For him the question was therefore principally how far he might go without overstraining the bow. He was obliged to leave Bohemia and Saxony untouched; but he took all the States north of the Main (Meiningen excepted) which had not declared for Prussia during the war, and left the south to itself.

We think this was decidedly a fault. He created for himself grave difficulties at home. He incorporated five millions of Germans by the bare right of conquest. Spontaneous annexations, voted by the people under the superintendence of victorious bayonets, are always somewhat questionable manifestations of opinion. But how great was the difference between the annexation of Venetia, where everybody welcomed the change, and that of Hanover or the Duchies, where nine persons out of ten were adverse to it! Nor has Prussia hitherto succeeded in assimilating her conquests. She lacks for this purpose the vital warmth and air of political liberty; and her overbearing bureaucracy is little apt to conciliate popular sympathies. Even in Nassau and Hesse, where at first the annexation was popular, much dissatisfaction prevails; and the wretched Elector of Hesse has recovered something of the regard of his countrymen since they have ceased to be his subjects. Secondly, by the annexations the disproportion between Prussia and the other German States has become so great, that even the accession of the South could scarcely establish a balance sufficiently equal to allow of the working of a federal organization. The whole mechanism of the North German Constitution is so complicated that it cannot go on as it is. They have a

Federal Commander-in-Chief, a Federal Chancellor, a Federal Council, a Parliament and Federal Ambassadors, by the side of the Prussian Ministry, the Ministries of the minor States, the Prussian Diet, and the provincial Diets, the representatives of Saxony and Mecklenburg.

This chaotic state of things is not tempting for the accession of the Southern States, and Count Bismarck appears to regard this result with indifference, for an obvious reason. The accession of the South would bring into the Federal Council, and still more into the Northern Parliament, elements which might prove not quite as docile as those proceeding from the Northern States. This, however, is but a secondary argument against the union. The Prussian Premier knows perfectly well that the *status quo* cannot last, but the real motive of his reserve is the conviction that the crossing of the Main would be equivalent to war. In accepting the division of Germany he probably cherished the hope of finding ways and means for an arrangement with France, perhaps at first by the surrender of Luxemburg—a point on which more than one hint had been given from Berlin to the Emperor—but that is now out of the question. He did not venture to push things to the extreme in the spring of 1867, even when he was backed by the general sympathies of the nation and when France was badly prepared; much less will he do so now, when France is armed to the teeth, nay, perhaps armed as she never was before. The Emperor Napoleon knows perfectly well that the Opposition reproaches him with having compromised the interests of France by a policy at once insidious and irresolute. He was obliged to let things go on as long as he was not prepared. He even now does not wish for war. But he is decided not to accept any more slights. He considers himself as the moral guarantor of the Treaty of Prague, of which he was the mediator; and there is reason to believe that he would consider the accession of Baden to the Confederation as a *casus belli*. Nor would Austria be inclined to accept such an event quietly. Before Hanover was incorporated she might have acquiesced in a tolerably balanced Confederation, comprising all the German States. But

in the present Northern Constitution the tendency of complete unification, supported principally by a powerful army, is so preponderant that Austria must ask herself what would be the effect of the accession of the South on her own German provinces? Would such an united German State not act upon them like the loadstone mountain on the ships in Sindbad's tale, and so break up the Empire? Indeed, after the treaties of military alliance were published, Baron Beust stated, as his view, that he should be justified in protesting against them as infractions of the Treaty of Prague, and he has since repeatedly declared that he would abide by that treaty.

Count Bismarck, then, has placed Germany by his policy in the terrible dilemma, that the present *status quo* cannot be maintained for any length of time, and yet that the first step southwards would be war—a war which, very likely, would become general. This is the real cause of the uncertainty and suspense in every branch of commerce and industry on the continent of Europe, and so long as the air smells of powder, “la grève du milliard”—the strike of capital—will last.

We therefore cannot view the future of Germany in the same bright and hopeful way as the anonymous author of the pamphlet named at the head of this article. We think he underrates the dangers and difficulties which beset the path of German unity; and he overrates considerably the power of his party—the National Liberals. It is a great error if this party believes that Count Bismarck is, however unwillingly, doing their work. On the contrary, he uses them pretty much as he likes, since they alone have not the majority; and if they believe that events will wait till their opinions have prevailed in the South, they will probably be grievously deceived. We wish for a Germany united and liberal, but we cannot separate these two requisites; and it is because Count Bismarck has separated them, that we fear the day of real German unity is still far distant.

Temple Bar.

LORD BYRON.

Time is the old Justice that examines all offenders.—*Shakspeare*—“*As you Like it.*”

THE generation which Lord Macaulay

considered should pass away before any adequate estimate of Lord Byron's powers could be successfully attempted has been gathered to its fathers. A man of such decided opinions and such undoubted genius as Lord Byron possessed, could not but challenge many enmities. To the hatred which arose from political causes, was added in his case that which sprang from his contempt for the social laws of his country. His unfortunate and most unsuitable marriage, followed by the speedy termination of all friendly intercourse between man and wife, whilst it prevented any fresh tie, was, to a certain extent, a determining cause in driving Lord Byron into a course of life which still further alienated from him the love of his countrymen. The same nation which gathered in the streets of London to do honor to George the Fourth, almost drove Lord Byron into exile when he commenced a career which his numerous enemies, and those literary men who were conscious of their inferiority in intellect, steadily kept before the public mind. So until the day of his death, in the midst of the one enterprise of his life, which no party could find fault with, Lord Byron was banned, and his very genius had not its fair meed of praise. So great was this enmity against him that, in answer to some English lady whilst at Genoa on his way to his last journey into Greece, he said,—

"Do not defend me; you will only make yourself enemies; mine are neither to be diminished nor softened."

It is difficult to imagine that there was a time when men wrote of Lord Byron as if he were a common marauder of other men's ideas; but yet Mr. Alaric Watts, accomplished enough to know better, affords us an example of how men stooped in Byron's own days in order to decry him.

"A great deal has been said at various times about the originality of Lord Byron's conceptions, as it respects the characters of the heroes and heroines of his poetry. We are, however, disposed to believe that his *dramatis personæ* are mostly the property of other exhibitors."

This same writer goes on much in the same way, and so did many other little critics buzz about this genius, as they ever do about all that is original. The Rev. Mr. Terrot of Cambridge published

a poem to show that Byron's satire had "an empty sound," and the Tory periodicals vied with each other in endeavors to quench his popularity.

It is not to be denied that the false causes of censure were mixed with many not altogether untrue. It has always appeared to us that the positive vice in some of Lord Byron's compositions is less dangerous than the facility with which he turned his own beautiful images into ridicule. In our estimation the saddest fruit of his genius, and that which indicated a cynical want of faith even in his own best qualities, was, that just at that moment, when, with all the fire of his genius, he had created a sublime image, or given expression to a thought of unusual beauty, he passed by a rapid transition to the ridiculous, laughed at his own enthusiasm, and chilled the noble sentiment he had evoked. Nor can it be denied that mingled with his verse are passages of gross immorality, more dangerous because clothed in the brightest wit. There were, therefore, just causes of censure mingled with false; and this gave his enemies a stand-point with the English people. This made men doubt whether Byron would appear to posterity "as a tyrant or a god." This caused a writer to inquire whether afterwards would "deify or desecrate a genius so majestic, degrading itself by sentiments so repulsive?" This caused the Rev. Mr. Styles to denounce him in the pulpit as "the glory and disgrace of our literature," and the Rev. George Croly to address him in a letter, in which he said that "no page of his writings had contributed to the security or adornment of virtue." It is unnecessary to multiply these statements. Founded chiefly on his least moral poem, they overlooked such of his works as were free from the charge of immorality.

There was yet another cause which prevented his generation from coming to an impartial estimate of his works. Writing in the full tide of a genius second only to Shakespeare, and with an intensity peculiarly his own, Lord Byron made all his characters live so completely, that his readers, seeing him so much in earnest, took the sentiments of "The Corsair" and "Childe Harold" as his own. Every thought of the worn-out pilgrim was set down as his, and the

soured "Lara" was but a picture of him who too early was "lord of himself, that heritage of woe." It is scarcely to be doubted that Lord Byron did occasionally speak through his heroes, but it would be as unsafe as it would be unjust to accredit all their sentiments to him without adequate proof. The habit he had of attributing to himself faults which did not belong to him, and of exaggerating his vices, was carried to such a morbid excess that, were he judged out of his own mouth alone, a most untrue estimate would be formed of him. He was perpetually caricaturing himself, making himself out worse than Dryden's Buckingham, and, in the very act of a generous expression, turning round to laugh in your face.

All these causes, social and political, added to the envy of the smaller poets, combined to kindle, against the favorite of yesterday, the popular feeling of the hour. He was believed to have behaved badly to his wife, though to this hour no one knows on which side the offence was. In reference to the charges brought against him, Lord Byron says, "I have never had—and, God knows, my whole desire has ever been to obtain it—any specific charge, in a tangible shape, submitted to me by the adversary, nor by others, unless the atrocities of public rumor and the mysterious silence of the lady's legal advisers may be deemed such." It is certain that Miss Milbank was a somewhat cold, unsympathetic woman, entirely unsuited to Lord Byron, unable to comprehend the ardor of his character, though intellectually she might have faintly tasted his genius. Brought up as an only child, she had not derived the advantage, any more than Byron himself, of the social influences; and the two persons who in all London ought to have been kept asunder, joined hands in the enterprise of matrimony with scarcely a single point of mutual attraction.

His marriage at once reversed his position with the public. He had returned from abroad, had published his first cantos of "Childe Harold," and had become famous in a day. Those who had attacked him had felt the just severity of his lash, for it must be remembered that at this period he had written nothing which the most fastidious could wish

unwritten; his enemies, therefore, were not in this case the enemies of immorality, but the crew who are always eager to decry rising talent. These retired from their attacks in presence of the reception given by all the world to the idol of the hour. He took his seat in the House of Lords, where he acquitted himself well. He was young, noble, and handsome in person. If, at this time, he had followed the advice of Moore, and married the lady referred to in the following letter, how different might his career have been!

"In none of the persons he admired," says Moore, "did I meet with a union of qualities so well fitted to succeed in the difficult task of winning him into fidelity and happiness as the lady in question. Combining beauty of the highest order with a mind intelligent and ingenuous, having just learning enough to give refinement to her taste, and far too much taste to make pretensions to learning—with a patrician spirit proud as Lord Byron's, but showing it only in a delicate generosity—a feminine high-mindedness, which would have led her to tolerate the defects of her husband in consideration of his noble qualities and his glory, and even to sacrifice silently her own happiness rather than violate the responsibility in which she stood pledged to the world for his."

But this was not to be! He first saw Miss Milbank at a soirée in London, dressed so simply, and looking so modest, and so free from all the stiffness of many of the ladies around her, that he made up his mind on the spot to offer her marriage. A year after he had been refused by her, Miss Milbank accepted him, and he married her three months afterwards. It is evident that he knew little or nothing about her, or that her nature was so widely different from his that there was no common ground of sympathy between them. She was a clever woman, but according to Countess Guiccioli (who, no doubt, may be said here to speak for Lord Byron), her jealousy was extreme, she had her settled way of living, a profound belief in her own wisdom, and a general ignorance of the human heart. "She could," says the Countess, "*reason much without being reasonable*,"—a nice distinction, aptly stated, and which goes far to explain a

great deal to all who know anything about domestic affairs. She quitted his house without any suspicion on Lord Byron's part that she was permanently leaving, but on the pretext of a visit to her parents in Leicestershire, and Lord Byron was to join her afterwards. On the very journey itself Lady Byron writes playfully to him, but once arrived at home she throws him off altogether. "I don't know," says Lord Byron, writing to Moore, after hearing her final resolve, "that in the course of a hair-breadth existence I was ever, at home or abroad, in a situation so completely uprooted of present pleasure."

Moore, the best authority on the subject, because to him Byron seems to have opened his mind more than to any one else, says, "With respect to the causes that led to the separation, it seems needless, with the characters of both parties before our eyes, to go in quest of any very remote or mysterious reasons to account for it."

But the public took the mystery which surrounded Lady Byron's flight as a proof that Lord Byron had behaved badly to her, and his enemies circulated every sort of rumor—

"Rumors strange,
And of unholy nature, are abroad,
And busy with thy name."

"The public," as Mr. Disraeli tells us, "fell into a passion with their darling; and, ashamed of their past idolatry, nothing would satisfy them but knocking their divinity on the head."

Then Lord Byron made that great mistake of his life—he turned his back upon his enemies and went abroad. In a manner this was admitting the verdict of the public to be just. Had he remained in England, the nine days' wonder of his separation from Lady Byron would have blown over, and he would have spared her name from being associated for all time in the minds of men as the chief cause of his exile.

He then commenced his career at Venice, or rather his two careers, for he did not at once launch upon a sea of vice. With a heart ill at ease and an active mind he looked about him for some occupation. "I found that my mind wanted something craggy to break upon," and, as the most difficult thing he could

discover, he selected the study of the Armenian language. He constructed almost entirely and wholly paid the expenses of publication of an English-Armenian Grammar. He translated two Epistles, a correspondence between the Corinthians and St. Paul, not found in ours, but received into the Armenian version. Byron said, "*he* considered them orthodox, and therefore did them for the first time into scriptural prose English." Well for him had all his life been as innocent! But he was in a siren city, and amidst the fairy arcades of St. Mark's Place, crowded with the clear dark Venetian women and their *cavallieri serventi*—amidst her marble palaces, mysterious *rii*, beautiful churches, and the wonders of art collected in her, with the romance that hung over her in part composed of her glorious past and her sad present—amid festivities whose pleasures were heightened by the beauty of the places in which they passed, with the delights of Florians and the glories of the gondola—amidst such scenes as these, with his temperament and after the bitterness he had passed through, it is conceivable how tempted, he fell:

"Judging of others, we can see too well
Their grievous fall, but not how grieved they
fell;
Judging ourselves, we to our minds recall,
Not how we fell, but how we grieved to fall."

We do not propose in this brief sketch to speak of his residence abroad. Those who tell of his immoralities should remember that he was brought up by a capricious mother, who fluctuated between kisses and a poker thrown at his head; that he had to run away from home to avoid her violence; that he thus early became his own master; that he was a man of ardent imagination, strong passions, and uncurbed will; that he had that unusual physical beauty arising from dark hair and eyebrows united to light-blue eyes, which attracted to him the attention of the Italian women, and that wit, gaiety, and mobility of mind which made his society welcome to every one. In short, the path of life was strewn with roses, the ways of temptation were made easy to him. If this appears too much to exculpate him, it is very difficult to see that it exaggerates the truth. Genius is always a gift which might

share with beauty the epithet of fatal. It seems to be such an exaltation of the powers, that some of the minor qualities want place. It is not possible to defend Lord Byron's conduct abroad, nor do we think that at this time of day it is at all necessary to call it in question, any more than to attempt to investigate the early life of Shakespeare, or the later one of Fielding. The time has come when judgment should be passed on his writings, in the spirit in which it has been passed on Falstaff and Tom Jones, and as even now it is being given upon Colonel Newcome and Becky Sharp.

Just at this juncture we are bidden to pause and to observe with pleasurable surprise, that she who did most to draw Byron from his excesses, and to render possible the glorious close of his career, has entered the lists in his defence. We cannot doubt that Countess Guiccioli has done well. She knew Lord Byron more than most, almost more than all, and it would have been very little short of a crime had she not contributed her knowledge of him to a world which can never know too much of him. If her work is too eulogistic, at least she gives her reasons and her facts in justification; and all must admit that she has added somewhat to our knowledge of this wonderful man. She has given us many fresh illustrative anecdotes, and preserved for us conversations not hitherto given. If this be a merit when a Southey or a Coleridge is in question, how much more so is it when it draws us closer to so transcendent a genius as that of Byron! Countess Guiccioli has caused us to spend two or three evenings with Byron, and once again he casts over us that same magic spell which he threw over us in days of yore, and before the epoch of the silver hair.

Shakespeare, Scott, Byron! Are these to be the three men whose works will some day be studied on the shores of the new empires to rise on the Pacific?—the three men who will show to the Asiatic Russian, or the then learned Japanese, of what manner of mind the English were made? However that may be, we believe that they are the three foremost men of genius England has produced. As time goes on, and each year or decade some former favorite drops in the race,

as Southey's laurels, even though a Laureate's, are beginning to fade, Lord Byron's genius is more and more acknowledged. Of all his contemporaries he alone steadily advances in reputation. He stands midway between Pope, "correctly cold," Gray with his elaborated verse, and all that school whose metre claimed as much attention as their thought, and that modern school who, like Wordsworth, almost too much dispensed with form and polish. An ardent admirer himself of the old school, a defender of Pope against a generation which was beginning to note his defects, he nevertheless lived to show how completely he could dispense with that polished smoothness which, while rubbing off the angularities of genius, sometimes destroys its point, and how, in singularly easy verse, he could throw forth all the energies of his genius and all the marvels of his wit. No writer, except it be the immortal Ingoldsby, whose extraordinary rhymes seem sometimes flashes of inspiration, ever so completely bent his language to his thought as Lord Byron. In his hands our language seems a heated metal, which he formed as he listed, and which, once formed, perpetuated for us in enduring characters his master-thoughts.

The reputation of "Don Juan" is very slowly growing, and there will always remain a natural prejudice against this his greatest work, arising from the licentiousness of many of the thoughts. If it were not for this circumstance, people would not be afraid to speak of this stupendous product of his genius as it deserves. It is a classic comic poem, in which with the most happy freedom of language, though without plot or plan, the writer conveys to the reader an accumulated knowledge of men and things, with a wit which sparkles in every verse. Even when we come upon passages of exquisite tenderness, we are well aware that the same daring sallies await us—the same irresistible, audacious, felicitous wit. With a few strokes of the pen he conjures up a picture; here and there he fills in occasionally with a little more care; but as a rule he prefers to paint with a free brush, and to leave much to the reader's imagination. The absence of plot in this particular work is of less moment; it would have

controlled that free outpouring of his thought on all sorts of subjects. He himself wrote to Murray:—

"You ask me for the plan of 'Donny Johnny:' I *have* no plan; I *had* no plan; but I had or have materials; though if, like Tony Lumpkin, 'I am to be snubbed so when I am in spirits,' the poem will be naught, and the poet turn serious again. . . . "You might as well make Hamlet (or Diggory) 'act mad' in a straight waistcoat as trammel my buffoonery, if I am to be a buffoon; their gestures and my thoughts would only be piteously absurd and ludicrously constrained."

"Beppo," written at Venice more than a year before "Don Juan," was its forerunner. It showed that Byron was, like Garrick, a master of comedy as well as tragedy, and opened up a promise which was amply redeemed when "Don Juan" made its appearance. Both these works reveal the real Byron, who was no melancholy Lara, or misanthropic Childe Harold, nor like any of those characters of his in his other works in which the public insisted in finding his portrait.

Lord Byron is, however, best revealed in his inimitable letters, the very best in the English language, in which we see him in perfect *abandon*. Nothing can surpass the easy grace, the fresh wit, the smart epigram, the saucy fun, and very frequently the wisdom, of these letters. Had Lord Byron written nothing else, they would have carried down his name with the English language. There is no more delightful reading than to take a volume of his letters, especially one of those written from abroad. No letters ever before published conveyed so completely the idea of the writer speaking. That difference almost always to be found between conversation and written thoughts, namely, the thought about the thought which, whilst it may give solidity to the idea, deprives it of its spirituality and airy grace—that difference does not occur in these letters. Lord Byron's imagination was so vivid, his intellect so masculine, his judgment so true, that whatever idea he conceived he at once threw forth in appropriate language. All his best qualities, his affectionate and impulsive nature, the generosity and nobility of his disposition, the utter freedom from all envy, the contempt of

meanness—all the qualities which combine to form our notion of a chivalrous disposition are exhibited in these letters. If he was hard upon some persons occasionally—upon Southey, who had been so cruelly hard upon him—it was not for that reason, but because he suspected him of being a renegade for the sake of the Laureateship. Enemies like Lord Jeffrey had been, he could and did forgive. If he was hard upon Coleridge and Wordsworth, it was not that he disliked them as men, but because his own clear intellect abhorred the mysterious, grandiose manner of Coleridge, and the somewhat childish and far-fetched ideas of Wordsworth. He was a staunch friend to many on whom the world looked coldly. He belonged to that order of men who dared to befriend the friendless, and who are not "ever strongest on the stronger side." Faults he had—sins he had; his life was struck in the wrong key, and throughout remained in the same; but, whilst his defects were partly caused by his want of suitable early training, his noble qualities were his own.

He was in some respects like a brilliant meteor which shot through an astonished world, dazzling and perplexing it. But, unlike a meteor, the light he has left behind him is one which steadily increases, and is destined to take a permanent place in the literary firmament. There is something touching in the sensitiveness of his nature. The bravado which he showed, and which made him disclaim all necessity for sympathy, was a cover to conceal the wound rankling within him when the nation that had idolized him changed front in a day and dethroned their idol.

Countess Guiccioli has performed a great service in drawing together all the opinions of eminent men on the most interesting points in Lord Byron's character, and her book will cause a general reconsideration of the works of one of England's greatest writers. He has passed away, and his short feverish life has become "as a tale that is told." That he had his faults, and that they were serious, no man wishing well to his country would deny; but, as we have before said, he had his generous and noble qualities, and attracted to himself an amount of affection which is the best proof of

this. He drew the princely offer from John Murray to return all his copyrights to him. He attached all his friends to him to such a degree that his death was felt as a personal calamity, and he had that tenderness of heart and that kindness which caused his domestics to regret in him the loss of a friend rather than a master. We think that of his personal character the world has said enough. The time has come when his works may be canvassed by an impartial generation, and to the verdict which it will pass his fame can safely be trusted.

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Temple Bar.

SIX MONTHS IN CALCUTTA.

To land at Garden Reach on the Hooghly on a starry evening in the month of January, and to leave it on a rainy morning in the following August with a gray sky overhead, as heavy and dull, and infinitely more oppressive, than any ever seen in England in the rainiest summer, does not give one a right to say much about India. Nevertheless, six isolated months of residence in the Anglo-Indian capital, together with the journey out and home, have at least a sharpness of contrast which would be effaced by a longer stay, and six months and less are sufficient to know Calcutta.

It was only at Marseilles that we realized to ourselves the fact that we were actually quitting Europe, and that our journey partook in real truth of some of the qualities of exile. The last night in an hotel at Marseilles must, to the outward-bound for India for the first time, have additional solemnity in its darkness. In contrast with the far East, all Europe makes one country, the nursery-place and home of Europeans. It is surprising how like a brother, in a social point of view, a Frenchman, and even a Russian, becomes to us in the midst of the dusky people of Ind, with whom we have no traditions, no religious, few domestic, and scarcely any moral sentiments in common, and whose very difference of costume is only characteristic of a much greater difference of inward nature.

These presentiments of exile are increased on the morrow, when the traveller sets foot on board. The passengers whom he sees wear anything

but the air of people bound on a party of pleasure. It is true their faces are not so yellow, nor their eyes so lacklustre, as those of the Anglo-Indians he may see on a return vessel, if such should come in his way, for out and home passengers cross, of course, frequently in Egypt and at the various ports; but however jaundiced and wearied they may look, the homeward-bound are objects of envy for the outward, and the words "Happy fellows! going home," are sure to meet the ear on such occasions. "This *would* be a pleasant day," we have heard on board sometimes, "if we were going in the other direction." The passengers on board the "Marseilles" consist, of course, of those who have chosen this route either to enjoy another week in England, or to save the *ennui* of coasting round Spain. The consequence is that most probably they will be the most India-bored of all the passengers who will meet and start together at Suez. Not that this characteristic is universal by any means. The composition of the travellers by any of the P. and O. boats is of course much the same.

There will be old and steady Anglo-Indians, middle-aged and gray Anglo-Indians, civil and military, all distinguishable in manner and complexions from the fresh-faced competition wallah on his first voyage. There will be officers of the Queen's service, both cavalry and infantry; there will be a few engineers, young and middle-aged, engaged for the Indian railways. There will be a barrister or two, a Calcutta attorney or two, a Calcutta merchant or two, a few Calcutta tradesmen, and the whole number accompanied by a fair share of ladies. Ladies travelling singly, too, there will of course be—some already married going out to join their husbands, and some unmarried going out to find them. Acquaintance grows up with mushroom rapidity among fellow-passengers on ship-board, and dies pretty generally in much the same fashion. Some will not scruple to unburden their minds at once of their discontent. "What on earth can take you to India?" says Singleton, of the 112th Lancers. "My advice to all about to go to India is that of 'Punch' to those about to

marry—'Don't.' Stop at Malta or Alexandria, and return by the next boat." "I can see in every man's face," says Phipps of the 1000th Fusiliers, "whether he has been a year in India or no." One lady, sprightly, charming, amiable, and accomplished, who is going back to her husband, says, "Everything connected with India is an imposture and a deception. The sins of the fathers in originally going there are visited upon the children of the third and fourth and countless generations. When people once get a footing in India they drag all their connections into purgatory after them. But I come back in a year, and say good-bye to the horrid country for ever." Others, however, the staid and steady old Anglo-Indians, who had acquired a second nature by long residence in the burning air or steamy vapors of Hindostan, say, "India is not a bad country if you know how to make use of it, and stay there long enough. It is not England, and we never thought it was."

We were not fortunate in our weather. The captain had made seventy-six voyages to Alexandria, and never such a bad one. The first morning only two passengers were able to sit down to breakfast. The tables in the saloon were rigged out with those ominous ladders which prevent plates, dishes, and bottles from being rolled into chaos at every lurch of the vessel, and we were never without them for the rest of the voyage. The storm was so great at one moment that we, though a mail packet, bethought ourselves of running for shelter into Ajaccio. Under the lee of Corsica, however, we struggled on, the deck was swept with sea at every instant, and the water we shipped played at battledore and shuttlecock in a splashy way with the sides of the vessel, quite regardless of the boots of such of the passengers as did not adopt the precaution of standing on the gratings or the benches while they held on somewhere. We thought as we ran into La Vallette that the weather would change, but the captain looked at the gulls flocking into the harbor, and said "Worse weather tomorrow!" A few hours of dry land and stational equilibrium at Malta, however, seemed like a flash of Paradise across the watery purgatory of eight long days and nights, during which we were

for the most part of the time rolled like a rolling-pin backwards and forwards in our berths. Oh, the heavy, long, monotonous, idiotic oscillation of curtains, lamps, and all things movable about us! In the interminable epoch of thick darkness after the night-lamps are extinguished, in the insensible progress of the eternal spaces between the striking of the hour-bells, amid the incessant grindings, groanings, heavings, throbbings, and creakings of the indomitable monster who bears you on, staggering under the weight of his ocean buffetings, one has nothing to do for a pastime but to wait and wonder expectantly for the shock and crush of a monster sea which shall make every rib of the tremendous fabric about you start and quiver with agony, and arrest its progress for an instant, till the strong vessel seems to recover its strength after a moment's dizziness with bull-dog pertinacity, and rush again triumphantly upon its ferocious adversary: then one cries "Bravo, ship!" But this diversion comes likewise to be idiotically monotonous, and one always returns to wish for what is well-nigh impossible—sleep, and a little forgetfulness. Morning comes at last, and you no longer feel a prisoner in your berth, so enjoy the free will nature has endowed you with, by thinking you can go on deck when you like, and remain for some time where you are. You will have quite enough of the view from the deck. Sometimes the ship will be buried deep down in the trough of the sea, so that you see nothing but a swelling wall of ocean on both sides of you; sometimes you will be hoisted on the summit of a boiling hoary mountain of sea-water, and see between you and the horizon a dreary waste of infinite snowy-crested waves raging away in desolate, mad frenzy at having nothing to vent their fury on. Some, however, found work to do in these days and nights, for we heard afterwards that a large steamer went down in the same storm. Never did ships at anchor look so lovely as those we found in the harbor of Alexandria, and had it not been that we felt ourselves hurried on by the hands of fate and the P. and O. Company, without hope of respite, our rapid journey through Cairo to Suez would have been a flash of unmixed delight. But the delay by the

storm caused us to be accelerated through Egypt with a bare night's rest at Cairo. Nevertheless we caught a glimpse of Cleopatra's Needle, saw the sun set on the banks of the Nile with an inconceivable majesty and glory, took an early morning's ride through the main street of Cairo up to the citadel, from which we saw this, the fairest of all Eastern cities, stretched at our feet, with its countless domes and minarets in repose beneath the deep azure of a sky as crystal clear in December as with us at any time in June. We looked across the tombs of the Mamelukes, over the long sweep of tawny desert traversed by the Nile, to the Pyramids.

Rome, Naples, Seville, Damascus, and Jerusalem are among the fairest cities of the earth; but nothing surpasses in its way that first glimpse of Cairo. The busy, noisy street, the striped *bournouz* of the Bedouin, the turbaned and respectable effendi in light chocolate vest, loose trowsers, and red kaftan; the steel-capped Albanian; the Nubian cavalry soldier with his bare legs, and holding his stirrup with his toe; the strings of camels, the countless cries of warning to get out of the way: *Oa! effendi! Oa! bint! Oa! ragol! Oa! sidi!* the fretted porches of Arabian architecture, the Eastern fountains, and then the illimitable desert and the eternal grandeur of the Pyramids on the horizon,—all these mingled together made a visionary medley of Haroun-al-Raschid and Cheops, not easy to render account of. Then the flight across the desert by train to Suez, in spite of steam-engines and comfortably wadded carriages, had its interest. Not even associations with Manchester and Birmingham could destroy the effect of the glorious lines of the waves of the desert—the product of the sandstorms of centuries—lying in as graceful and virgin-looking curves as the stainless snow-folds on the flanks of Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn.

Half-way between Cairo and Suez is a station, where all the passengers descend for a halt of a quarter of an hour. Here in the middle of the desert you can have bitter ale, and that truly Anglo-Indian beverage, soda-water and brandy, known in India as “soda and brandy.” Here, for the first time, too, we saw the whole company of our India-bound fellow pas-

sengers together—for the India-bound of Southampton and those of Marseilles first meet together in Cairo. It was December, but already English winter clothes were now for the most part discarded; the light clothes suited for India wear had been generally adopted; and the *pugree*, or white turban round the white felt hat, with one end hanging over the back of the neck and fluttering in the light desert breeze, was not uncommon. Here, too, you may see in a tolerably imposing mass a section of the aristocracy by conquest of India going out to take possession of the government of one hundred and fifty millions of people. We reach Suez, and dine in the court of the huge stone caravanserai sort of hotel—a court not very unlike some of the *patios* of the large palaces of Seville, with tropical flowers arranged about the pillars of the cloisters, and having a little garden in the centre. An itinerant family of Italian musicians had straggled as far as Suez, in some incomprehensible way, and were here playing, and not badly, some of the best airs of Italian masters. We looked at the respectable patriarch of his tribe, who played the violoncello, and thought of the incongruous memories of Goldoni and Suez—Rossini and Pharaoh and the Red Sea. It was not unpleasant before leaving the shores of Africa to hear once more some of the strains of Italian music from Italian bands, and the soft sound of the *dolce si*. Similarly at Malta we congratulated ourselves in coming in for the chant of Vespers in the fine old Cathedral of the Knights of St. John, and we could hardly wish for a better *bon voyage* than the deep and sweet music of Catholic and artistic Italy.

We embark in the evening; a small steamer takes us from the quay off to the magnificent three-decked, three-masted P. and O. steamer waiting for us in the distance. A crowd of Arabs, Egyptians, half-breeds and negroes, stand on the quay to see us start; some in their striped robes, red and white turbans, and fez caps, worthy of the pencil of Gérôme. We embark, but we do not start. Alas, no! we have to take bullion on board; one million and a half, we are told, of ingots of silver in deal boxes—an ingot in each box. Sleep for us was long impossible; the silver was being

embarked ignot by ignot close to our ears, and the noise of the process, and of the voices of the officers checking off each ignot as it was brought on board and stowed away, did not cease the whole night. We got up to watch the proceedings; the silver was being carried through the ship's sides in two interminable streams the whole night long! A million and a half of silver! Some enterprising spirit proposed in the course of the voyage to do a little piracy, imprison the captain, and run away with the ship to South America to secure the bullion; but none of us knew enough of navigation to give serious consideration to the project.

The P. and O. boats which start for Suez are magnificent vessels, and in spite of all the grumbling which arises among a crowd of people confined together in the monotonous existence of ship life for three weeks, there is little ground for complaint, except, perhaps, in the grave matter of the rates of passage. The captain of the vessel was as courteous and obliging a gentleman as one would anywhere meet with, and the officers were not unlike him. The quartermasters of the crew alone were English, all the rest Lascars. As for the feeding—in spite of the commonplace nature of the observation—one must say it was marvellous. Where so much fresh meat, fresh poultry, fresh vegetables and fruits of all kinds, new milk, bread, &c., came from to supply the wants of more than two hundred passengers, with the stupendous appetites which sea-air and *ennui* engender, was a daily mystery. They must have had an army of Houdins for cooks in the ship's kitchen. The only thing one missed at all was fish; there was occasional salmon; but to be sailing on the salt-water, day after day, and see porpoises and flying-fish daily disporting in security, as though to taunt you with evidence of the populousness of the ocean, and to lack one's daily fish, amid the inexhaustible profusion of the table, seemed a mockery; all the products of the land were prepared for your use, but nothing of the sea. As is known, the quantity of meals on ship-board is stupendous; they help to get rid of the listless monotony of the day; and the least gluttonous of mortals will learn at last to yawn and yearn for his dinner. The day is divided into two

parts—that when you eat, and that when you don't eat; and as the former is much the longer of the two parts, you long for the latter as a change.

People took their morning tea about seven; then bathed, and went deck-walks till breakfast of a Homeric character was ready at nine. After breakfast, deck-walks, lounging, looking at nothing particular over the bulwarks, novel-reading, talk, chess or backgammon, or any dreary invention, suited to the general listlessness of the company, wore away the time up to lunch at twelve. From twelve to four repeat the morning's amusements, with as much variation as you can. Watch the throwing of the log, look at the thermometer, take note of the card on which are daily registered the number of miles run and to be run, and await dinner, the great business of the day, when the *carte du jour*, your only daily journal, will be perused and commented on. After dinner, some people will wake up a little, others sit more supinely; some will try to make up a little for a day of inactivity before night sets in, and play at ship-quoits, pitch-and-toss, gymnastics, or tell stories; after nightfall, when the lamps are lit in the saloon, whist will absorb a certain number. Tea, and wine-and-water and grog, help to fill up the evening till ten, when, for the most part, people retire to their berths, the lights are put out, and the ship carries its world of sleepers steadily on through the night; after which all will awake to precisely a similar day with the last.

Not that there were not pleasant times, however, on the voyage. The Red Sea was as calm as a mill-pool all the way to Aden—six days' steaming—and some, who had gone through the frightful ordeal of buffeting and sea-sickness on the Mediterranean, here felt quite piratical, and knew what they had never known before, a sea-appetite. There was no more rough weather all the way to Calcutta, only a slight tossing once or twice in the Indian Ocean, when a few passengers turn sallow again, and one at least of the piratical party, less confident in his aptitude for following in the steps of Captain Kidd. In the Red Sea you do not continue very long in sight of land—about a day, perhaps. Some good-natured people, on starting,

will propose to show you the place of Moses' Well, where the Israelites found water, and the place where Pharaoh and his army were caught in the Red Sea. A long range of mountains on the African coast bound the western horizon for some time, assuming the most delicate and deep violet hue at sunset, and becoming fringed with a glorious band of golden light along the summit as the sun goes down behind it; but after this your solitary ship goes ever on and on over a vast, naked, desolate, blank disk of blue water with not a sail in sight. It was the coolest time of the year, so we were spared the excessive heat of the Red Sea, though the thermometer rose daily in your progress southwards, and the sun would have been intolerable enough had it not been for the double awning extended over the deck of the vessel.

One luxury which the increase of temperature enables one to enjoy, is the sleeping upon deck—a hard straw mat, and anything by way of apology for a coverlet, is sufficient for the purpose. At the extreme poop of the vessel, sheltered by the awning from night dew, it is a pleasant thing to doze off, with the bright stars of an Arabian sky burning away in silence on all sides around you. In the morning we took care to look for the Southern Cross, but were somewhat disappointed to find one of the stars a mere abortion of a star of very inferior quality. A black mountainous cinder or two, by way of island, is all the land you see till you get to Aden, which is nothing more than a burnt-up coal-hole, surrounded by mountains of coke. There is but one tree in the whole place, and not a well or spring of water, no liquid at all except what is kept in tanks, imported, or made from sea-water. Everybody goes to see the tanks, in a gully in the black hills; but, as it had not rained here for three years, their duty was a sinecure. There was not a spot of water in the whole series, and a fly might have crawled dry-foot over every square inch of them. Here you may see real savages, the Somalis of Abyssinia, with their curly black hair dyed as red as any *chignon* you may meet with in Rotten Row or the Bois de Boulogne—ferocious-looking Arabs, perched on camels, meet you in the streets, and you may buy here, at the

Parsee store, lion and zebra skins, ostrich-feathers, ivory, canes of rhinoceros hide, and other Arabian and African articles of furniture. After Aden comes the long run of twelve days, or more, according to weather—we were sixteen in doing the same distance in returning against the monsoon—to the Point de Galle. The six days from Suez to Aden pass without much weariness, but we found the twelve consecutive days without setting foot on shore horribly tedious. You see the last of Africa, some time after leaving Aden, in some high land looming far to the west, and get a glimpse of Socotra in the distance; perhaps you may get a near view of one of the Maldives, covered with cocoa trees. Besides these rare interruptions, you have nothing but the invariable sea; the sun rises and sets, the stars come out; and excepting these magnificent and by no means unexpected manifestations of nature, you plough the sea from morn till night and from night till morning in just the same way, leaving the same broad wake of agitated, foam-spotted water in your rear, a symbol of your fugitive dominion over the ocean.

After this monotonous twelve days Ceylon burst in all the glory of tropical splendor on the eyes. Not even the first sight of the Alps impressed the mind more than the gorgeous magnificence of flower and foliage and form which bursts from the exuberant soil beneath the fervid sun of ancient Taprobane. In the neighborhood of Point de Galle are to be found hills with enchanting prospects of fair champaign, veined by the bluest of rivers, and bounded by the most picturesque ridges of mountains, groves of cinnamon trees, and broad-leaved bananas; forests of palm and cocoa trees, whose regular and curved stems look as though thrown up in countless jets by the spontaneous power of nature, and fall over in innumerable green fountains of feathery foliage; underwoods of the greenest and richest luxuriance of broad leaves; rivers, along which to float at eventide absorbs all sense in the richest satiety; banks overgrown with matted and tangled plants and parasites, and starred with enormous and many-colored blossoms. The memory is long haunted by the glory in which that stony-hearted

Sphinx—Nature—has here chosen to array herself. The climate of Ceylon, although so near the Equator, is about the best in India; the heat of the tropical sun is tempered by soft sea-breezes. The large dark eyes of the Cingalese have a mild and lambent brightness, and their regular, handsome, olive features have an air of soft beatitude engendered by existence in this Indian paradise. A tranquil effeminate languor pervades their whole look and bearing, as though they were the genuine lotos-eaters; the notion of effeminacy is still further sustained by the sight of their back-hair, which even the men wear rolled up in a *chignon*, and keep in its place with a tortoise-shell comb. One of the safest services in the world is said to be the Ceylon Rifles, for there is not much danger of revolt among these soft islanders, and the regiment never goes out of the island. No one, we suppose, ever made a collection of Oriental curiosities without one or two colored Cingalese parasols, and a little model of the funny boats of the harbor, scooped out of the trunks of trees, shaped like shuttles, with a half cradle thrown out on one side to buttress it up on the water and prevent it from capsizing.

After Point de Galle we begin to turn our course northwards, and there is a general feeling of approaching the end of the journey. It will take us a week more to get to Calcutta, and as Madras lies about half way, the Madras passengers prepare to disembark, and overhaul their baggage, and there is already a feeling of breaking-up. A few passengers bound for Australia, one for China, and another for the Philippine Islands, had already left us at Galle. We coast along the eastern shore of Ceylon and see what is said to be Adam's Peak, after which we behold no land again till we reach Madras. Everybody has heard of the Madras surf, which is for ever rolling with more or less violence between the far-out anchorage and the shore; we were carried through it in one of the "accommodation" boats, a vessel like the half of a gigantic walnut-shell, and rowed by about thirty naked Madras boatmen; according to strict rule, if they ship a sea and make you wet, you are not bound to pay them, so they are necessarily careful. The build-

ings lining the beach have an airy, palatial, European look, though with a general facing of stucco, which overlays everything here and at Calcutta. The edifices look, however, much whiter and cleaner than those on the banks of the Hooghly, where the black and discolored fronts and columns tell of the prodigious rains with which they are deluged for seven months of the year. The town of Madras is of immense extent, since nearly every house is surrounded with a large garden. Some of the buildings are very fine, and the streets are roads, which we found very dusty. The Madrases dress differently from the white-robed, white-turbaned Bengalese—a red cap and colored garments not being uncommon, and they seem to be more fastidious in the tattooing of their visages. These ornamental face-flourishes are pencilled on the forehead by the priest of the deity to whom they devote themselves. You can tell whether a Hindoo has chosen Vishnu or Siva for his protection, by the color and form of the marks on his face, which are made with green, black, red, white, and blue chalks and ochres, and crawl up from the bridge of the nose over the forehead. The cheeks and the chin also are marked from time to time with squares and spots and lines of various form, and comprise a sort of holy language written in cipher on the face, only intelligible to the initiated. The climate of Madras is not so pernicious as that of Calcutta; the rains are less abundant, and its position by the sea-side procures it a refreshing permanence of sea-breeze, which, even in the month of August, mitigates the blaze of sunshine at mid-day, and makes the evenings delicious.

In three days more we are off the island of Saugor, famous for jungle and tigers, at the mouth of the Hooghly. The banks of the Hooghly, forming part of the delta of the Ganges, are green, and low, and flat all the way to Calcutta, and fringed for the most part, with trees, among which the eternal cocoa tree predominates—of which and of the banana one grows at last utterly wearied. The breadth of the river is so great at first that both shores can barely be seen at once, but draw together gradually till we reach Calcutta, where the

Hooghly is about equal in size to the Rhine at Cologne. The navigation is very dangerous, owing to the shifting nature of the sand-banks, which the river, charged and yellow as it is with vegetable and earthy matter, is continually depositing in fresh places, so that the insurance for shipping from the mouth of the river is greater than that which is paid for the whole of the rest of the voyage from England. The pilots, who now take charge of the vessel, are obliged to be continually on the watch for the alterations of the channel. The masts of sunken vessels from time to time show the treacherous nature of this ever-changing bed of the river; and you meet vessels descending from Calcutta whose masts and rigging are covered with crows. A change now begins to come over the company of the vessel. Up to this time the passengers have lived in a sort of social republic; there were few signs of *caste* on board; but on approaching the great seat and headquarters of Anglo-Indian authority, social and governmental hierarchical distinctions became apparent; the civil service draws aloof from the military, and both from the merchant, engineer, attorney, and tradesman. The fellow-passenger becomes merged rapidly in the official; and after arrival at Calcutta, people who have dined together, walked together, talked together for weeks, will, by tacit consent, ignore each other's existence.

We arrived at Garden Reach, the chief port and quay of Calcutta, at dusk, and were the same evening deposited in the great hotel of the Indian capital. The hotels of Calcutta, and we believe of India generally, are about the most desolate habitations imaginable. The one we lived in for some time was big enough, but it had a bare, whitewashy, untenable air; and looked part barracks, part monastery, part caravanserai. Hotels in India are, of course, only established for Anglo-Indians, and the better class of Anglo-Indians use them little. If a civil or military officer of any position is obliged to stay awhile in Calcutta, he has his club if he is single, or if he has a family, he is sure of hospitality from some of his friends in the capital. Hospitality in India is exercised on the freest and most generous scale possible. In the first place it costs little. The

houses are palatial in magnitude and arrangement, and few residents but have abundance of rooms for spare guests, who always have their own servants, and the addition of the cost of entertainment is small in comparison with what, it would be in England, while amid the *ennui* of Anglo-Indian existence the entertainment of guests is one of the most agreeable of diversions. In our hotel, then, the best men were a few Anglo-Indian officers, without connection, going up country, a few civil engineers, a few indigo planters, some ship captains, and a few men of business not yet settled in a house of their own. Whoever makes acquaintance with Calcutta from an hotel begins his career in the worst fashion possible.

On the day after our arrival we got the first view of the town, and the first impression is that you are decidedly in presence of a capital city. Madras in comparison comes before the mind as something quite provincial. The main street is spacious and stately, with houses on either side of grand proportions; there is nothing mean in their appearance, and from Government House to Tank Square the show of buildings is as fine as that of any part of London. Calcutta is divided into three parts: there is first the suburban, or residential part, where the official people and non-trading class of Europeans live; next the commercial or business part, occupied by public offices, courts, shops, banks, and other establishments; thirdly, the native part, where the richer baboos live in houses of European fashion, and the poorer in mere huts or wigwams, which cover many square miles out of the whole extent of the city, and indeed form the larger portion of its space. The huts of the natives, massed together by thousands, have a savage simplicity. They resemble the roofs of haystacks supported by scaffolding or props; sometimes they have mud walls, sometimes merely matting or cane-watling to serve as screens from the public eye. The first drive through this portion of the town is not pleasant for an European. He may drive through acre after acre of such habitations, varied by occasional mean-buildings of white stucco. It is not the mode of

habitation, however, but the humanity of the place, which is calculated to turn the stomach of the inexperienced. One, two, three, or any definite number of dark-skinned naked people need not sicken anybody; but to be alone amid illimitable numbers of naked bodies, some of whom are less comely than apes, amid an infinite display of uncovered and sometimes perspiring skins of all shades of color from red to black—copper, chocolate, bistre, burnt umber, and charcoal; to see a countless number of hairy chests, some hard and bony, as though in the last stage of emaciation, and some, and these the most horrible, pendulous from corpulence; to see so much bare humanity in all sorts of ungainly postures—squatting for the most part like apes, smoking the eternal hubble-bubble—and gazing vacantly from dark stony eyes beneath brows wrinkled with excessive heat and crowned with black, shaggy, and bristly hair, is very degrading to civilized humanity. Here we, the whites, seem the exception, and the blacks the normal type of humanity. A cleanly baboo, or respectable native, with his white soup-plate head-dress, and his spotless white vest and scarf, or a native domestic servant, bearer, kitmutgar, or syce, is a decent looking being; but the swarming, tattooed, bare-legged, bare-breasted, bare-headed millions of Bengalese are in the mass a most unpleasant spectacle, especially in hot weather, when even baboos out for a walk will take off their vests and shoes for the sake of coolness, or saving of washing expenditure, and as they have no undergarments, nature unadorned is not here very attractive.

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Chambers's Journal.

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

As our steamboat was entering Southampton Docks the other day, we noticed the way the vessel was guided in. The bend was too sharp for the rudder to bring the vessel round it, so a hawser from the bows was slipped over a pile-head on the pier. The vessel steamed on, and the hawser, continually pulling us out of our course, compelled the vessel to describe a part of a circle, and so

safely to enter the docks. We might thus illustrate the motion of the moon round the earth. The attraction of the earth on the moon continually draws it out of the direction in which, at each instant, it is moving, and so compels it, roughly speaking, to describe a circle about the earth as centre. But there is this difference: the force by which the earth draws the moon is not a simple force, as the tension of a rope, but the result of all the attractions which all the parts of the earth exert on all the parts of the moon. Now, these attractions are different for different parts of the earth. They diminish rapidly as the distance increases, being inversely proportional to the square of the distance. Thus, at twice the distance, the attraction is diminished to one-quarter of its first amount; at three times the distance, to one-ninth. The moon, then, attracts the parts of the earth nearer to it more than it attracts the central parts, and these, again, more than the parts of the earth furthest from it. In consequence, the moon draws the earth away from the sea on the side of the earth which is furthest from the moon. It also draws the sea away from the earth on the side nearest it.

Imagine ourselves at the moon, looking down at the revolving earth. We should see on the west side new continents and seas continually appearing, hastening across the face of the earth, and disappearing round the east side. As the waters pass from the western edge to the middle of the face of the earth, they draw nearer to the moon than the centre of the earth, and in consequence are drawn towards the moon more quickly than the earth itself. They cannot leave the earth, and can only obey this impulse by moving round towards the moon more quickly than the earth on which they rest. When they have passed the middle of the earth's face, they are now moving away from the moon, and the action is reversed, and all the velocity given to them before, relatively to the earth, on which they rest, is taken away. We see thus that we may naturally expect the water directly below the moon to be moving from west to east more rapidly than the earth on which it rests; and as we go east and west from that point, this motion of the water will become less. The

same will be true of the water furthest away from the moon. We may thus consider the ocean as a stream of water flowing round the earth, generally at the same rate as the earth below it, but sometimes slower and sometimes faster. Where it moves faster, it will be shallower. Thus, we may expect the sea to be shallow at the point below the moon, and that furthest away from the moon; and as successive places are brought, by the rotation of the earth, below or away from the moon, they have low tide, and intermediate to these, of course, high tide. Such is a rough explanation of the tides. There are other circumstances to be taken into consideration, as, for instance, the fact that the seas cannot flow freely, but are impeded by friction. The general effect of it all is, that, looking thus down on the earth from the moon, we do not see the low tide immediately below us, but to the west, in the western half of the earth's face; and the high tides are not on the western and eastern edges of the face, but are round behind the western edge and the other, between the point immediately below us and the eastern edge of the earth.

Now, the moon hastens the waters in the western half of the earth's face, as we thus view it, and retards those in the eastern half, tending to make the former move faster, and the latter slower, than the land on which they rest. But the tidal heap is in the eastern half, and therefore, on the average, more water will be in the eastern half than in the western. Thus, more water is retarded than hastened. If as much water were hastened as retarded, these motions would neutralize each other; but more being retarded than hastened, there results a slight average retarding of the waters of the ocean, causing them to move round more slowly than the earth, and so, relatively to it, to flow slowly westward. Of course, owing to lands hindering the free flow of the sea, innumerable local currents are produced, which in their backward and forward flow nearly neutralize each other; but as the final result of all these motions we find a slow westerly current in the ocean, due to the moon's action.

This current does not move without friction against the lands it meets, or the deeper waters of the ocean over which

it flows. By this friction, as the earth is revolving in the opposite direction, it tends to check the rotation of the earth. Just as the brake upon a windlass checks the rotation of the windlass and the lowering of the weight, so this friction against the earth acts as a brake, gradually stopping it. If we set a celestial globe spinning, we can soon stop it by gently laying a finger upon it. So the moon, as it were, lays a fairy finger on our earth's equator, and, light as the touch is, the earth's rotation will in time be stopped. Ultimately, the earth will constantly present the same face to the moon, just as the moon does now to it.

There is a curious action in compensation upon the moon, which admits of an easy explanation. Owing to the tidal heaps of water, the general attraction of the earth on the moon is not directed to the centre of the earth, but to a point a very little distance from it on the tidal axis, which points, as we have shown above, eastward of the moon. Roughly speaking, the moon moves in a circle round the centre of the earth from west to east; but it is thus continually pulled, not to the centre of the earth, but to a point a little towards the direction in which the moon moves. Now, when we have a stone at the end of a string, and wish to make it whirl round faster, we move our hand in a little circle, pulling the string continually, not to the centre of the circle in which the stone whirls, but to a point a little more in the direction in which the stone is moving. Thus, the loss of rotation in the earth is compensated for by a more rapid motion of the moon, which, in consequence, will fly further from the earth, and describe a larger orbit. This change, however, is practically too small to be observed.

We have shown above how the moon produces a tide on the earth. Supposing the moon to possess an ocean, what kinds of tides will our earth produce in it? The mass of the earth is eighty-eight times that of the moon. If, instead of one moon, we had eighty-eight such clustered together, each evidently producing a tide, there would result on the whole a tide eighty-eight times as high as at present. We can thus see how the tides in the moon, being produced by the earth, would be far greater than

those we have. By calculations we could hardly explain in an elementary manner, we come to the result, that the tides in the moon would be about forty times as high as those on the earth, or about one hundred and ninety feet high on the average,—a rather surprising result. Such a tide would sweep a large part of England clean twice a day. Alpine climbing, far from being a luxury, would be a necessity. But there is this difference: owing to the small mass of the moon, bodies weigh there less than a sixth of what they do here. So the labor of avoiding the tide would be but slight. Supposing the moon to be inhabited by creatures like men, we can compute their statures that they may have the same agility. Of men similarly formed, the weights will vary as their bulks—that is, as the product of their length, breadth, and thickness. As the men are supposed similarly formed, the breadth and thickness will both vary as the length, and thus men's weights will vary as the cubes of their lengths. Now, their muscular power varies as the cross sections of their muscles, which it is easy to see will vary as the squares of their lengths. A man twelve feet high will thus weigh eight times as much as one six feet high, but will have only four times the muscular power; and if the six-footer be sluggish, the twelve-footer will probably be unable to stir his vast weight. If, however, the twelve-footer were of materials only half as heavy as the six-footer, the relation between weight and power would be the same in both cases, and they would be equally agile. The material of man weighing less than one-sixth its weight here, on the moon, he could thus afford to be more than six times as tall, and be still as agile. Men forty feet high would move as freely on the moon as we do here, and experience no more inconvenience at a tide of one hundred and ninety feet, than we do at one of thirty feet—a height commonly equalled, in fact often exceeded, at places on our globe. We may notice in passing, that on Jupiter, man's stature would have to be dwarfed to thirty inches, to preserve his agility.

The action of tides in stopping rotation, shown above, must take place whenever bodies capable of tidal action re-

volve round each other. The sun as well as the moon exerts an influence in stopping our rotation. Jupiter's moons, if he possess an ocean, will in time destroy even his rapid rotation. But this is too remote to be of much interest. It is more worthy of remark that we meet with many bodies whose rotation evidently has thus been stopped. Our moon is such, ever presenting the same face to the earth. The satellites of Jupiter and Saturn, as far as can be observed, are in the same condition. And we can see the reason of it. Imagine our earth and moon, each possessing oceans, starting with equally rapid rotations. Each will produce a tide in the other, and so tend to destroy the other's rotation (we perhaps should say independent rotation, but the reader will understand what is meant). But there will be a great difference in the two cases. The amount of rotation to be destroyed will be different in the two bodies. Take a grindstone, for instance—a great effort is required to set it rotating, and an equally great one to stop it. The larger the grindstone, the greater the effort required. Now, we might regard the earth and moon as two such grindstones; and computing, as can easily be done, the ratio of their amounts of rotation when revolving at the same rate, we find it to be about twelve hundred to one. If the earth and moon, then, exerted the same power in stopping each other, the earth, having only $\frac{1}{1200}$ -th part of the work to do that the moon would have, would do it in $\frac{1}{1200}$ -th part of the time. Thus, if the earth stopped the moon in 1,000,000 years, the moon would require 1,200,000,000 years to stop the earth. This is supposing the powers they exert, in stopping each other, equal. It is not, however, easy to see the relation between the power with which the earth and moon act on each other by the friction of the tidal current. It depends not only upon the actual amount of the tide, but also on the amount it lags eastward of the tide-producing body. The higher tide of the moon would probably lag behind the earth much less than the earth's tide lags behind the moon. If the lagging were equal, the earth's power would many times surpass that of the moon. If the lagging in the moon were less, the earth's

power would not be so many times greater. Certainly the earth's power would not be less. Of course, the greater the power the earth exerts, the sooner the moon is stopped. Certainly, then, the moon would be stopped twelve hundred times sooner than the earth. Looking back, then, on the long ages during which our earth has existed, we can easily conjecture how long it must be since our moon had that rapid rotation upon its axis which apparently is necessary for the existence of life.

It may perhaps appear that we have assumed a great deal. No oceans now exist on the moon; so our tides may seem pure imagination. Well, we will refer to the point again. Let us glance for a while at the moon's present condition. Practically, the moon has no atmosphere. This is shown in many ways. When the sun sets on a clear day, it appears not round, but oval; the air bends down the rays of light passing through it, and bends those most that are nearest the horizon. A ray being thus bent down, its direction, when it reaches us, appears to be from a point above that from which it really came, and the object will be seen above its real position. Thus the sun appears higher in the sky than it really is, and the lower limb more so than the upper, so as to approach to it, and cause the apparent flattening. The sun, indeed, has really set to us when, by this bending of the rays, he is still visible. Rays of light grazing the earth, and passing out into space beyond, will be doubly bent to the earth; thus the atmosphere would enable an eye behind the earth to see a little round the corner, and the sun would still be visible for a little time after it had really passed behind the earth. Now, the moon often, in its path through the sky, passes over a star; if she had an atmosphere, the star would be visible some little time after the moon had passed between it and the spectator, and also re-appear a little before the moon had passed from over it; thus the time that the star is hidden would be shortened by the moon's atmosphere. Observations of this kind prove that the moon has no appreciable atmosphere. Or, again, as the sun seems flattened when setting, if we watched with a telescope the moon pass over a planet, the latter would appear flattened

if there be an atmosphere. No such alteration of form can be detected. Again, an atmosphere produces a twilight, and if the moon has the one, it will also have the other. Very careful observation has shown that such a twilight exists in the moon, but so slight that the height of the atmosphere, to which it is due, cannot be more than a mile, and it must be rarer than any vacuum that can be formed in an air pump. Other reasons might be adduced; these, however, may suffice. With such an atmosphere, water, to any considerable amount, cannot exist on the surface of the moon; for, as there the day is as long as fourteen of ours, the sun's continued heat would create an atmosphere of steam greater than we know exists. At the same time, careful examination with the most powerful telescopes has shown that no lakes or seas of any but the smallest size can possibly exist.

When we examine the moon—we do not mean with large and powerful telescopes, but such as any person can put together for himself at the cost of a few shillings—many particular features can be at once recognized. The southern part of the moon is especially noticeable as pitted all over with round cavities, often so close as to run into each other. They are of all sizes, from the minutest specks to great pits, almost discernible by the naked eye. Their character is singularly uniform. A great circular wall, the height of which can be easily estimated by means of the shadow it throws, surrounding a circular plain, usually depressed below the level of the plain without. In this plain, often one or more conical mountains rise. We are at no loss for objects on our globe to compare them with. Among the Andaman group is a volcanic island; a lofty and precipitous wall, eighteen miles in circuit, encloses a circular plain but slightly raised above the sea-level; in the centre a steep hill, the cone of an active volcano, rises to a height of about eighteen hundred feet. We could pick out mountains in the moon answering almost exactly to the same description. It is impossible to resist the conviction that the cause is the same. The lunar craters, indeed, usually vastly exceed in size those found on our globe; but we shall notice hereafter the reason for it.

These various mountains, and other natural features, have received names, and we may, in passing, notice a few of the more conspicuous. Plato is one of these vast craters, considerably to the north in the moon (readers will remember that astronomical telescopes invert objects, making north appear south, and *vice versa*), and so presenting not a vertical but a bird's-eye view, appears as a vast oval, with the central plain extremely dark and depressed. Copernicus, which becomes visible, or, in other words, at which the sun rises soon after the half-moon, is very conspicuous, terraces in its circular wall being easily detected, while a group of conical hills, two of them very easily seen, stands in the centre of the enclosed plain. Tycho, a crater considerably to the south, is of such dimensions that, if a circle were cut out of Switzerland, including Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn, and Monte Rosa, down to a level with the sea, the whole might be placed within Tycho, and not a single peak be seen over the edge. Then, too, of conical volcanic peaks, such as that of Teneriffe or Adam's Peak, in Ceylon, there are beautiful examples in the moon. Pico, which shines like a little triangular speck of burnished silver, with a little patch of shadow attached, a little to the south of Plato, is computed to be at least seven thousand feet high, and rising as it does abruptly from a comparatively flat plain, would be a magnificent spectacle if on our globe, the more beautiful, as several similar though smaller cones are clustered near.

But with all this show of volcanic force, the moon, though carefully watched, has given but few signs of fiery life. Herschel and others have observed phenomena at various times which resembled an eruption of lava in one of the lunar volcanoes, and lately it appears that the crater Linné has been slowly filled up, apparently by an eruption of mud or ashes. But the lunar volcanoes, if not actually extinct, are probably not far from being so.

Besides volcanoes, there are other interesting natural features in the moon: great depressed plains, presenting the appearance of ocean-beds; mountain ranges, produced evidently not by volcanic forces, but by the erosive action of water. For instance, the Apennines, a

range some four hundred miles long, rise to the south of the Sea of Showers to a height of twenty thousand feet, sloping gently to the south, but to the north presenting a steep and almost precipitous descent to the great depressed plain. It thus presents a close parallel to the Andes, which rise gradually on the eastern side, but to the west overhang the Pacific with a far steeper incline. The Ghauts of India, too, have the same peculiarity; and many other instances might be named. The height of the lunar Apennines may appear extraordinary, considering the comparative smallness of the moon; but if the Pacific were drained, and we measured the height of the Andes from the bottom of the depression, we should probably double their height. When, as we believe was once the case, the Sea of Showers was filled with water, the height of the Apennines above the level of the sea would not be so surprising.

To produce a volcano, water is required. By the slow escape of the central heat of our globe, the interior parts cool and contract. The crust of the earth, left without sufficient support, cracks and subsides. The shock is propagated through the earth, and an earthquake is produced. Often water penetrates, and in the form of steam at high pressure drives up the molten rocks before it, and a volcano is produced. No water can be detected on the surface of the moon; where, then, is the water that produced the volcanoes we see there? Some have suggested that the solid part of the moon is pear-shaped, with the stalk end, as it were, towards us; whilst the water has all accumulated on the flattened end of the pear, and so is invisible to us. Such a supposition, however, appears extremely gratuitous, and besides is unnecessary. If any of Jupiter's or Saturn's satellites were so constituted, the part furthest from Saturn or Jupiter would be less bright than the rest of their surfaces; but though their surfaces do vary in brightness in different parts, the dimmer part, in no case, we believe, is that which is furthest from their primaries. So there is no analogy in favor of this idea. The solution of the difficulty arises from the different bulks of the earth and moon. The weights of bodies on the moon is less

than one-sixth of what it would be on the earth. Now, we know that the sun is composed largely of elements such as exist on our globe; nay, further, remote fixed stars are so also. We have thus every reason to believe that the materials of the moon will not differ much from those of the earth. As the interior of the earth cools down and contracts, the weight of the outer crust, which, if strong enough, would be left as a shell, breaks it down, and crushes it into the contracted matter below, so that no cavities, or comparatively small ones, are left. But in the moon, the shell covering a cavity would be of smaller radius, the moon's radius being less than that of the earth, and consequently stronger. Above all, the weight of the materials composing it being less than a sixth of the weight of the materials of the earth's crust, but as strong, owing to the feebleness of force to crush the crust down, cavities would be formed on a far larger scale than could exist in the earth.

Imagine, then, the earth and moon at equal temperatures. They cool down—the moon, however, being the smaller, the more rapidly. The thin crusts at first formed on each are crushed down on the central mass as it contracts. After a while, when the crusts have acquired some thickness, the lunar crust becomes thick enough to withstand the crushing for a while, and cavities are formed. When the break-up takes place at last, the lunar oceans penetrate, and pouring in immense quantity into the large cavities, meet the still hot mass below, and a tremendous volcanic outburst is the result. When we remember that the power of the pent-up steam would be as great as on the earth, but the rocks and lava to be thrown up would weigh less than one-sixth, we can easily understand the vast craters which exist on the moon, so thickly in places as to suggest the idea of the surface having been blown up in bubbles. As the cooling process continues, other and larger cavities are formed, the weight of the superincumbent crust being too little to crush it down into them. Into these ultimately the oceans descend, and after them the atmosphere. We thus see how, by the cooling down of the moon, vast internal cavities have been formed, in which her ocean and atmosphere are now buried.

The atmosphere that still clings to the moon is but the thin upper layer, the rest has long since disappeared. The rates of cooling down of the earth and moon are inversely proportional to their diameters, or as three to eleven. The disproportion between these is nothing so great as that between the times of their stopping each other's rotations. We can thus see why it is that, whilst ages ago the moon has ceased to rotate independently of us, she still continues to shew some signs of central heat in the few cases of volcanic outburst that have been observed.

Dreary, indeed, must be the scene that the moon now presents. Here, our air spreads by day its blue curtains, to temper the black vault of night. No such veiling there. When the sun rides high, the stars will all shine with little lessened lustre on the black sky; the mountains will cast not a shadow but night itself. Could we but see it close, it would be as some nightmare vision we should gladly forget. Possibly the absence of all half-tones in shadow would confound our eyes, and we should see without perceiving; not, indeed, that all the rocks would be rugged and angular, the outlines not softened by time. When the volcanoes we see were thrown up, far other was the state of the moon; then the ocean wore the shore, and the rain and frost smoothed the mountain slope. Even now, amid the confusion and savageness of lava-beds and cinder-hills, we should see what would call to mind memories of happier times—here some smoothed chasm, where of old, under a bright sky, the brook murmured; there some shingly beach, where once the sea rippled round the polished pebbles. But all this is gone; and cracked, worn, wild, and barren, the moon presents an image of death. We admire its brightness, and are as the children of whom the poet speaks—

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found:
She came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

We thus trace the history of the moon, once, like our globe, rotating with a day and night suited for organized existence. Its seas may have teemed with fishes, its

air with birds, its plains with animals; some even may be endowed with reason—as fair as, may be fairer than, our globe. We have seen how, by the tidal currents produced in its oceans, our earth, slowly but surely, has stopped its rotation, and so unfitted it to sustain life; at the same time, by cooling down, cavities have been formed, within which its oceans and atmosphere are now buried. It is a *memento mori* for our earth. As it is, so must this globe of ours become. Somewhat different, indeed, may be the manner of it, but the final ruin is the same.

Yet, dreary as, at first sight, the idea of this inevitable decay appears, it really suggests an encouraging thought. That which points to an end, points also to a beginning. We are not left the victims of blind and inevitable laws; there is behind them a power, dimly revealed thus even in Nature. Yet, weary of iron necessity, we turn gladly from Nature to Revelation, from Law to Love.

♦♦♦♦♦
Belgravia.

THE MYTHS OF LONDON.

I HAVE often wondered which of the London myths impressed itself earliest on my mind. Surely it must have been that touching the domestic habits of Gog and Magog. Much information respecting the City giants will be found current in nurseries, and no doubt I was there let into the secret,—divulged in ghostly whispers at bedtime,—that every night, as the clock strikes Twelve, Gog and Magog step from their pedestals, stretch their huge limbs, yawn so loudly as to awaken every echo in the Guildhall, and take brief respite until the solemn tolling of the hour of One compels them to go on duty again. These facts have never, so far as I know, been disproved, and, as all nursery authorities agree on them, may be taken as fully and satisfactorily authenticated.

It must have been later in life, though still early, that I encountered my next myth. It had relation to a lady and a mystery. The lady, as I vaguely recall, lived in great state and moved in the highest circles. She was beautiful, and of great wealth. Her conduct was unimpeachable, until a discovery was made which invested her with grave suspicion. It was found out that every night, after her maids had left her and she had re-

tired to rest, she would rise from her bed, divest herself of her richly laced nightdress, and going into a secret closet—the door of which was concealed in a panel in the wall—emerge thence clothed in the rags of a beggar. Thus strangely metamorphosed, she would steal out of the house and remain absent all night, only returning in time to conceal her rags and resume her costly night attire, in which she would be found quietly reposing when her unsuspecting attendants entered her room in the morning. Of course the mystery was her motive for pursuing this strange nightly practice. Ultimately, she was followed, and then the secret came out. It was found that she prowled about with a basket and lantern, collecting the refuse of the streets, including of course the many valuables lost there during the day. And this *chiffonnière* practice it was ascertained, consistently with the whole story, was the apparently insignificant source of all her wealth and grandeur.

This is only one of innumerable myths of the same character, all illustrating the proneness of the imagination to raise an impossible superstructure on a basis of facts. We are all, for example, familiar with the fact that the waiters at the principal hotels and chop-houses go to their situations of a morning, and are fetched thence of an evening in their own broughams. Nobody, I should hope, has the temerity to question this fact. And to the same class of legend belongs that of the man we have all heard of—the man with the mysterious occupation. This individual was well to do, and lived in a fine house at the West End. While moving in society he met with a lady whom he impressed most favorably, as he could not help seeing, and to whom, indeed, he was not himself indifferent. Mutual friends wondered that, as he was a bachelor and the lady in every way eligible, he did not at once propose to her. Still he hung back, until at last he was prompted to confess his love, but at the same time his inability to make her an offer except on a condition to which he feared she would not consent. The lady, however, was gracious, and he named the condition, which was, that she should never inquire, or take means

to ascertain, the source of his income. The lady accepted him on these terms; they were married, lived most happily, and reared a family of beautiful children. In all this time the wife was not let into her husband's confidence. She knew that he left home every morning in his carriage,—narrators of the incident always stick to the carriage,—and returned in it every evening; and as neither herself nor her children wanted for anything she was perfectly content. But accident at length revealed to her what she had been at no pains to discover. While out walking with her children one day, they passed a beggar at a street-corner, and the youngest child, running towards the poor man, instantly cried out "Papa!" and threw her arms round his neck. The child was not mistaken, it was her father; and the lady had the mortification of finding that she had married a beggar, and that all the comforts with which she was surrounded were procured through the alms of the charitable.

Of a different class, but I have no doubt quite as authentic, is the mythical legend of Somerset House, with which many are acquainted. This relates to the providential escape of a workman who, while engaged on the roof of the Admiralty, suddenly missed his footing and fell over the parapet. Death seemed imminent as the result of this mishap, but happily, while falling, his watch-chain was caught by a projection in the façade, and he was saved; the chain being of sufficient strength to support him until those who saw his peril could come to his assistance. In proof of the genuineness of this narrative there used to be pointed out a small dial, alleged to be the identical watch itself! What could be more conclusive? There it was; to be seen by the naked eye, and so plainly, that, allowing for the distance, the fabulous workman must have indulged himself in an exceptionally neat thing in watches, about the size of a decent copper stew-pan.

One of the best authenticated myths is that in connection with the well-known piece of ground at Lambeth known as Pedlar's Acre. The tradition is, that a tired pedlar fell asleep near Farthing Ferry, and that while he slept his dog went scratching up the

turf, and so disclosed a spot where gold had been concealed. With this gold the peasant was enriched, and settled in the neighborhood. Soon after, his dog died, and was by a little pious collusion buried in the churchyard. Before long the pedlar died also, and joined his faithful cur; but not until he had left an acre of ground in trust for the poor of the parish. A memorial window was therefore raised in Lambeth church, whereon the pedlar and the dog were depicted, and that window remains unto this day in evidence of the veracity of tradition in this behalf. Yes, there is the window, and there is the Pedlar's Acre; but such is the incredulous temper of these modern days, that even these proofs are declared unsatisfactory. Because, forsooth, there is a similar device of a pedlar and dog in a church down in Norfolk, it is contended that this is merely a rebus on the name of Chapman (chap-man, another name for pedlar), probably that of the donor of the field; while as to the field itself, it is asserted that it was not originally called Pedlar's Acre, but Church Hope, and is stated in the register to have been bequeathed by "a person unknown," which does not tally with the Chapman rebus theory. Perhaps the window has really nothing to do with the field. Who knows?

Any one who has occupied the box-seat beside a communicative 'bus-driver on the Bayswater-road will, in all probability, have made acquaintance with another metropolitan myth. "See that house, sir?" says your companion suddenly, indicating with his whip a particular house in a particular crescent. "Rum start, that, sir." You look out for the "start" in question, but see nothing to distinguish this house from any other, except that there is a railing on the roof, apparently surrounding a water-tank. "Old gent buried up there sir." "Nonsense: it wouldn't be permitted. Besides, why should it have been attempted?" In a roundabout way you are told that property lay at the bottom of this mysterious arrangement, the mythical "old gent" retaining possession of a certain estate willed to him—and his heirs, I suppose, enjoying the same advantage—so long as his body should remain above ground; a result which this striking mode of sepulture has secured

for an indefinite period. Of course you don't believe a word of this wild story. You see at once that the shape of the elevation on the roof-top has appealed to the popular fancy, and so given birth to the tradition. Still, as you ride on, you can hardly fail to recollect that similar legends relating to property and the defeating of heirs thereof are current all over the country, and you speculate whether there must not be some basis of truth in some of them, however little you are disposed to put faith in this particular legend of the Bayswater-road.

Popular impressions of a mythical nature assume many forms. Sometimes we encounter exaggerated notions of municipal institutions—as, for example, touching the privileges which the freedom of the city confers—including the privilege the royal family are supposed to prize so highly, namely, the indisputable right of driving a cart through Temple Bar. At other times historical phantoms loom vaguely upon us; as when we are bidden to remember that Vauxhall is named after the arch-conspirator Guido Fawkes, or Vaux, who resided there; an assertion wholly gratuitous and unfounded. The law contributes to the general bewilderment, so numerous are the statutes which have been passed, so many the fictions it has originated, and so ingenious the devices to defeat its operations. Among other points held to be incontrovertible is this, that the legal settlement of those born at sea is in the parish of Stepney. But when one gets entangled in the intricacies of the law it is impossible to know where one is, or to separate fact from fiction with anything like certainty. Is there, for instance—it has been often asserted that there is—an act of parliament extant in our metropolitan archives, an act of the 13th Elizabeth, conferring legitimacy on all children born in the reign of the virgin queen in or out of wedlock? Again, is it, or is it not, a fact that the privileges of sanctuary still remain in force in Westminster, or a portion of Westminster, near the foot of the bridge, so far as arrest for debt is concerned? The story goes that in respect of debtors the old sanctuary privileges remain unrepealed in that district, and that there are not wanting those cunning enough to avail themselves of this legislative oversight. There

is one house in particular, a small, unpretending, and unsavory tavern, always pointed out as a resort of debtors, from the doors of which they are said to set their creditors contumeliously at defiance.

Considering the general want of accurate information on points like those just named, it is not difficult to understand how mythical stories, once set afloat, take hold of the public mind, and retain their vitality even where the means of refuting them lie readily at hand. But the truth is, such things are never practically exploded. What matters it that historians have discovered the story of Whittington and his cat to be a fiction? What if it is proved that he was never poor and penniless, but was the tenderly nurtured son of Sir William Whittington, knight, and that he owed his great fortune, not to his cat, but to a monopoly granted him for the supply of London with coals? Have these historical facts proved fatal to the legend? Not they; generations to come will still sympathize with the forlorn lad as he sits on the milestone and hears the message of the bells; and still rejoice in the mythical triumphs which his supposititious cat enabled him to achieve. And so with the myths of our own time, the haunting legendary shadows of our own streets; they will die hard, and will give place to others as wild, as unreal, and as full of vitality. And after all, I am not sure that this is to be regretted. Life is full enough of hard facts for a little pleasant fiction to be a relief. The realities it presents are none the worse for the rose-tint of fiction thrown over them. If the ties which bind us to the old city are sometimes a little shadowy and unreal, what matters it? The habit of searching inquiry may be carried too far. The strongholds of ignorance, like those of indolence, *have* their charms; and I assert emphatically that in respect of these things “ignorance is bliss.”

WILLIAM SAWYER.

Westminster Review.

THE STRUGGLE FOR EMPIRE WITH THE MAHRATTAS.

ON the 7th August, 1803, the Commander-in-Chief, General G. Lake, broke up his standing camp at Cawnpore and

marched in the direction of Allyghur, where M. Perron had established his headquarters. The army under his immediate command comprised three regiments of European and five of native cavalry, about two hundred European artillery, one regiment of European and eleven battalions of native infantry, amounting in all to ten thousand five hundred men. In addition to this army, a second force, under the direction of the Commander-in-Chief, amounting to three thousand five hundred men, was collected at Allahabad for the purpose of invading the province of Bundelcund.

On the 29th of August General Lake first came in sight of the enemy. Their cavalry, numbering fifteen thousand men and horses, occupied a strong position in front of Allyghur. They were smartly attacked, and driven in confusion beyond the town. Perron, who was in command, threw a body of two thousand men into the fort, and retired towards Agra. A few days afterwards the fort itself was carried by storm, and the army marched towards Delhi.

On the 11th of September they encamped within six miles of that city; but hardly had the tents been pitched when the enemy in great force appeared in front. The General ordered the cavalry to turn out, and proceeded at their head to reconnoitre the enemy's position. He found them strongly posted, both flanks being protected by impassable swamps, and their front covered with one hundred pieces of cannon. This formidable artillery was concealed in long grass, and opened with terrible effect on the approach of the reconnoitring party. The General gave the order to the cavalry to retire. As they approached the camp they opened out from the centre to allow the infantry to pass. In spite of a tremendous fire of round shot, grape, and canister, the "thin red line" advanced steadily and in silence until within a hundred yards of the guns. Then the order to charge was given—one ringing volley swept from end to end, the long line of bayonets flashed in the sun, and, with the gallant old chief at their head, the troops rushed impetuously on the guns. The Mahrattas fled without awaiting the shock, and the victorious regiments breaking into open columns of companies, the cavalry charged through

the intervals and completed the victory. Three thousand Mahrattas fell in that day's action. Louis Bourquin, the commandant, and four other French officers surrendered themselves a few days after, and the Mahratta ascendancy in the capital of the Moghula received its final death-blow.

"I really do think," writes the delighted chief, in his quaintly simple fashion, "the business was one of the most gallant possible. Such a fire of cannon has seldom been seen, if ever; against which our men marched up to within one hundred yards, without taking a firelock from off their shoulders, when they gave one volley, charged instantly, and drove the enemy; then they opened ranks and let the cavalry through, who did their duty in the most gallant and judicious manner possible; indeed their conduct was remarkable throughout the day. . . . We were yesterday most considerably outnumbered, but His Majesty's 76th Regiment did set such an example, that could not fail of inspiring every creature with zeal, energy, and spirit. I do not think that there could have been a more glorious day; but as I may be thought partial, I will say no more, but leave it to others to relate the fact; exaggerate I think they cannot."

The inhabitants of Delhi had listened with beating hearts to the tumult of the fight beyond their walls. There was just a faint hope, a flicker of expectation, that if the English were victorious, they might afford them some relief from the hard bondage, the robbery and spoliation under which they lived. But the precedents established by former conquerors were not of a nature to cause such hopes to burn very brightly. Men still remembered the horrors of that dreary time when Nadir Shah and his army of Persian murderers filled the streets of Delhi with the dead bodies of the slain; where they were piled together in heaps, without distinction of rank or religion, and burned in the rubbish of the ruined houses.*

* There is a story connected with Nadir Shah's stay in Delhi which is worth repeating, as an illustration of the manners of the time. After Nadir Shah had slaughtered the inhabitants of Delhi to his heart's content, and wrung an enormous booty from the survivors by means of the most cruel tortures, the Emperor Mohammed Shah, on the eve of his departure, invited him to a sumptuous entertainment. Every lord of the Imperial Court had his particular duties; that of Emir Khan was to present the coffee. The pro-

Since that time they had had conquerors many within the walls of the imperial city—the Abdally monarch, French officers, Mahratta chiefs—but they had been all alike in their insatiable rapacity, and their reckless cruelty and indifference to the sufferings they inflicted. It was difficult to believe that any people having the power to plunder should voluntarily abstain from doing so. Their astonishment became great in proportion as day after day passed and neither murder nor extortion was heard of; no burning villages lighted up the midnight sky, or homeless peasants sought shelter in the city walls. Seven days after the battle, when General Lake, attended by a large body of his troops, entered the city to pay his state visit to the Emperor, the population turned out in a mass to gaze at these extraordinary soldiers who confined themselves to the business of fighting alone.

The aged Emperor Shah Alum, blind, poverty-stricken, robbed of authority, received the English general under a tattered canopy, the solitary remnant of the regal splendor of Aurungzebe. The Marquis Wellesley had humanely directed that the fallen Emperor should receive every mark of respect due to his once high position; and these attentions soothed the broken spirits of one of the most unfortunate sovereigns that ever ascended a throne. Contrasting his present situation with what he had endured in the past, the Oriental newswriters declared that in his joy at such a wondrous revolution, his Majesty Shah Alum had recovered his sight.

sentation of coffee in the East involves the nicest points of etiquette, and the difficulty in the present case to be overcome was great. If Emir Khan presented the coffee to Nadir Khan first, he was guilty of an act of gross disrespect to his own master, which could hardly fail to ruin him; if to Mahommed Shah, it was almost a matter of mathematical certainty that Nadir Shah would avenge the insult by commanding his immediate execution. Here was a dilemma. The Court stood in breathless expectation, awaiting the result. Emir Khan advanced. "He was," says the native historian, "a man of an elegant deportment, as well as exceedingly ingenious, and full of delicate taste in whatever he did." He had nearly presented the coffee to Nadir Shah, when, stopping suddenly, like one recollecting himself, he gave it to Mahommed Shah, saying, "Let an emperor do the honors of his house to a king of kings; I am too inconsiderable for that office." The two sovereigns loaded him with plaudits.

From Delhi General Lake marched against Agra. Seven battalions of Scindiah's regular infantry were encamped on the glacis. "Finding," as the General writes to the Marquis Wellesley, "there was no chance of bringing these obstinate rebels to reason" by any arguments less convincing than the logic of steel and lead, these seven battalions were attacked and dispersed, after a severe engagement, with the loss of twenty-six guns. Three days afterwards 2,500 men came over in a body, and were admitted into the British service; and on the 18th of October the whole garrison capitulated. They were allowed to leave the fort with their private property; but the treasury, arsenal, and 162 pieces of cannon, fell into the hands of the victors.*

The whole of the country between Delhi and Agra had thus, in an incredibly short space of time, been wrested from Scindiah, and a large portion of his fine army utterly destroyed. The campaign, however, was not at an end. Scindiah still had one army in the field, composed of the very flower of his troops, and with this force General Lake, on the 1st November, fought one of the fiercest and best-contested actions in which British troops have ever been engaged in India.

These battalions, which were termed the "Deccan Invincibles," and consisted of 9,000 infantry, 4,000 or 5,000 horse, and a splendidly appointed train of artillery, had been despatched from the

* A considerable sum of prize money was divided among the troops who were present at the above siege, but there appears at one time to have been some doubt whether it was lawful prize or not. The General in his perplexity writes a very characteristic note to the Marquis. "I can see it," he says, "in no other point of view than legal prize money; if I am wrong, or have acted contrary to your wishes, I shall be most miserable. I can only say that whatever may be my share it will not be touched, but left in the hands of the paymaster till your lordship's pleasure is known, and ready to be paid whenever you like. The army certainly expected the money, or I would not have given it them, and I think they have deserved it. I hate all money concerns, and sincerely wish I had nothing to do with this; I have ever held money in most sovereign contempt, and shall, I am sure, do so to the end of my life. I have only to hope I have done nothing which can displease your lordship, as that would take from me all the satisfaction I have received from our late successes."

Deccan at an early period of the campaign to assist in the protection of the Doab. But the rapid and decisive successes of Lord Lake's troops anticipated the movement. Delhi had been captured by the English before they reached the scene of action, and during the siege of Agra they merely assumed a position distant some thirty miles from the British camp. As soon as the place surrendered, they moved rapidly off to find shelter in the hilly and difficult country of Mewat. General Lake perceived the imperative necessity of crushing this formidable enemy, and at the earliest practicable moment after the fall of Agra he hurried off in pursuit by forced marches. Pressing on with his cavalry alone, he came up with the enemy at sunrise on the 1st of November, just on the outskirts of the Mewattie hills. They appeared to be retreating in the utmost confusion, and the General—nothing loth to gratify his natural impetuosity—determined to attack without waiting for his infantry.

The Mahratta commandant, however, was a man of courage and resource. By cutting the embankment of a reservoir, he flooded the road over which the English troops had to advance, and took advantage of the time thus gained to occupy a strong position; his right resting on the village of Laswaree, and partly protected by a swamp; his left on the village of Mohaulpore, and his rear protected by a steep banked rivulet. His front was covered with seventy-five pieces of artillery.

The English cavalry, in the meanwhile, had overcome the obstacles caused by the flooding of the reservoir; but the dry sandy soil over which they advanced raised a dense cloud of dust, which completely concealed the new formation of the enemy. Supposing them still to be in retreat, General Lake launched his brigades, as he imagined, against the rear of a panic-stricken enemy. Thrice did the English cavalry charge the long line of guns lashed and chained together. They penetrated at one time even into the village of Laswaree. But their gallantry and perseverance were wholly unavailing. The enemy reserved their fire until the squadrons were within twenty yards of the muzzles of the guns, which, being con-

cealed by the high grass jungle, became perceptible only when a terrific discharge of grape and doubled-headed shot shattered the advancing onset, and strewed the plain with men and horses. The native artillerymen fought with rare courage and devotion. As soon as the storm of horse and men had passed through, they crept from under the guns where they had taken shelter, and sent volley after volley against the rear of the hostile squadrons. Neither were the infantry idle. Drawn up behind hastily constructed intrenchments, and further protected by wagons, carts, and other cumbrous baggage, they plied the English cavalry with an unceasing fire of musketry, which told with terrible effect on their crowded ranks. Convinced at length of the uselessness of maintaining such an unequal struggle, General Lake, who had fought throughout like a private soldier in the very hottest of the battle, called off his shattered troops, and resolved to await the arrival of his infantry. These consisting of H. M.'s 76th Regiment, and six battalions of native infantry, did not reach the field until mid-day, fatigued with a long march of twenty-five miles. On their arrival, the enemy sent a message to the Commander-in-Chief, offering to surrender their guns upon certain conditions. Nothing, however, resulted from this negotiation, although to avoid the further effusion of blood General Lake expressed his willingness to accept the offered terms. In the afternoon of the day the battle was resumed. The Mahratta army were now drawn up in two lines—one in front, and one in rear of the village of Mohaulpore. The rivulet which had formerly covered their rear, now flowed at right angles to their right flank, and their front, as before, was covered by artillery. The General determined to turn the right of this new position, and with this view formed his infantry into two columns, directing them to proceed along the banks of the rivulet until they had outflanked the enemy's line. For a time the march was concealed by long grass, but the instant the movement was discerned, the Mahratta commandant threw back his right wing, and at the same time concentrated a heavy artillery fire on the British columns. The light galloper guns attached

to the English cavalry were soon silenced; the rugged broken nature of the ground disordered the march of the infantry, and the men fell so fast that the General perceived his column would be utterly destroyed before it reached the flank of the enemy. The only chance of retrieving the day was to make a direct attack upon the enemy's position. The 75th Regiment, one battalion, and five companies of native infantry, were wheeled into line, and ordered to advance straight in the face of the enemy's fire. "As soon as this handful of heroes," writes Lord Lake, "were arrived within reach of the enemy's canister shot, a most tremendous fire was opened upon them." A regular advance became impossible, and a large body of Mahratta horse, encouraged by the havoc and disorder, charged the broken line; they were driven back with loss. At this moment the General's horse was shot under him, and his son and aide-de-camp carried off the field severely wounded. The gallant old veteran, notwithstanding, retained his coolness and presence of mind. He sent orders to the 29th Dragoons to charge. The order was obeyed with the utmost alacrity. Forming into line on the right of the 76th, and amid the cheers of that heroic regiment, they pierced the enemy's line, then wheeling to the left attacked the Mahratta horse and drove them from the field. Then once more re-forming, they fell in one compact body upon the rear of the enemy's second line. The General saw his opportunity. Placing himself at the head of the 76th, he seized the guns which had just been captured by the Dragoons; the rest of the infantry had in the meantime come into action. The enemy's first line was forced back upon the second, and the whole fell into the utmost confusion. One body of two thousand men, attacked upon every side, broken and disordered, laid down their arms, but the remainder fought with stubborn heroism to the last. Every inch of ground was disputed: every gun was made the centre of a sanguinary conflict. On this, the last of all their fields, De Boigne's hardy veterans well sustained the reputation they had won, and died with arms in their hands. The whole seven battalions were totally destroyed; and seventy-two pieces of can-

non, together with an immense quantity of camp equipage and baggage, and a large number of elephants, camels, and bullocks, fell into the hands of the victors. The General himself bore emphatic testimony to the courage of his enemy, and the desperate character of the conflict.

"These battalions," he writes, "are most uncommonly well appointed, have a most numerous artillery, as well served as they can possibly be, the gunners standing by their guns until killed by the bayonet; all the sepoys of the enemy behaved exceedingly well, and if they had been commanded by French officers the event would have been, I fear, extremely doubtful. I never was in so severe a business in my life, or anything like it, and pray to God I may never be in such a situation again. . . . These fellows fought like devils, or rather heroes."

The battles of Assye and Laswaree gave the death-blows to the Mahratta power in India. Fifteen days after the first victory an envoy from Scindiah appeared in Wellesley's camp; and after the usual quantity of intrigue and shuffling, without which the Mahrattas found it impossible to conduct any business whatever, an armistice was concluded with Scindiah alone. Scindiah, however, failing to carry out the conditions agreed upon, and a large portion of his army still keeping the field with the Raja of Berar, Wellesley attacked their united forces at Argaum on the 28th of September, and severely defeated them. This blow was followed up by the reduction of the almost inaccessible fortress of Gawilghur—a most laborious operation, the heavy ordnance and stores having to be dragged by hand for thirty miles over mountains and ravines. Its fall convinced the confederates of the uselessness of further resistance. Vakeels arrived in the English camp with full authority to conclude peace on the terms proposed by the victors, and the new year opened with India once more in a state of rest. This war had been one of the shortest as well as most decisive on record. In four months a British army fifty-five thousand strong, operating against two hundred and fifty thousand horse and foot, exclusive of a corps of forty thousand men disciplined by French officers, had won four pitched battles, besieged and captured eight fortresses, and subdued whole provinces.

The Raja of Berar ceded the rich province of Kuttack, Scindiah, all his territories in the Doab, and all those northward of the Rajpoot, principalities of Jeypoor, Jodpoor, and Gohud, the forts of Amhednuggur and Baroach, and his possessions between the Adjunta Ghaut and the Godavery. The Governor-General in glowing language painted the results anticipated from the conclusion of these treaties. In answer to a congratulatory address from the people of Calcutta he said :—

"The foundations of our empire in Asia are now laid in the tranquillity of surrounding nations, and in the happiness and welfare of the people of India. In addition to the augmentation of our territories and resources, the peace manifested exemplary faith and equity towards our allies, moderation and lenity towards our enemies, and a sincere desire to promote the general prosperity of this quarter of the globe. The position in which we are now placed is such as suits the character of the British nation, the principles of our laws, the spirit of our constitution, and the liberal policy which becomes the dignity of a great and powerful empire. My public duty is discharged to the satisfaction of my conscience by the prosperous establishment of a system of policy which promises to improve the general condition of the people of India, and to unite the principal native states in the bond of peace, under the protection of British power."

At the very time these words were spoken a dark cloud was gathering, which burst over the British territories with the suddenness and fury of a thunderstorm in the hill country of Maharashtra. The authorities at home, panic-stricken, recalled the Marquis, and established once more the old policy of quiescence. Fifteen years of anarchy—"the time of trouble," as the natives emphatically called it—had to fill India with mourning and blood, before the far-seeing wisdom of the Governor-General ceased to be a subject of condemnation, and his policy was carried to completion. But our space is exhausted, and we must defer to some future occasion the narrative of Jeswunt Rao Holkar's irruption into the Doab, and the events which followed in its train.

One thought, however, suggests itself. Does our system of rule allow sufficient play for the daring and the military capacity which are evidently parts of the native character? We think not; but

that we are striving to keep it cooped up within dangerously narrow limits. The wild notion that a highly intelligent people must be treated like a tribe of ignorant barbarians, and have everything done for them, is, so far as India is concerned, a thing of the past. The tendency at present is to throw open the doors of the civil services at least for the admission of natives; and—what in our judgment is even more important—there are discernible the beginnings of an attempt to educate the people at large, by means of unpaid duties, such as municipal committees, and the like, to take an intelligent interest in national concerns. All this is well; but having advanced so far, we shall not be able to preserve the army in its present condition. We shall have to grant free ingress to the higher ranks of the military as well as to those of the civil service.

We are not among those who watch with extreme anxiety the progress of Russia in Central Asia. It may be—when she has consolidated her power in Central Asia—when she has made roads and dug wells across the deserts she would have to traverse—when she has compelled the Affghans to relinquish their savage independence, or by lulling their vigilance to sleep has secured her flank from attack, and her communications from interruption—it may be that then, if she has recovered her financial equilibrium, or at least something approaching to it, if her enormous possessions are still insufficient to stay her insatiable earth-hunger, and if her destinies are swayed by a very sanguine and impetuous Czar, that a Russian army may strive to penetrate into Scinde. But what then? A weak army we should assuredly capture, and send prisoners to Calcutta or Bombay, and a strong one would find it impossible to subsist. Even a battle won would not materially lessen the difficulties of the Russian general acting at an enormous distance from his own base, and in the presence of an enemy abundantly supplied; while a battle lost would be the signal for his utter extermination. And it is incredible that we, with our railway system fully developed, our telegraphs branching all over India, should not at the first symptom of the coming storm be able to concentrate on the point threatened a

force sufficient to crush an enemy harassed and wearied with a long and difficult march. The perils of an Indian invasion are so infinite, the chances of success so few and doubtful, that for our part we place greater confidence in the peaceful professions of Russia than people generally are willing to do. The hostilities carried on so continually against the kingdoms of Central Asia do not shake this conviction. Our own experience in India has shown us that no permanent peace can be established where some range of mountains or other difficult barrier does not interpose between the confines of barbarism and civilization. There seems to be an instinct which tells the barbarian that sooner or later he must yield to this new power, and drives him on at all hazards to put his destiny to the touch, and gain or lose it all. If we except the conquest of Scinde, and some of Lord Dalhousie's annexations, no nation could have been more sincerely desirous to maintain the integrity of native states than ourselves in India, but the native sovereigns have compelled us *volens volens* to continually extend the frontiers of our dominions.

The danger which is caused by the approach of the Russians is the encouragement which their propinquity will give to the disaffected among our own subjects. But these will be few, when there are no invidious distinctions between the Englishman and Hindustani, and an honorable career is open to all. This is not the case in the army. Our present system is to trust entirely to our English troops. A large English army is maintained principally to overawe the native army, and keep it in good order. In that native army the native officer, whatever be his military capacity, is immeasurably below the youngest ensign who never saw a shot fired in earnest, and whose ignorance of war is the most profound and exhaustive that the mind can conceive. This system sorely weakens our power at home, is a tremendous drain on the revenues of India, and hateful to the people of the country. Conceive an army of Englishmen officered entirely by Frenchmen, and expected, nevertheless, to be thoroughly loyal and contented. Every one at once perceives the impossibility of its existence, but this is precisely what we have in India; and so long

as such an army continues in existence, we have a fearful danger in the very heart of our dominions. The point which in our opinion is established beyond the reach of cavil, by the events narrated in the present paper, is that there is no such want of military spirit or military fidelity among the natives as to justify its continuance. Soldiers more conspicuous for courage and devotion than the artillerymen of Assye, or the infantry who scorned to yield at Laswaree, could not be found in the world. Sivajee, Bajee Rao, Holkar, the officer who commanded the Mahrattas of Laswaree,* if not generals of the highest order, were at least soldiers of brilliant talent. And these are only a few names out of the number recorded in the military annals of India.

There are two ways in which a subject people can be governed. You can, as it were, pin them down to the ground at the point of the bayonet, much as Russia seems to treat Poland, and so long as you maintain that position, you can be indifferent to their impotent writhings and complaints. But unless you follow the principle of absolute suppression, there is no standing-point between that and perfect equality. In India we have chosen the better part; and it is this very circumstance which renders it unwise and unsafe to hedge the army round with restrictions which are being removed from every other department of the public service. By their removal—a process, we admit, which can be effected only gradually, and with the utmost caution—we should convert a mercenary force into a national army, and diminish the chances of mutiny to a minimum. We do not mean that under this or any other system it would be safe to withdraw our English troops altogether from the country; although in course of time we should be able materially to diminish their number. But every measure which associates the natives more intimately with ourselves in the administration of the country—every measure which makes their duties towards the government and their individual interests more entirely one, does weaken, *pro tanto*, the motives to revolt; and only by a steady persistence in such a policy can we hope to

* This officer's name was "Abajee." But nothing more is known of him.

change our military grasp of the country for one more in accordance with our own deepest convictions, and the highest interests of the people of India.

London Society.

AMERICAN AND OTHER TRAVEL.

At present, works of travel are issuing from the press in considerable profusion, more so, perhaps, than will be the case in any other period of the year. There is a great deal in the *suave mari magno* principle of Lucretius, and in warm winter rooms, sheltered from the rough breath of heaven, it is pleasant to enjoy at second-hand the perils and labors of those who have partaken of very hard lines in great measure for our cosy intellectual enjoyment. We accept all their facts with great cheerfulness, and have only a very languid desire to verify them in our own experience. Of course the Peripatetic has a very natural desire to walk about, but he prefers to do so within the limits of civilization, and has no abnormal desire for travel in barbaric regions. There is a very obvious classification in works of travel; namely, those which consist of genuine travel in regions unknown or only partially explored, and those which, according to the literary fashion of the day, persist in describing localities which have been repeatedly described already. The fashionable taste for travel is setting very strongly in the direction of America, and according to the intrepidity and enterprise of travelers, their travels may belong either to the one class or to the other. There certainly appears to be a growing taste for travelling in America among those young noblemen and gentlemen who are looking forward to political life. It is thought that there is an increasing tendency towards Americanizing all free institutions, and at the present time America is more fertile than any other country in the social and political problems which the human race is working out. Those who have a love of danger and adventure may gratify it at any time by penetrating beyond the circles of luxurious civilization, of twenty dishes at breakfast and ice drinks to correspond, to any of the outlying regions, where the revolver is an active force, and scalping is

still regarded as a conservative institution.

Let us first look, therefore, at American travel. Two books come before us which are as violent contrasts as can be well conceived.* We remember reading in our youth a story which was called "Eyes and no Eyes." Two lads take a country walk. They come home, and are examined about their excursion. The good boy has seen all sorts of delightful things, but the careless boy has seen nothing that is worth the seeing. Now this is just the difference between Mr. Zincke and Mr. Rose. Mr. Zincke has eyes, and Mr. Rose hasn't. Mr. Zincke is overflowing with narrative, with discussion, with anticipation; Mr. Rose shakes his head and reports that all is barren from Dan to Beersheba. There is a corresponding difference in their styles. Mr. Zincke's book is, in the happiest sense, table talk. The style is perfect of its kind. He assumes that there is an immense amount of information common to himself and to his readers, and talks as a brilliant man of the world, with educated habits of observation and reflection, would talk when he would wish to talk his best. Mr. Rose's book is a succession of brief, jerky sentences, and may be best described as a continuous grumble. He is better known to the public as "Arthur Sketchley," and though we have not seen his "Entertainment," we will hope that "Arthur Sketchley" is more amusing company than George Rose, M.A. The only *raison d'être* of his work seems to be this—that at a time when the admiration of American institutions is in some directions carried to excess, his steady, unvarying depreciation of them may in some degree act as a corrective. We add that when Mr. Zincke and Mr. Rose both agree in taking the same view of any matter, there can be no difficulty about accepting their united testimony.

Mr. Zincke gratefully dedicates his book to his wife, "who, not being able to go, urged me not to lose, from consideration for her, an opportunity for carrying out a long-cherished wish to

* "Last Winter in the United States, being Table Talk," &c. By F. Barham Zincke, Chaplain in Ordinary to Her Majesty. Murray.

"The great Country; or, Impressions of America." By George Rose, M.A. Tinsley.

visit the United States of America." We hold up this bright, conjugal example for imitation, and pass on. Mr. Zinke travelled in the winter, but we cannot endorse his advice that we should all do best to travel in the winter. It is not given to every man to rise superior to pulmonary considerations. Mr. Zinke and Mr. Rose both went to hear the great Beecher preach. Their respective accounts are very consistent. Mr. Rose heard him preach about the Prodigal Son, which was called a religious novel, and treated in a comic fashion. Mr. Zinke heard him talk about tobacco-smoking, "a filthy, beastly habit." Both observers record that the reverend gentleman's remarks were received with much applause and repeated bursts of laughter. Both of them also record frightful things about the immorality of New York. Perhaps the style of morality has something to do with the style of religious instruction. Mr. Zinke discusses the progressiveness and future of America with much vigor and insight, and in a higher vein than Mr. Rose ever attains. Both agree in reporting an absence of any senatorial eloquence at Washington. Mr. Zinke urges that in dealing with America the simplest style of diplomacy, or rather no diplomacy at all, is necessary, and that the Americans are the most reasonable and teachable kind of people in the world. We are afraid that this is not exactly Mr. Rose's point of view. Mr. Zinke notes that American cities are equivalent to European capitals; American forests very like European forests, mainly pine and oak. Mr. Zinke goes into ecstasies over the hotel varieties of living; Mr. Rose pronounces everything cold, sodden, and disgusting. Mr. Zinke prefers the American oyster to the European as "more tender, and certainly of a more delicate flavor;" Mr. Rose pronounces that they are "dirty, unsightly, pale, sickly, and very flavorless." Having given these specimens of variety of opinion, we shall let each very briefly tell us something more of his own story.

Mr. Zinke thinks that the vast American empire may hold together. Things are not now what they once were. A few wires overhead, a few bars of iron on the level ground, and everything is changed. He believes that it is the

destiny of the nigger to die out, just as the Red Indian is dying out. "Miscegenation" doesn't answer. The Americans will all melt into a homogeneous people. Free labor, backed by machinery, is to restore the desert of the South. It will be seen that he speaks hopefully of the Americans, though with a fair proportion of sincere fault-finding. Mr. Zinke writes with much moderation on the great and difficult subject of the day—the reconstruction of the South, and the treatment by the North of the conquered provinces. Our author gave great attention to schools. Mr. Bright was once very angry with university men, because, he said, they did not know where Chicago is. Mr. Zinke reports that in the schools in the United States American geography is well known, but the geography of the rest of the world is almost entirely ignored. Although common schools abound, yet in great cities like Chicago it is found almost impossible to bring the children of an ignorant, vicious population to school—a great argument for the compulsory scheme. All the travellers discuss Chicago now, so that the modern Porkopolis runs no danger of having its merits overlooked. In this, the youngest of cities, the greatest ornament of the shores of Lake Michigan, there are numbers of persons who remember the first brick house. It is certainly a wonderful district, standing between the boundless lake and the boundless prairie, by the great navigable watercourse of the Missouri, and on the line of that grandest railway in the world, which unites the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. The great city of Chicago, so to speak, is resting on the back of a cured pig. "Here are more than 200,000 souls maintained in life by breeding, fattening, killing, salting, packing, and exporting incredible millions of pigs. The old and the young, the schools and the churches, the politicians and the men of science of this great city are all created out of pig. Take away the pigs, and they all disappear; double the pigs, and they are all doubled." To such an extent do they apply machinery to butchers' work, that a stream of pigs will enter a front door grunting, and a few minutes after issue through the opposite door ready packed for exportation in the three forms of ham,

bacon, and lard. He holds that the prairie is only forest cleared by fire. On the whole Mr. Zincke reports cheerfully of America, and even approves of Lynch law as a great institution. The Americans are more dignified, speak a purer English, have a more intellectual type of countenance than the corresponding classes in England. It would be a good thing if, just as we exchange our commodities among nations, so we could exchange good social customs—if the English could only have the cheap, cool drinks of Americans, and if the Americans would only eat in the leisurely fashion of the English. Here is a custom which our new Commissioner of Police might apply. In every case of infectious illness a paper is affixed to a door of the house, stating the fact. Mr. Zincke strongly recommends his friends to do their sporting in the Rocky Mountains instead of renting moors in Scotland. So much for one of the most pleasant and suggestive books which it has been our good fortune to read for a long time.

Mr. Rose declares that the South is held by Congress just as Italy was held by Austria. While the greatest sympathy is expressed for the negro, the use of strychnine is suggested for the Red Indian. He found a considerable amount of argument in favor of the Repudiation doctrine. "I want to know," said a Yankee, "what is any man to do, when all his money's gone, but to bust? and that's what you'll do some day in that used-up Old Country of yours, that you are always blowing about, where, thank God, I was not born, as is about effete, and that's a fact." Mr. Rose was repeatedly informed that he had "a very English accent," which he ascribes to the fact that he did not whine, or speak through his throat. But his book is incurably marred by his prejudice. He gives, in an appendix, a very interesting account of a Hospital for Inebriates; but though this institution may be chiefly essential to America, it might be advantageously added to the "effete" civilization of our own country.

Another very remarkable work of travel deals with America.* Mr. Dilke,

the young member for Chelsea, has written a work of philosophical travel which, in many respects, reminds us of De Tocqueville. He followed the English tongue round the world, and truly says, that "if two small islands are by courtesy styled 'Great,' America, Australia, India, must form a Greater Britain." He, too, has much to say about America. He points out how America is more and more becoming denationalized. New York has become an Irish city. Philadelphia is a German. In Boston only one birth in four is American. In the empire city the Irish are beating down the English just as the English have also beaten down the Dutch. It is not impossible that when there has been a still greater immigration of Irish, Americans may be found who will embark capital and energy in Ireland. New England is great, but it is becoming infinitely dwarfed in the progress of American extension. "To New England is chiefly due the making of America a godly nation. Thoroughly God-fearing states are not so common that we can afford to despise them when found." Protectionism is the political faith in America. The South is now virtually abandoned to the niggers and "mean whites." Mr. Dilke's chapter on the Pacific Railroad and the corresponding railways in British territory opens up an infinite amount of conjecture on the future commerce and destiny of the world. Many are the interesting facts which he tells us of the boundless West. Leavenworth struggles to be the capital of the West. It claims to be so healthy that when it lately became necessary to "inaugurate" the new graveyard, they "had to shoot a man on purpose." He went to Utah, and discusses Mormonism in a very dispassionate—a too dispassionate—spirit. It is wonderful how the educated, sad-eyed Mormon ladies can consent to polygamy when escape from Utah is perfectly open to them.

But Mr. Dilke, as befits an aspiring politician, mainly devotes his strength to countries under British sway, and his labors will doubtless bear good fruit in the course of time. On some occasions we distrust his judgment, but we always think highly of the accuracy of his observations and their intelligence and honesty. He strongly leans to the idea that we should leave Canada to herself, and allow

* "Greater Britain: a Record of Travel in English-Speaking Countries during 1866 and 1867." By Charles Wentworth Dilke. Two vols. Macmillan.

her, if she will, to become republican. "The true moral of America," he philosophizes as he leaves her shores, "is the vigor of the English race—the defeat of the cheaper by the dearer peoples, the victory of the man whose food costs four shillings a day over the man whose food costs fourpence." From the old Spanish city of Panama he steams across to New Zealand, touching at Pitcairn Island, a voyage of some seven thousand miles. Many of the Pitcairn Islanders who had been transplanted to Norfolk Island had found their way back to their old abode. Pitcairn is now the solitary British post on the frontier of the Polynesian group as annexed by France. Then he came to the new good-fields of New Zealand. There are good roads about the "dig-gins," made by convicts and prisoners generally—another hint for the old country. Mr. Dilke holds that the Maories were original Malays driven from the peninsula and the Polynesian archipelago, and now in gradual course of extirpation. They are a tiger-like race, and "it is in the blood, not to be drawn out of it by a few years of playing at Christianity." They may be savages, but they are more than a match for us in irregular warfare. Still they say of themselves, "We are gone, like the *moa*." Mr. Dilke by no means endorses the prophecy that New Zealand will be the Britain of the South. He thinks that the position will rather be taken by Japan or Vancouver. Australia he pronounces altogether distinct and dissimilar to New Zealand. It was very hot weather at the beginning of a new year in Australia. The people of Victoria, to his eye, appear to absorb the vigor and prosperity of Australia. He well observes that the statistics of young countries "compare the profits of manufactures with those of commerce, and pit against each other the power of race against race." Mr. Dilke thinks that an extreme interest belongs to the political condition of Victoria, as mirroring the future condition of England, at a time when it shall have made many further steps towards democracy without becoming completely democratic. Mr. Dilke takes a strangely democratic view of things, but he allows its enormous drawbacks to be clearly seen. Democracy is no friend to free trade, neither does it improve the condition of women.

He does not take a hopeful view of Tasmania, and draws a frightful picture of the horrors of the old transportation. He believes that the effect of the system will for years be a blight on the prospects of these colonies. The existence of an enormous Chinese population flooding the labor-market is a curious problem. Mr. Dilke thinks that England ought to readjust her relations with Australia, or to have a separation from her, and, in any case, to recall her troops. From Australia he went to Ceylon, meeting an American missionary who called himself "a journeyman soul-saver," and then on to India, "the India hated and dreaded by our troops—by day a blazing, deadly heat and sun, at night a still more deadly fog—a hot, white fog." He gives an amusing account of the Indian census. There was no false shame about the people in avowing their pursuits. In Allahabad, 974 people described themselves as "low blackguards," 35 as "men who beg with threats of violence," 25 as "hereditary robbers," 479,015 as "beggars," 29 as "howlers at funerals," and 6,372 as "poets." There is much that is very instructive and suggestive in Mr. Dilke's work, though at times we dislike his opinions greatly. He is too much given to hostile criticism towards Providence and his country. He calls the bounteous banana "devil's fruit," and speaks of the position of the two islands of New Zealand as an evil arrangement; he under-rates his countrymen in the East; he believes that in the West, British Columbia is bound very soon to become American; he is throughout too revolutionary and democratic. But his narratives are full of graphic interest, and it is not a young writer, however promising, who can excel both in the liveliness of his description and in the wisdom of his cogitations.

HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XIX.

BOZZLE, THE EX-POLICEMAN.

WHEN Mr. Trevelyan had gone through the miserable task of breaking up his establishment in Curzon Street, and had seen all his furniture packed,

including his books, his pictures, and his pet Italian ornaments, it was necessary that he should go and live somewhere. He was very wretched at this time,—so wretched that life was a burden to him. He was a man who loved his wife, to whom his child was very dear; and he was one, too, to whom the ordinary comforts of domestic life were attractive and necessary. There are men to whom release from the constraint imposed by family ties will be, at any rate for a time, felt as a release. But he was not such a man. There was no delight to him in being able to dine at his club, and being free to go whither he pleased in the evening. As it was, it pleased him to go no whither in the evenings; and his mornings were equally blank to him. He went so often to Mr. Bideawhile, that the poor old lawyer became quite tired of the Trevelyan family quarrel. Even Lady Milborough, with all her power of sympathizing, began to feel that she would almost prefer on any morning that her dear young friend, Louis Trevelyan, should not be announced. Nevertheless, she always saw him when he came, and administered comfort according to her light. Of course he would have his wife back before long. That was the only consolation she was able to offer; and she offered it so often that he began gradually to feel that something might be done towards bringing about so desirable an event. After what had occurred they could not live again in Curzon Street,—nor even in London for a while; but Naples was open to them. Lady Milborough said so much to him of the advantages which always came in such circumstances from going to Naples, that he began to regard such a trip as almost the natural conclusion of his adventure. But then there came that very difficult question,—what step should be first taken? Lady Milborough proposed that he should go boldly down to Nuncombe Putney, and make the arrangement. “She will only be too glad to jump into your arms,” said Lady Milborough. Trevelyan thought that if he went to Nuncombe Putney, his wife might perhaps jump into his arms; but what would come after that? How would he stand then in reference to his authority? Would she own that she had been

wrong? Would she promise to be have better in future? He did not believe that she was yet sufficiently broken in spirit to make any such promise. And he told himself again and again that it would be absurd in him to allow her to return to him without such subjection, after all that he had gone through in defence of his marital rights. If he were to write to her a long letter, argumentative, affectionate, exhaustive, it might be better. He was inclined to believe of himself that he was good at writing long, affectionate, argumentative, and exhaustive letters. But he would not do even this as yet. He had broken up his house, and scattered all his domestic gods to the winds, because she had behaved badly to him; and the thing done was too important to allow of redress being found so easily.

So he lived on a wretched life in London. He could hardly endure to show himself at his club, fearing that every one would be talking of him as the man who was separated from his wife,—perhaps as the man of whose wife Colonel Osborne was the dear friend. No doubt for a day or two there had been much of such conversation; but it had died away from the club long before his consciousness had become callous. At first he had gone into a lodging in Mayfair; but this had been but for a day or two. After that he had taken a set of furnished chambers in Lincoln's Inn, immediately under those in which Stanbury lived; and thus it came to pass that he and Stanbury were very much thrown together. As Trevelyan would always talk of his wife this was rather a bore; but our friend bore with it, and would even continue to instruct the world through the columns of the *D. R.* while Trevelyan was descanting on the peculiar cruelty of his own position.

“I wish to be just, and even generous; and I do love her with all my heart,” he said one afternoon, when Hugh was very hard at work.

“It is all very well for gentlemen to call themselves reformers,” Hugh was writing, “but have these gentlemen ever realized to themselves the meaning of that word? We think that they have never done so as long as—” Of course you love her,” said Hugh, with his eyes still on the paper, still leaning

on his pen, but finding by the cessation of sound that Trevelyan had paused, and therefore knowing that it was necessary that he should speak.

"As much as ever," said Trevelyan, with energy.

"As long as they follow such a leader, in such a cause, into whichever lobby he may choose to take them——" Exactly so,—exactly," said Stanbury; "just as much as ever."

"You are not listening to a word," said Trevelyan.

"I haven't missed a single expression you have used," said Stanbury. "But a fellow has to do two things at a time when he's on the daily press."

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you," said Trevelyan, angrily, getting up, taking his hat, and stalking off to the house of Lady Milborough. In this way he became rather a bore to his friends. He could not divest his mind of the injury which had accrued to him from his wife's conduct, nor could he help talking of the grief with which his mind was laden. And he was troubled with sore suspicions, which, as far as they concerned his wife, had certainly not been merited. It had seemed to him that she had persisted in her intimacy with Colonel Osborne in a manner that was not compatible with that wife-like indifference which he regarded as her duty. Why had she written to him and received letters from him when her husband had plainly told her that any such communication was objectionable? She had done so, and as far as Trevelyan could remember her words, had plainly declared that she would continue to do so. He had sent her away, into the most remote retirement he could find for her; but the post was open to her. He had heard much of Mrs. Stanbury, and of Priscilla, from his friend Hugh, and thoroughly believed that his wife was in respectable hands. But what was to prevent Colonel Osborne from going after her, if he chose to do so? And if he did so choose, Mrs. Stanbury could not prevent their meeting. He was racked with jealousy, and yet he did not cease to declare to himself that he knew his wife too well to believe that she would sin. He could not rid himself of his jealousy, but he tried with all his might to make the man whom he hated

the object of it, rather than the woman whom he loved.

He hated Colonel Osborne with all his heart. It was a regret to him that the days of duelling were over, so that he could not shoot the man. And yet, had duelling been possible to him, Colonel Osborne had done nothing that would have justified him in calling his enemy out, or would even have enabled him to do so with any chance of inducing his enemy to fight. Circumstances, he thought, were cruel to him beyond compare, in that he should have been made to suffer so great torment without having any of the satisfaction of revenge. Even Lady Milborough, with all her horror as to the Colonel, could not tell him that the Colonel was amenable to any punishment. He was advised that he must take his wife away and live at Naples because of this man,—that he must banish himself entirely if he chose to repossess himself of his wife and child; and yet nothing could be done to the unprincipled rascal by whom all his wrongs and sufferings were occasioned! Thinking it very possible that Colonel Osborne would follow his wife, he had a watch set upon the Colonel. He had found a retired policeman,—a most discreet man, as he was assured,—who, for a consideration, undertook the management of interesting jobs of this kind. The man was one Bozzle, who had not lived without a certain reputation in the police courts. In these days of his madness, therefore, he took Mr. Bozzle into his pay; and after a while he got a letter from Bozzle with the Exeter post-mark. Colonel Osborne had left London with a ticket for Lessboro'. Bozzle also had taken a place by the same train for that small town. The letter was written in the railway carriage, and, as Bozzle explained, would be posted by him as he passed through Exeter. A further communication should be made by the next day's post, in a letter which Mr. Bozzle proposed to address to Z. A., Post-office, Waterloo Place.

On receiving this first letter, Trevelyan was in an agony of doubt, as well as misery. What should he do? Should he go to Lady Milborough, or to Stanbury; or should he at once follow Colonel Osborne and Mr. Bozzle to

Lessboro'. It ended in his resolving at last to wait for the letter which was to be addressed to Z. A. But he spent an interval of horrible suspense, and of insane rage. Let the laws say what they might, he would have the man's blood, if he found that the man had even attempted to wrong him. Then, at last, the second letter reached him. Colonel Osborne and Mr. Bozzle had each of them spent the day in the neighborhood of Lessboro', not exactly in each other's company, but very near to each other. "The Colonel" had ordered a gig, on the day after his arrival at Lessboro', for the village of Cockchaffington; and, for all Mr. Bozzle knew, the Colonel had gone to Cockchaffington. Mr. Bozzle was ultimately inclined to think that the Colonel had really spent his day in going to Cockchaffington. Mr. Bozzle himself, knowing the wiles of such men as Colonel Osborne, and thinking at first that that journey to Cockchaffington might only be a deep ruse, had walked over to Nuncombe Putney. There he had had a pint of beer and some bread and cheese at Mr. Crocket's house, and had asked various questions, to which he did not receive very satisfactory answers. But he inspected the Clock House very minutely, and came to a decided opinion as to the point at which it would be attacked, if burglary were the object of the assailants. And he observed the iron gates, and the steps, and the shape of the trees, and the old pigeon-house-looking fabric in which the clock used to be placed. There was no knowing when information might be wanted, or what information might not be of use. But he made himself tolerably sure that Colonel Osborne did not visit Nuncombe Putney on that day; and then he walked back to Lessboro'. Having done this, he applied himself to the little memorandum book in which he kept the records of these interesting duties, and entered a claim against his employer for a conveyance to Nuncombe Putney and back, including driver and ostler; and then he wrote his letter. After that he had a hot supper, with three glasses of brandy and water, and went to bed with a thorough conviction that he had earned his bread on that day.

The letter to Z. A. did not give all these particulars, but it did explain that

Colonel Osborne had gone off, apparently, to Cockchaffington, and that he, Bozzle, had himself visited Nuncombe Putney. "The hawk hasn't been nigh the dovecot as yet," said Mr. Bozzle in his letter, meaning to be both mysterious and facetious.

It would be difficult to say whether the wit or the mystery disgusted Trevelyan the most. He had felt that he was defiling himself with dirt when he first went to Mr. Bozzle. He knew that he was having recourse to means that were base and low, which could not be other than base or low, let the circumstances be what they might. But Mr. Bozzle's conversation had not been quite so bad as Mr. Bozzle's letters; as it may have been that Mr. Bozzle's successful activity was more insupportable than his futile attempts. But, nevertheless, something must be done. It could not be that Colonel Osborne should have gone down to the close neighborhood of Nuncombe Putney without the intention of seeing the lady whom his obtrusive pertinacity had driven to that seclusion. It was terrible to Trevelyan that Colonel Osborne should be there, and not the less terrible because such a one as Mr. Bozzle was watching the Colonel on his behalf. Should he go to Nuncombe Putney himself? And if so, when he got to Nuncombe Putney, what should he do there? At last, in his suspense and his grief, he resolved that he would tell the whole to Hugh Stanbury.

"Do you mean," said Hugh, "that you have put a policeman on his track?"

"The man was a policeman once."

"What we call a private detective. I can't say I think you were right."

"But you see that it was necessary," said Trevelyan.

"I can't say that it was necessary. To speak out, I can't understand that a wife should be worth watching who requires watching."

"Is a man to do nothing, then? And even now it is not my wife whom I doubt."

"As for Colonel Osborne, if he chooses to go to Lessboro', why shouldn't he? Nothing that you can do, or that Bozzle can do, can prevent him. He has a perfect right to go to Lessboro'."

"But he has not a right to go to my wife."

"And if your wife refuses to see him;

or, having seen him—for a man may force his way in anywhere with a little trouble—if she sends him away with a flea in his ear, as I believe she would——”

“She is so frightfully indiscreet.”

“I don’t see what Bozzle can do.”

“He has found out, at any rate, that Osborne is there,” said Trevelyan. “I am not more fond of dealing with such fellows than you are yourself. But I think it is my duty to know what is going on. What ought I to do now?”

“I should do nothing, except dismiss Bozzle.”

“You know that that is nonsense, Stanbury.”

“Whatever I did I should dismiss Bozzle.” Stanbury was now quite in earnest, and, as he repeated his suggestion for the dismissal of the policeman, pushed his writing things away from him. “If you ask my opinion, you know, I must tell you what I think. I should get rid of Bozzle as a beginning. If you will only think of it, how can your wife come back to you if she learns that you have set a detective to watch her?”

“But I haven’t set the man to watch her.”

“Colonel Osborne is nothing to you, except as he is concerned with her. This man is now down in her neighborhood; and if she learns that, how can she help feeling it as a deep insult? Of course, the man watches her as a cat watches a mouse.”

“But what am I to do? I can’t write to the man and tell him to come away. Osborne is down there, and I must do something. Will you go down to Nuncombe Putney yourself, and let me know the truth?”

After much debating of the subject, Hugh Stanbury said that he would himself go down to Nuncombe Putney alone. There were difficulties about the D. R.; but he would go to the office of the newspaper and overcome them. How far the presence of Nora Rowley at his mother’s house may have assisted in bringing him to undertake the journey, perhaps need not be accurately stated. He acknowledged to himself that the claims of friendship were strong upon him; and that as he had loudly disapproved of the Bozzle arrangement, he ought to lend a hand to some other scheme of action. Moreover, having

professed his conviction that no improper visiting could possibly take place under his mother’s roof, he felt bound to show that he was not afraid to trust to that conviction himself. He declared that he would be ready to proceed to Nuncombe Putney to-morrow,—but only on condition that he might have plenary power to dismiss Bozzle.

“There can be no reason why you should take any notice of the man,” said Trevelyan.

“How can I help noticing him when I find him prowling about the place? Of course I shall know who he is.”

“I don’t see that you need know anything about him.”

“My dear Trevelyan, you cannot have two ambassadors engaged in the same service without communication with each other. And any communication with Mr. Bozzle, except that of sending him back to London, I will not have.” The controversy was ended by the writing of a letter from Trevelyan to Bozzle, which was confided to Stanbury, in which the ex-policeman was thanked for his activity and requested to return to London for the present. “As we are now aware that Colonel Osborne is in the neighborhood,” said the letter, “my friend Mr. Stanbury will know what to do.”

As soon as this was settled Stanbury went to the office of the D. R. and made arrangement as to his work for three days. Jones could do the article on the Irish Church upon a pinch like this, although he had not given much study to the subject as yet; and Puddlewaite, who was great in City matters would try his hand on the present state of society in Rome, a subject on which it was essential that the D. R. should express itself at once. Having settled these little troubles Stanbury returned to his friend, and in the evening they dined together at a tavern.

“And now, Trevelyan, let me know fairly what it is that you wish,” said Stanbury.

“I wish to have my wife back again.”

“Simply that. If she will agree to come back, you will make no difficulty.”

“No; not quite simply that. I shall desire that she shall be guided by my wishes as to any intimacies she may form.”

"That is all very well; but is she to give any undertaking? Do you intend to exact any promise from her? It is my opinion that she will be willing enough to come back, and that when she is with you there will be no further cause for quarrelling. But I don't think she will bind herself by any exacted promise; and certainly not through a third person."

"Then say nothing about it. Let her write a letter to me proposing to come—and she shall come."

"Very well. So far I understand. And now what about Colonel Osborne? You don't want me to quarrel with him, I suppose?"

"I should like to keep that for myself," said Trevelyan, grimly.

"If you will take my advice you will not trouble yourself about him," said Stanbury. "But as far as I am concerned, I am not to meddle or make with him? Of course," continued Stanbury, after a pause, "if I find that he is intruding himself in my mother's house, I shall tell him that he must not come there."

"But if you find him installed in your mother's house as a visitor—how then?"

"I do not regard that as possible."

"I don't mean living there," said Trevelyan, "but coming backwards and forwards,—going on in habits of intimacy,—with,—?" His voice trembled so as he asked these questions, that he could not pronounce the word which was to complete them.

"With Mrs. Trevelyan, you mean."

"Yes; with my wife. I don't say that it is so; but it may be so. You will be bound to tell me the truth."

"I will certainly tell you the truth."

"And the whole truth."

"Yes; the whole truth."

"Should it be so I will never see her again—never. And as for him,—but never mind." Then there was another short period of silence, during which Stanbury smoked his pipe and sipped his whiskey toddy. "You must see," continued Trevelyan, "that it is absolutely necessary that I should do something. It is all very well for you to say that you do not like detectives. Neither do I like them. But what was I to do? When you condemn me you hardly realize the difficulties of my position."

"It is the deuce of a nuisance cer-

tainly," said Stanbury, through the cloud of smoke, thinking now not at all of Mrs. Trevelyan, but of Mrs. Trevelyan's sister.

"It makes a man almost feel that he had better not marry at all," said Trevelyan.

"I don't see that. Of course there may come troubles. The tiles may fall on your head, you know, as you walk through the streets. As far as I can see, women go straight enough nineteen times out of twenty. But they don't like being—what I call looked after."

"And did I look after my wife more than I ought?"

"I don't mean that; but if I were married—which I never shall be, for I shall never attain to the respectability of a fixed income—I fancy I shouldn't look after my wife at all. It seems to me that women hate to be told about their duties."

"But if you saw your wife, quite innocently, falling into an improper intimacy—taking up with people she ought not to know—doing that in ignorance, which could not but compromise yourself,—wouldn't you speak a word then?"

"Oh! I might just say, in an off-hand way, that Jones was a rascal, or a liar, or a fool, or anything of that sort. But I would never caution her against Jones. By George, I believe a woman can stand anything better than that."

"You have never tried it, my friend."

"And I don't suppose I ever shall. As for me, I believe Aunt Stanbury was right when she said that I was a radical vagabond. I dare say I shall never try the thing myself, and therefore it's very easy to have a theory. But I must be off. Good night, old fellow. I'll do the best I can; and, at any rate, I'll let you know the truth."

There had been a question during the day as to whether Stanbury should let his sister know by letter that he was expected; but it had been decided that he should appear at Nuncombe without any previous notification of his arrival. Trevelyan had thought that this was very necessary, and when Stanbury had urged that such a measure seemed to imply suspicion, he had declared that in no other way could the truth be obtained. He, Trevelyan, simply wanted to know the facts as they were occurring. It was a fact that Colonel Osborne was down in the neighborhood of Nuncombe Put-

ney. That, at least, had been ascertained. It might very possibly be the case that he would be refused admittance to the Clock House—that all the ladies there would combine to keep him out. But—so Trevelyan urged—the truth on this point was desired. It was essentially necessary to his happiness that he should know what was being done.

"Your mother and sister," said he, "cannot be afraid of your coming suddenly among them."

Stanbury, so urged, had found it necessary to yield, but yet he had felt that he himself was almost acting like a detective policeman, in purposely falling down upon them without a word of announcement. Had chance circumstances made it necessary that he should go in such a manner he would have thought nothing of it. It would simply have been a pleasant joke to him.

As he went down by the train on the following day, he almost felt ashamed of the part which he had been called upon to perform.

CHAPTER XX.

SHOWING HOW COLONEL OSBORNE WENT TO COCKCHAFFINGTON.

TOGETHER with Miss Stanbury's first letter to her sister-in-law a letter had also been delivered to Mrs. Trevelyan. Nora Rowley, as her sister had left the room with this in her hand, had expressed her opinion that it had come from Trevelyan; but it had in truth been written by Colonel Osborne. And when that second letter from Miss Stanbury had been received at the Clock House—that in which she in plain terms begged for the accusation conveyed in her first letter—Colonel Osborne had started on his deceitful little journey to Cockchaffington, and Mr. Bozzle, the ex-policeman who had him in hand, had already asked his way to Nuncombe Putney.

When Colonel Osborne learned that Louis Trevelyan had broken up his establishment in Curzon Street, and had sent his wife away into a barbarous retirement in Dartmoor—for such was the nature of the information on the subject which was spread among Trevelyan's friends in London—and when he was made aware also that all this was done on his account, because he was so closely intimate with Trevelyan's wife, and be-

cause Trevelyan's wife was, and persisted in continuing to be, so closely intimate with him, his vanity was gratified. Although it might be true, and no doubt was true, that he said much to his friends and to himself of the deep sorrow which he felt that such a trouble should befall his old friend and his old friend's daughter; nevertheless, as he curled his gray whiskers before the glass, and made the most of such remnant of hair as was left on the top of his head, as he looked to the padding of his coat, and completed a study of the wrinkles beneath his eyes, so that in conversation they might be as little apparent as possible, he felt more of pleasure than of pain in regard to the whole affair. It was very sad that it should be so, but it was human. Had it been in his power to set the whole matter right by a word, he would probably have spoken that word; but as this was not possible, as Trevelyan had in his opinion made a gross fool of himself, as Emily Trevelyan was very nice, and not the less nice in that she certainly was fond of himself, as great tyranny had been used towards her, and as he himself had still the plea of old family friendship to protect his conscience—to protect his conscience unless he went so far as to make that plea an additional sting to his conscience—he thought that, as a man, he must follow up the matter. Here was a young, and fashionable, and very pretty woman banished to the wilds of Dartmoor for his sake. And, as far as he could understand, she would not have been so banished had she consented to say that she would give up her acquaintance with him. In such circumstances as these was it possible that he should do nothing? Various ideas ran through his head. He began to think that if Trevelyan were out of the way, he might—might perhaps be almost tempted to make this woman his wife. She was so nice that he almost thought that he might be rash enough for that, although he knew well the satisfaction of being a bachelor; but as the thought suggested itself to him, he was well aware that he was thinking of a thing quite distant from him. The reader is not to suppose that Colonel Osborne meditated any making-away with the husband. Our Colonel was certainly not the man for a murder. Nor did he even think of running away

with his friend's daughter. Though he told himself that he could dispose of his wrinkles satisfactorily, still he knew himself and his powers sufficiently to be aware that he was no longer fit to be the hero of such a romance as that. He acknowledged to himself that there was much labor to be gone through in running away with another man's wife; and that the results, in respect to personal comfort, are not always happy. But what if Mrs. Trevelyan were to divorce herself from her husband on the score of her husband's cruelty? Various horrors were related as to the man's treatment of his wife. By some it was said that she was in the prison on Dartmoor—or, if not actually in the prison, an arrangement which the prison discipline might perhaps make difficult—that she was in the custody of one of the prison warders who possessed a prim cottage and a grim wife, just outside the prison walls. Colonel Osborne did not himself believe even so much as this, but he did believe that Mrs. Trevelyan had been banished to some inhospitable region, to some dreary comfortless abode, of which, as the wife of a man of fortune, she would have great ground to complain. So thinking, he did not probably declare to himself that a divorce should be obtained, and that, in such event, he would marry the lady—but ideas came across his mind in that direction. Trevelyan was a cruel Bluebeard; Emily—as he was studious to call Mrs. Trevelyan—was a dear injured saint. And as for himself, though he acknowledged to himself that the lumbago pinched him now and again, so that he could not rise from his chair with all the alacrity of youth, yet, when he walked along Pall Mall with his coat properly buttoned, he could not but observe that a great many young women looked at him with admiring eyes.

It was thus with no settled scheme that the Colonel went to work, and made inquiries, and ascertained Mrs. Trevelyan's address in Devonshire. When he learned it, he thought he had done much; though, in truth, there had been no secrecy in the matter. Scores of people knew Mrs. Trevelyan's address besides the news-vender who supplied her paper, from whose boy Colonel Osborne's servant obtained the information. But when the information had been obtained,

it was expedient that it should be used; and therefore Colonel Osborne wrote the following letter:—

“Acrobats Club, July 31, 1866.”

“DEAR EMILY.”

Twice the Colonel wrote Dearest Emily, and twice he tore the sheet on which the words were written. He longed to be ardent, but still it was so necessary to be prudent! He was not quite sure of the lady. Women sometimes tell their husbands, even when they have quarrelled with them. And, although ardent expressions in writing to pretty women are pleasant to male writers, it is not pleasant for a gentleman to be asked what on earth he means by that sort of thing at his time of life. The Colonel gave half an hour to the consideration, and then began the letter, Dear Emily. If prudence be the soul of valor, may it not be considered also the very mainspring, or, perhaps, the pivot of love?

“DEAR EMILY,

“I need hardly tell you with what dismay I have heard of all that has taken place in Curzon Street. I fear that you must have suffered much, and that you are suffering now. It is an inexpressible relief to me to hear that you have your child with you, and Nora. But, nevertheless, to have your home taken away from you, to be sent out of London, to be banished from all society! And for what? The manner in which the minds of some men work is quite incomprehensible.

“As for myself, I feel that I have lost the company of a friend whom indeed I can very ill spare. I have a thousand things to say to you, and among them one or two which I feel that I must say,—that I ought to say. As it happens, an old schoolfellow of mine is Vicar of Cockshaffington, a village which I find by the map is very near to Nuncombe Putney. I saw him in town last spring, and he then asked me to pay him a visit. There is something in his church which people go to see, and though I don't understand churches much, I shall go and see it. I shall run down on Wednesday, and shall sleep at the inn at Lessboro'. I see that Lessboro' is a market town, and I suppose there is an inn. I shall go over to my friend on the

Thursday, but shall return to Lessboro'. Though a man be ever so eager to see a church doorway, he need not sleep at the parsonage. On the following day, I will get over to Nuncombe Putney, and I hope that you will see me. Considering my long friendship with you, and my great attachment to your father and mother, I do not think that the strictest martinet would tell you that you need hesitate in the matter.

"I have seen Mr. Trevelyan twice at the club, but he has not spoken to me. Under such circumstances I could not of course speak to him. Indeed, I may say that my feelings towards him just at present are of such a nature as to preclude me from doing so with any appearance of cordiality.

"Dear Emily,

"Believe me now, as always, your affectionate friend,

"FREDERIC OSBORNE."

When he read that letter over to himself a second time he felt quite sure that he had not committed himself. Even if his friend were to send the letter to her husband, it could not do him any harm. He was aware that he might have dilated more on the old friendship between himself and Sir Marmaduke, but he experienced a certain distaste to the mention of things appertaining to years long past. It did not quite suit him in his present frame of mind to speak of his regard in those quasi-paternal terms which he would have used had it satisfied him to represent himself simply as her father's friend. His language therefore had been a little doubtful, so that the lady might, if she were so minded, look upon him in that tender light in which her husband had certainly chosen to regard him.

When the letter was handed to Mrs. Trevelyan, she at once took it with her up to her own room, so that she might be alone when she read it. The handwriting was quite familiar to her, and she did not choose that even her sister should see it. She had told herself twenty times over that, while living at Nuncombe Putney, she was not living under the guardianship of Mrs. Stanbury. She would consent to live under the guardianship of no one, as her husband did not choose to remain with her and protect her. She had done no

wrong, and she would submit to no other authority than that of her legal lord and master. Nor, according to her views of her own position, was it in his power to depute that authority to others. He had caused the separation, and now she must be the sole judge of her own actions. In itself, a correspondence between her and her father's old friend was in no degree criminal or even faulty. There was no reason, moral, social, or religious, why an old man, over fifty, who had known her all her life, should not write to her. But yet she could not say aloud before Mrs. Stanbury, and Priscilla, and her sister, that she had received a letter from Colonel Osborne. She felt that the color had come to her cheek, and that she could not even walk out of the room as though the letter had been a matter of indifference to her.

And would it have been a matter of indifference had there been nobody there to see her? Mrs. Trevelyan was certainly not in love with Colonel Osborne. She was not more so now than she had been when her father's friend, purposely dressed for the occasion, had kissed her in the vestry of the church in which she was married, and had given her a blessing, which was then intended to be semi-paternal,—as from an old man to a young woman. She was not in love with him,—never would be, never could be in love with him. Reader, you may believe in her so far as that. But where is the woman, who, when she is neglected, thrown over, and suspected by the man that she loves, will not feel the desire of some sympathy, some solicitude, some show of regard from another man? This woman's life, too, had not hitherto been of such a nature that the tranquillity of the Clock House at Nuncombe Putney afforded to her all that she desired. She had been there now a month, and was almost sick from the want of excitement. And she was full of wrath against her husband. Why had he sent her there to break her heart in a disgraceful retirement, when she had never wronged him? From morning till night she had no employment, no amusement, nothing to satisfy her cravings. Why was she to be doomed to such an existence? She had declared that as long as she could have her boy with her, she would be

happy. She was allowed to have her boy; but she was anything but happy. When she received Colonel Osborne's letter,—while she held it in her hand still unopened, she never for a moment thought that that could make her happy. But there was in it something of excitement. And she painted the man to herself in brighter colors now than she had ever given to him in her former portraits. He cared for her. He was gracious to her. He appreciated her talents, her beauty, and her conduct. He knew that she deserved a treatment very different from that accorded to her by her husband. Why should she reject the sympathy of her father's oldest friend, because her husband was madly jealous about an old man? Her husband had chosen to send her away, and to leave her, so that she must act on her own judgment. Acting on her own judgment, she read Colonel Osborne's letter from first to last. She knew that he was wrong to speak of coming to Nuncombe Putney; but yet she thought that she would see him. She had a dim perception that she was standing on the edge of a precipice, on broken ground which might fall under her without a moment's warning, and yet she would not retreat from the danger. Though Colonel Osborne was wrong, very wrong in coming to see her, yet she liked him for coming. Though she would be half afraid to tell her news to Mrs. Stanbury, and more than half afraid to tell Priscilla, yet she liked the excitement of the fear. Nora would scold her; but Nora's scolding she thought she could answer. And then it was not the fact that Colonel Osborne was coming down to Devonshire to see her. He was coming as far as Lessboro' to see his friend at Cockchafington. And when at Lessboro', was it likely that he should leave the neighborhood without seeing the daughter of his old ally? And why should he do so? Was he to be unnatural in his conduct, uncivil, and unfriendly, because Mr. Trevelyan had been foolish, suspicious, and insane?

So arguing with herself, she answered Colonel Osborne's letter before she had spoken on the subject to any one in the house—and this was her answer:—

"MY DEAR COLONEL OSBORNE,

"I must leave it to your own judg-

ment to decide whether you will come to Nuncombe Putney or not. There are reasons which would seem to make it expedient that you should stay away, even though circumstances are bringing you into the immediate neighborhood. But of these reasons I will leave you to be the judge. I will never let it be said that I myself have had cause to dread the visit of any old friend. Nevertheless, if you stay away, I shall understand why you do so.

"Personally, I shall be glad to see you, as I have always been. It seems odd to me that I cannot write in warmer tones to my father's and mother's oldest friend. Of course, you will understand that though I shall readily see you if you call, I cannot ask you to stay. In the first place, I am not now living in my own house. I am staying with Mrs. Stanbury, and the place is called the Clock House.

"Yours very sincerely,

"EMILY TREVELYAN.

"The Clock House, Nuncombe Putney, Monday."

Soon after she had written it, Nora came into her room, and at once asked concerning the letter which she had seen delivered to her sister that morning.

"It was from Colonel Osborne," said Mrs. Trevelyan.

"From Colonel Osborne! How very wrong!"

"I don't see that it is wrong at all. Because Louis is foolish and mad, that cannot make another man wrong for doing the most ordinary thing in the world."

"I had hoped it had been from Louis," said Nora.

"Oh, dear, no. He is by no means so considerate. I do not suppose I shall hear from him till he chooses to give some fresh order about myself or my child. He will hardly trouble himself to write to me, unless he takes up some new freak to show me that he is my master."

"And what does Colonel Osborne say?"

"He is coming here."

"Coming here?" almost shouted Nora.

"Yes; absolutely here. Does it sound to you as if Lucifer himself were about to show his face? The fact is, he happens to have a friend in the neighbor-

hood whom he has long promised to visit; and as he must be at Lessboro', he does not choose to go away without the compliment of a call. It will be as much to you as to me."

"I don't want to see him in the least," said Nora.

"There is his letter. As you seem to be so suspicious, you had better read it."

Then Nora read it.

"And there is a copy of my answer," said Mrs. Trevelyan. "I shall keep both, because I know so well what ill-natured things people will say."

"Dear Emily, do not send it," said Nora.

"Indeed I shall. I will not be frightened by bugbears. And I will not be driven to confess to any man on earth that I am afraid to see him. Why should I be afraid of Colonel Osborne? I will not submit to acknowledge that there can be any danger in Colonel Osborne. Were I to do so I should be repeating the insult against myself. If my husband wished to guide me in such matters, why did he not stay with me?"

Then she went out into the village and posted the letter. Nora meanwhile was thinking whether she would call in the assistance of Priscilla Stanbury; but she did not like to take any such a step in opposition to her sister.

CHAPTER XXI.

SHOWING HOW COLONEL OSBORNE WENT TO NUNCOMBE PUTNEY.

COLONEL OSBORNE was expected at Nuncombe Putney on the Friday, and it was Thursday evening before either Mrs. Stanbury or Priscilla was told of his coming. Emily had argued the matter with Nora, declaring that she would make the communication herself, and that she would make it when she pleased, and how she pleased. "If Mrs. Stanbury thinks," said she, "that I am going to be treated as a prisoner, or that I will not judge myself as to whom I may see, or whom I may not see, she is very much mistaken." Nora felt that were she to give information to those ladies in opposition to her sister's wishes, she would express suspicion on her own part by doing so; and she was silent. On that same Thursday Priscilla had written her last defiant letter to her aunt—that let-

ter in which she had cautioned her aunt to make no further accusation without being sure of her facts. To Priscilla's imagination, that coming of Lucifer in person, of which Mrs. Trevelyan had spoken, would hardly have been worse than the coming of Colonel Osborne. When, therefore, Mrs. Trevelyan declared the fact on the Thursday evening, vainly endeavoring to speak of the threatened visit in an ordinary voice, and as of an ordinary circumstance, it was as though a thunderbolt had fallen upon them.

"Colonel Osborne coming here!" said Priscilla, mindful of the Stanbury correspondence—mindful of the evil tongues of the world.

"And why not?" demanded Mrs. Trevelyan, who had heard nothing of the Stanbury correspondence.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" ejaculated Mrs. Stanbury, who, of course, was aware of all that had passed between the Clock House and the house in the Close, though the letters had been written by her daughter.

Nora was determined to stand up for her sister, whatever might be the circumstances of the case. "I wish Colonel Osborne were not coming," said she, "because it makes a foolish fuss; but I cannot understand how anybody can suppose it to be wrong that Emily should see papa's very oldest friend in the world."

"But why is he coming?" demanded Priscilla.

"Because he wants to see an acquaintance at Cockchaffington," said Mrs. Trevelyan; "and there is a wonderful church-door there."

"A church-fiddlestick!" said Priscilla.

The matter was debated throughout all the evening. At one time there was a great quarrel between the ladies, and then there was a reconciliation. The point on which Mrs. Trevelyan stood with the greatest firmness was this, that it did not become her, as a married woman, whose conduct had always been good, and who was more careful as to that than she was even of her name, to be ashamed to meet any man. "Why should I not see Colonel Osborne, or Colonel anybody else who might call here with the same justification for call-

ing which his old friend gives him?" Priscilla endeavored to explain to her that her husband's known wishes ought to hinder her from doing so. "My husband should have remained with me to express his wishes," Mrs. Trevelyan replied.

Neither could Mrs. Stanbury nor could Priscilla bring herself to say that the man should not be admitted into the house. In the course of the debate, in the heat of her anger, Mrs. Trevelyan declared that were any such threat held out to her, she would leave the house and see Colonel Osborne in the street, or at the inn.

"No, Emily; no," said Nora.

"But I will. I will not submit to be treated as a guilty woman, or as a prisoner. They may say what they like, but I won't be shut up."

"No one has tried to shut you up," said Priscilla.

"You are afraid of that old woman at Exeter," said Mrs. Trevelyan; for by this time the facts of the Stanbury correspondence had all been elicited in general conversation; "and yet you know how uncharitable and malicious she is."

"We are not afraid of her," said Priscilla. "We are afraid of nothing but of doing wrong."

"And it will be wrong to let an old gentleman come into the house," said Nora, "who is nearly sixty, and who has known us ever since we were born?"

"If he is nearly sixty, Priscilla," said Mrs. Stanbury, "that does seem to make a difference." Mrs. Stanbury herself was only just sixty, and she felt herself to be quite an old woman.

"They may be devils at eighty," said Priscilla.

"Colonel Osborne is not a devil at all," said Nora.

"But mamma is so foolish," said Priscilla. "The man's age does not matter in the least."

"I beg your pardon, my dear," said Mrs. Stanbury, very humbly.

At that time the quarrel was raging, but afterwards came the reconciliation. Had it not been for the Stanbury correspondence the fact of Colonel Osborne's threatened visit would have been admitted as a thing necessary—as a disagreeable necessity; but how was the visit to be admitted and passed over in

the teeth of that correspondence? Priscilla felt very keenly the peculiar cruelty of her position. Of course, Aunt Stanbury would hear of the visit. Indeed, any secrecy in the matter was not compatible with Priscilla's ideas of honesty. Her aunt had apologized humbly for having said that Colonel Osborne had been at Nuncombe. That apology, doubtless, had been due. Colonel Osborne had not been at Nuncombe when the accusation had been made, and the accusation had been unjust and false. But his coming had been spoken of by Priscilla in her own letters as an occurrence which was quite out of the question. Her anger against her aunt had been for saying that the man had come, not for objecting to such a visit. And now the man was coming, and Aunt Stanbury would know all about it. How great, how terrible, how crushing would be Aunt Stanbury's triumph!

"I must write and tell her," said Priscilla.

"I am sure I shall not object," said Mrs. Trevelyan.

"And Hugh must be told," said Mrs. Stanbury.

"You may tell all the world, if you like," said Mrs. Trevelyan.

In this way it was settled among them that Colonel Osborne was to be received. On the next morning, Friday morning, Colonel Osborne, doubtless having heard something of Mrs. Crockett from his friend at Cockhaffington, was up early, and had himself driven over to Nuncombe Putney before breakfast. The ever-watchful Bozzle was, of course, at his heels,—or rather, not at his heels on the first two miles of the journey; for Bozzle, with painful zeal, had made himself aware of all the facts, and had started on the Nuncombe Putney road half an hour before the Colonel's fly was in motion. And when the fly passed him he was lying discreetly hidden behind an old oak. The driver, however, had caught a glimpse of him as he was topping a hill, and having seen him about on the previous day, and perceiving that he was dressed in a decent coat and trousers, and that, nevertheless, he was not a gentleman, began to suspect that he was—somebody. There was a great deal said afterwards about Bozzle in Mrs. Clegg's yard at Lessboro'; but

the Lessboro' mind was never able to satisfy itself altogether respecting Bozzle and his mission. As to Colonel Osborne and his mission, the Lessboro' mind did satisfy itself with much certainty. The horse was hardly taken from out of Colonel Osborne's fly in Mrs. Crocket's yard when Bozzle stepped into the village by a path which he had already discovered, and soon busied himself among the tombs in the churchyard. Now, one corner of the churchyard was immediately opposite to the iron gate leading into the Clock House. "Drat 'un," said the wooden-legged postman, still sitting on his donkey, to Mrs. Crocket's ostler, "if there be'ant the chap as was here yesterday when I was a starting, and I zeed 'un in Lezbro' street thick very morning." "He be'ant arter no good, that 'un," said the ostler. After that a close watch was kept upon the watcher.

In the meantime, Colonel Osborne had ordered his breakfast at the Stag and Antlers, and had asked questions as to the position of the Clock House. He was altogether ignorant of Mr. Bozzle, although Mr. Bozzle had been on his track now for two days and two nights. He had determined, as he came on to Nuncombe Putney, that he would not be shamefaced about his visit to Mrs. Trevelyan. It is possible that he was not so keen in the matter as he had been when he planned his journey in London; and it may be that he really tried to make himself believe that he had come all the way to the confines of Dartmoor to see the porch of Cockchaffington Church. The session in London was over, and it was necessary for such a man as Colonel Osborne that he should do something with himself before he went down to the Scotch grouse. He had long desired to see something of the most picturesque county in England; and now, as he sat eating his breakfast in Mrs. Crocket's parlor, he almost looked upon his dear Emily as a subsidiary attraction. "Oh, that's the Clock House," he said to Mrs. Crocket. "No, I have not the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Stanbury; very respectable lady, so I have heard; widow of a clergyman; ah, yes; son up in London; I know him;—always writing books, is he? Very clever, I dare say. But there's a lady, —indeed, two ladies,—whom I do know.

Mrs. Trevelyan is there, I think,—and Miss Rowley."

"You be'ant Muster Trevelyan, be you?" said Mrs. Crocket, looking at him very hard.

"No, I'm not Mr. Trevelyan."

"Nor yet 'the Colonel' they do be talking about?"

"Well, yes, I am a colonel. I don't know why anybody should talk about me. I'll just step out now, however, and see my friends."

"It's madam's lover," said Mrs. Crocket to herself, "as sure as eggs is eggs." As she said so, Colonel Osborne boldly walked across the village and pulled the bell at the iron gate, while Bozzle, crouching among the tombs, saw the handle in his hand. "There he is," said Priscilla. Everybody in the Clock House had known that the fly, which they had seen, brought "the Colonel" into Nuncombe Putney. Everybody had known that he had breakfasted at the Stag and Antlers. And everybody now knew that he was at the gate ringing the bell. "Into the drawing-room," said Mrs. Stanbury, with a fearful, tremulous whisper, to the girl who went across the little garden in front to open the iron gate. The girl felt as though Apollyon were there, and as though she were called upon to admit Apollyon. Mrs. Stanbury having uttered her whisper, hurried away up-stairs. Priscilla held her ground in the parlor, determined to be near the scene of action if there might be need. And it must be acknowledged that she peeped from behind the curtain, anxious to catch a glimpse of the terrible man, whose coming to Nuncombe Putney she regarded as so severe a misfortune.

The plan of the campaign had all been arranged. Mrs. Trevelyan and Nora together received Colonel Osborne in the drawing-room. It was understood that Nora was to remain there during the whole visit. "It is horrible to think that such a precaution should be necessary," Mrs. Trevelyan had said, "but perhaps it may be best. There is no knowing what the malice of people may not invent."

"My dear girls," said the Colonel, "I am delighted to see you," and he gave a hand to each.

"We are not very cheerful here,"

said Mrs. Trevelyan, "as you may imagine."

"But the scenery is beautiful," said Nora, "and the people we are living with are kind and nice."

"I am very glad of that," said the Colonel. Then there was a pause, and it seemed, for a moment or two, that none of them knew how to begin a general conversation. Colonel Osborne was quite sure, by this time, that he had come down to Devonshire with the express object of seeing the door of the church at Cockchaffington, and Mrs. Trevelyan was beginning to think that he certainly had not come to see her. "Have you heard from your father since you have been here?" asked the Colonel.

Then there was an explanation about Sir Marmaduke and Lady Rowley. Mr. Trevelyan's name was not mentioned; but Mrs. Trevelyan stated that she had explained to her mother all the painful circumstances of her present life. Sir Marmaduke, as Colonel Osborne was aware, was expected to be in England in the spring, and Lady Rowley would, of course, come with him. Nora thought that they might probably now come before that time; but Mrs. Trevelyan declared that it was out of the question that they should do so. She was sure that her father could not leave the islands except when he did so in obedience to official orders. The expense of doing so would be ruinous to him. And what good would he do? In this way there was a great deal of family conversation, in which Colonel Osborne was able to take a part; but not a word was said about Mr. Trevelyan.

Nor did "the Colonel" find an opportunity of expressing a spark of that sentiment, for the purpose of expressing which he had made this journey to Devonshire. It is not pleasant to make love in the presence of a third person, even when that love is all fair and above board; but it is quite impracticable to do so to a married lady, when that married lady's sister is present. No more futile visit than this of Colonel Osborne's to the Clock House was ever made. And yet, though not a word was spoken to which Mr. Trevelyan himself could have taken the slightest exception, the visit, futile as it was, could not but do an

enormous deal of harm. Mrs. Crocket had already guessed that the fine gentleman down from London was the lover of the married lady at the Clock House, who was separated from her husband. The wooden-legged postman and the ostler were not long in connecting the man among the tombstones with the visitor to the house. Trevelyan, as we are aware, already knew that Colonel Osborne was in the neighborhood. And poor Priscilla Stanbury was now exposed to the terrible necessity of owning the truth to her aunt. "The Colonel," when he had sat an hour with his young friends, took his leave; and, as he walked back to Mrs. Crocket's, and ordered that his fly might be got ready for him, his mind was heavy with the disagreeable feeling that he had made an ass of himself. The whole affair had been a failure; and though he might be able to pass off the porch at Cockchaffington among his friends, he could not but be aware himself that he had spent his time, his trouble, and his money for nothing. He became aware, as he returned to Lessboro', that had he intended to make any pleasant use whatever of his position in reference to Mrs. Trevelyan, the tone of his letter and his whole mode of proceeding should have been less patriarchal. And he should have contrived a meeting without the presence of Nora Rowley.

As soon as he had left them, Mrs. Trevelyan went to her own room, and Nora at once rejoined Priscilla.

"Is he gone?" asked Priscilla.

"Oh, yes;—he has gone."

"What would I have given that he had never come!"

"And yet," said Nora "what harm has he done? I wish he had not come, because, of course, people will talk! But nothing was more natural than that he should come over to see us when he was so near us."

"Nora!"

"What do you mean?"

"You don't believe all that? In the neighborhood! I believe he came on purpose to see your sister, and I think that it was a dastardly and most ungentleman-like thing to do."

"I am quite sure you are wrong, then,—altogether wrong," said Nora.

"Very well. We must have our own opinions. I am glad you can be so char-

itable. But he should not have come here,—to this house, even though imperative business had brought him into the very village. But men in their vanity never think of the injury they may do to a woman's name. Now I must go and write to my aunt. I am not going to have it said hereafter that I deceived her. And then I shall write to Hugh. Oh dear; oh dear!"

"I am afraid we are a great trouble to you."

"I will not deceive you, because I like you. This is a great trouble to me. I have meant to be so prudent, and with all my prudence I have not been able to keep clear of rocks. And I have been so indignant with Aunt Stanbury! Now I must go and eat humble-pie."

Then she ate humble pie,—after the following fashion:—

"DEAR AUNT STANBURY,

"After what has passed between us, I think it right to tell you that Colonel Osborne has been at Nuncombe Putney, and that he called at the Clock House this morning. We did not see him. But Mrs. Trevelyan and Miss Rowley, together, did see him. He remained here perhaps an hour.

"I should not have thought it necessary to mention this to you, the matter being one in which you are not concerned, were it not for our former correspondence. When I last wrote, I had no idea that he was coming,—nor had mamma. And when you first wrote, he was not even expected by Mrs. Trevelyan. The man you wrote about was another gentleman,—as I told you before. All this is most disagreeable and tiresome; and would be quite nonsensical, but that circumstances seem to make it necessary.

"As for Colonel Osborne, I wish he had not been here; but his coming would do no harm,—only that it will be talked about.

"I think you will understand how it is that I feel myself constrained to write to you. I do hope that you will spare mamma, who is disturbed and harassed when she gets angry letters. If you have anything to say to myself, I don't mind it.

"Yours truly,

"PRISCILLA STANBURY.

"The Clock House, Friday, August 5."

She wrote also to her brother Hugh; but Hugh himself reached Nuncombe Putney before the letter reached him.

Mr. Bozzle watched the Colonel out of the house, and watched him out of the village. When the Colonel was fairly started, Mr. Bozzle walked back to Lessboro'.

(To be Continued.)

British Quarterly Review.

DR. AUGUST NEANDER.

WE now come to the second part of our task, which is to form an estimate of Neander's literary labors and theological views. To do so in a full and proper manner, it would be necessary to review the productions of his principal predecessors in the department of Church History,* and to describe the state of thought in Germany when he entered on active life.† Such an undertaking, however, would require far more space than we have at command. We must restrict ourselves, therefore, to the simple enumeration and characterization of his principal works, and to the statement of his views on some of the cardinal points of the Christian faith.

It may be well, however, at the outset briefly to sum up his characteristics as a church historian—characteristics recognized with almost perfect unanimity by the most eminent theologians of Germany.‡

Few men have devoted themselves to any special branch of theology concerning whom might be said with fuller truth what Dr. Nitzsch said in his funeral address concerning Neander, that "he was created and consecrated by the Lord for the purpose of accomplishing the great task of regenerating ecclesiastical history." Many circumstances combined, as we have partly seen already, to give him a peculiar fitness for his important calling. His Jewish descent, his early devotion to Platonic studies, the inner conflicts through which he passed, the influence of his teachers

* See Baur's "Epochen der Kirchengeschichtsschreibung;" Hagenbach, Neander's "Verdienste um die Kirchengeschichte" in "Studien und Kritiken" for 1851; Uhlhorn "Die älteste Kirchengeschichte in ihren neueren Darstellungen," in Dörner's "Jahrbücher."

† See Hurst's "History of Rationalism."

‡ For example, Hagenbach, Uhlhorn, Osiander, Niedner, and even Baur.

Schleiermacher and Planck, his open and sympathetic nature, and the intense sincerity and earnestness of his Christianity, were all so many factors preparing him for the great work he afterwards accomplished.

His characteristics as an historian were all more or less closely conditioned by these factors.

In point of *learning* few have equalled, still fewer surpassed him. Even as a student he devoted his time to reading the ancient ecclesiastical writers in the original languages, and continued to do so to the end of his life. He scarcely ever relied on second-hand information, but felt it to be his duty to look at things with his own eyes. His acquaintance also with the classical writers, and with works on church historical subjects in the German, English, French, and Dutch languages, was extensive. With profound learning he combined also a spirit of sound and healthy *criticism*. He was by no means ready to take anything for granted, but weighed and counter-weighed and nicely balanced evidence, before setting forth any statement as true or false. He moved freely under the weight of his learning, and if necessary, we might adduce numerous illustrations of his sound critical judgment. The strictest *impartiality* was also a predominant feature of Neander as an historian—not that so-called impartiality which may degenerate into indifference, but the impartiality of one whose eye is always open to facts, and who seeks nothing but the truth. He has never been accused of wilfully misstating facts, either by omitting or perverting evidence that might set them in a different light. He may have seen some things in a *colour de rose* which gave a glow to the reality; he may have idealized men and institutions and tendencies; but of perversion he was never wilfully guilty. He exhibits everywhere a profound *insight* into characters—the characters alike of men, of institutions, and of events. Few authors have understood *man* better than he; though, as has been aptly remarked, he was more liable to be deceived than some. This was partly, at all events, a fruit of the impartiality to which we have referred. He respected men as such, and therefore sought to understand them. He could

say with the fullest truth *nihil humani a me alienum puto*; and he was therefore able to penetrate many a secret mystery that would otherwise have remained unsolved. These qualities show themselves very remarkably in the biographical portions of his works, which some critics consider to be unduly predominant. With what truth and justice does he sketch such varied characters as the Apostolic Fathers in their simple faith; Irenæus and Justin, with their combined mildness and zeal; Tertullian and Marcion, with their fiery, ill-regulated, and somewhat gloomy views of Christian truth; the free philosophic calm of Origen and Clement of Alexandria; Julian, the vain enthusiast, warrior, and statesman; Bernard, with his consuming zeal in the cause of Christ and the Church; Abelard, with his unbridled passions and bold speculations; and so on through the whole gallery of portraits. It is a perfect marvel how few of his delineations have been pronounced positively false even by antagonists in many respects his equals. The same truth and insight are evinced also in his judgments regarding such institutions as monasticism, the Papacy, and so forth. His accounts of men and things are all bathed in a truly *philosophical* spirit. Such men as Dr. Baur of Tübingen, indeed, charged him with a lack of the speculative spirit; but it is because their idea of what is philosophical and Neander's idea differed *toto cælo*. The most cursory comparison of his works with those of even his best predecessors—for example, those of Mosheim, of Planck, and Schröckh—will convince the reader of this fact. Not merely does he point out the influence which human weakness and strength, prejudice and passion, have had on the course of ecclesiastical affairs—following herein the example of such writers as Planck, though on a higher platform—but he keeps ever in view the great designs of God, which go on steadily accomplishing themselves, whilst human agents, whether hostile or friendly, ceaselessly come and go; and as regards that philosophy which consists in so setting forth facts that they shall be seen and felt to embody great principles of eternal applicability, we venture to say that there are few books

comparable with Neander's richness in this respect. His general Church History is pervaded by this practical philosophy, not advanced in the form of deduction or application, but surrounding like an atmosphere of light all the facts narrated. In thus writing, he was carrying out the aim of his life, which was, as he himself said, "to set forth the history of the Church of Christ as an evidence of the Divine power of Christianity, as a school of Christian experience, and as a voice of edification, instruction, and warning, sounding down through all the centuries."

Gloriously, too, has he realized this aim. We have still to mention one feature which distinguished him in an eminent degree, and which was the life and soul of all his other peculiar excellencies, his profound sense of sin, and his deep experience of redemption by Christ. We venture to entertain the old-fashioned and somewhat despised opinion that no man is fit to write a history of the Christian Church, or, indeed, any work on Christian theology, be his learning, acuteness, and depth what they may, who has not known himself to be a lost sinner, and fled to Christ as the Saviour of the lost. This was the soil from which Neander's natural patience, openness, impartiality, and truthfulness drew their strength; to this is due the remarkably edifying, purifying, elevating tone that pervades his works from beginning to end. After saying all this, it may appear as though we deemed him to have risen above all criticism. Not so; great as he was, he did not combine all excellencies. His histories are defective in point of style and arrangement; they are heavy reading; and there is not that artistic grouping of the materials which so greatly facilitates the production of a true impression of the various men, events, and times that are passed in review. There is, moreover, frequently a lack of proportion in the space devoted to persons and movements. Certain aspects of, and factors in, the development of the Christian Church or the Christian life are either altogether unnoticed or passed over too lightly. The political, literary, æsthetical, national aspects of the history of the Church are too little regarded. These are defects, however, due either to Neander's

peculiar individuality or to the impossibility of one man's accomplishing completely so mighty a task as that of tracing out the infinitely varied and complex ramifications of the Christian life in its regenerative passage through the various nations, societies, and individuals which have hitherto come within reach of its influence. It is praise enough to have done so much and so well, where so great a work was to be accomplished.

Having made these few preliminary observations, we shall now proceed, first, to enumerate his works, as nearly as possible in chronological order; secondly, to characterize very briefly the more important minor treatises; thirdly, to notice more at length his three chief productions, "The General Church History," "The Life of Jesus," and "The Planting and Training of the Church by the Apostles;" and lastly, to state his views on some of the main points of the Christian faith.

1. His first publication was a dissertation written in Latin, entitled "*De Fidei Gnosesque Christianæ idea et eaque ad se invicem atque ad Philosophiam referantur ratione secundum mentem Clementis Alexandrini*" (1811),* which shadowed forth very distinctly some of the peculiar characteristics of the future Church historian. The next was his monograph on "The Emperor Julian and his Age" (1812). In 1813 appeared the "Saint Bernard and his Age;" in 1818, the "Genetic Development of the principal Gnostic Systems;" during the years 1821 and 1822, "Saint Chrysostom and the Church of his day, especially in the East," and "Memorabilia from the History of Christianity and the Christian Life;" and lastly, in

* This was the dissertation by which he secured the right of delivering lectures at the University of Heidelberg. Prior to any one being admitted to the privilege of lecturing as a regular *Docent*, at a German University, he must satisfy the Academic Senate of his fitness, by submitting to them a Latin dissertation on some subject selected from the department to which the candidate intends to devote himself—theological, philosophical, legal, or medical—and by publicly defending a number of theses in Latin. Some young men put forth extraordinary theses, which are defended also sometimes in an extraordinary manner. During this part of the formality ludicrous slips of the tongue frequently occur, and a good deal of dog-Latin is brought to light.

1825, the "Antignostikus or Spirit of Tertullian, and Introduction to his Writings." About this time he commenced his "General History of the Christian Religion and Church," the first volume of which was issued in 1826, and which continued to engage his varied powers till his death in 1850. In 1832 and 1833 he issued the "History of the Planting and Training of the Church by the Apostles;" in 1837, the "Life of Jesus;" and in 1840, "The One and the Manifold in the Christian Life." He wrote besides, during the thirty-seven years of his life in Berlin, a large number of University Programmes, Essays for the Journal which he had assisted to found, Papers read before the Royal Academy of Sciences, and Addresses delivered on various practical occasions. Amongst the subjects to which they related we may mention the following:—"Theobald Thamer, Pascal, Matthias von Janow (one of John Huss's forerunners), Blanco White, and Dr. Arnold." Some of these slighter fruits of his labors he collected into a volume published in 1829 under the title "Short Occasional Dissertations." Since Neander's death various courses of lectures have been issued by his former pupils, under the general superintendence of Dr. Julius Müller, the author of the great work on Sin; as for example, "History of Christian Ethics," "History of Dogmas," Catholicism and Protestantism," and "Commentaries on various Epistles."

2. The most important of Neander's minor works—if indeed they ought to be called *minor* works at all—are unquestionably the monographs on Julian, Bernard, Chrysostom, Tertullian, and Gnosticism; and the two posthumous treatises on "Christian Ethics," and "Catholicism and Protestantism." Most of the work in two volumes on the "History of Dogmas" is contained in the "General Church History." As the monographs on "Julian" and "The Gnostics" were eventually incorporated with the "General Church History," we shall here pass them by, and refer to them when we come to the great work of which they form a part. The other three monographs have maintained a separate existence, and deserve a separate notice.

The monograph on St. Bernard exhibits the peculiar excellencies of its author, perhaps, more distinctly than any other. It constituted an epoch in the history of this class of writings, and took the learned of Germany by storm. Down to the present moment it is pronounced by thoroughly competent authorities to be both one of Neander's most finished and characteristic productions, and the best book on the subject of which it treats. It relates to a man than whom few more eminent have graced the Christian Church, and to a period than which few have been marked by more stirring events and more important controversies. The contents themselves are as rich and weighty as the table of contents is brief. The first section treats of Bernard's life till the great Papal schism in 1130—of his education, religious development, entrance into the Cistercian order, labors as Abbot of Clairvaux, and relations to Peter of Clugny, the other great monastic leader of the day. The second section (1130 to 1145) describes Bernard's efforts to restore religious peace; his influence on ecclesiastical and political affairs under Innocent II., and his celebrated controversies with Abelard and Arnold of Brescia. The third section narrates Bernard's struggles for Pope Eugenius III., before and after his flight to France; his relation to the Crusades, to the Prophetess Hildegard, to Gilbert de la Porret, and to the sects of his day; and gives an account of the final struggle between Eugenius and Arnold of Brescia's party; of Bernard's work "De Consideratione," and of the closing years of his life. At whatever point we open the book, it is impossible not to be struck by the candor, insight, depth, and learning of the author. Few tasks more difficult could have been imposed on a man of Neander's peculiar temperament and inclinations. Bernard was with his whole soul a monk, and yet played a great part in the world; he was a mystic, and yet a great preacher and orator; he was a man of practical tendencies, and yet engaged in philosophical controversies with two of the subtlest thinkers of the age. Neander must have felt himself no less repelled by, than attracted towards, the men, the events, and the tendencies that he passes in review; and

yet one has everywhere the feeling that he labors to set forth the exact truth, and nearly always succeeds. We find psychological truth in the account of Bernard's becoming a monk and of his influence on others; philosophical exactness in the history of the controversies with Abelard and Gilbert de la Porret; judicious appreciativeness in the narrative of his struggles to exalt the Papacy; of his relations to mystics like Hildegard, and of his opposition to sectaries; and an unusual degree of justice in the apportionment of light and shade throughout the entire picture. In every case we are drawn to sympathize with the persons to whom we are introduced, whilst we condemn their exaggerations, errors, and sins. If our space allowed, we could quote very many passages instinct with light and life to a degree rarely found in combination; but we must content ourselves with two—the one relating to Abelard, the other to the Crusades.

"Abelard is a remarkable illustration of the close connection existing between the moral and intellectual aspects of man's being. We discern in him at all points more a lack of character than of talent. If he had been a man of pure morals, he would have done more for science. Not only would he have given utterance to single suggestive thoughts and exercised a great influence on his contemporaries; but he would have been able to produce an entire, self-consistent, philosophical system. The unconnected character of his theology corresponded to the unconnected character of his inner life."

Concerning the Crusades, he says:—

"It was a mistake to think of conquering by force the scene whence peace was intended to be diffused through the earth; and the crusaders themselves passed too frequently from profound devotion to excesses of passion. But at the same time, who can doubt that this enthusiasm for a cause transcending the senses, which had laid hold on entire nations and inspired such extraordinary efforts, is a testimony to the high descent of man? To look down on events and times like these with self-complacent pity is rather an evidence of forgetfulness of the primal nobility of the human race than of devotion to true realities; it is a sign that empty shows are regarded as alone real, and that the noblest feature of humanity, its capability of risking all for ideal objects, is counted madness."

We who have been trained up under the influences proceeding from such men as Neander can scarcely appreciate as we

ought to do his immense superiority of view. One of his predecessors, Henke, for example, speaks of Bernard in the following terms:—

"A preacher who offended against the good customs of society, who delighted in threatenings and grumblings. At the same time he had common sense enough to see that the scholasticism of his age was an unenjoyable superfluity. His charges against Abelard rested on insane or hostile misapprehension."

Neander's estimate both of Bernard, Abelard, and scholasticism, is as widely different from this as it is more just. Even Mosheim, one of the founders of the modern methods of studying Church History, is shallow and untrue compared with Neander. Mosheim, for example, ascribes the crusades solely to such causes as "the corrupt state of religion at Rome," "fear that the Turks might attack Italy and Europe," "the desire of the Popes to weaken the Emperor and Kings, and of the latter to weaken their vassals," and so forth. These were unquestionably co-operative causes, and are recognized as such by Neander; but they are outward, and do not touch the depths of the matter. We must, however, pass on.

With respect to the work on Chrysostom, we cannot do better than quote the words of Professor Hagenbach, of Basle*:—

"The life of the greatest orator of the ancient Church; his early education under his mother's eye; his further training in the schools of the Hellenic Rhetors; his life among the monks; his labors as Presbyter in Antioch and as Bishop in Constantinople; his conflicts in both cities with the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, with heretics and the orthodox; the persecutions he endured; his banishment and death, are simply and clearly narrated. We are made acquainted with the Christian thinker, the sacred orator, the biblical expositor, and the man of prayer and faith in the varied positions of a tried and agitated life."

In a literary and scientific point of view this monograph may be inferior to the last-mentioned one; but it has a peculiar value of its own. Neander intended it specially for practical theologians, and the very fulness of detail

* In his *Gedächtnissrede* on Neander, published in the *Studien und Kritiken* in 1851. We are also otherwise indebted to Professor Hagenbach for many hints and suggestions.

and variety of extracts of which mere historians complain, constitute its chief excellence.

The monograph on Tertullian supplies new evidence of the many-sidedness, thoroughness, and skill of Neander, for the history of the Church presents few harder problems than the powerful, eccentric, and fiery North African Jurist, Tertullian, who has not inappropriately been designated the "Tacitus of Young Christianity." It differs from the two previously referred to, in being a treatise on archæology and doctrine rather than a biography or picture of the age. We can only refer to two passages in illustration of Neander's mastery; one relating to Tertullian himself, another to Montanism, the sect which he joined in the later part of his life:—

"The writings of Tertullian reveal to us a man who embraced whatever he embraced with his whole soul. What he had laid hold of, or rather what had laid hold of him, was Christianity; but the new creation effected by Christianity could not all at once pervade him. His fierce, powerful, unbending Punic-Roman nature, which had grown up in heathenism, contained much that was repugnant to the spirit of Christianity. Its subduing spirit came to him in a form with which he was unfamiliar, and he could not yield to it without a struggle. Tertullian's mind had acuteness, depth, and dialectic dexterity, but no logical clearness, repose, or arrangement; it was profound and fruitful, but not harmonious, and it lacked self-restraint. Though a foe to philosophical speculation, which seemed to him a falsifier of truth, he was by no means destitute of speculative power, but he lacked method. Feeling and imagination ran away with his intellect, and he was at a loss for words adequately to express the ideas and emotions which filled his ardent soul." *

Nothing could be truer than this estimate of Tertullian. Equally profound and correct are the following words on Montanism and its relation to Gnosticism:—

"A time comes when the Divine supernatural principle of Christianity, after having manifested itself as such in all its purity and directness, must enter into combination with human culture; the supernatural must become continually more natural, and an age of revelation and miracles must be succeeded by

one of operations carried on by the agency of the human mind, as animated by the Divine life. To the process just indicated is opposed the tendency which would retain for ever in an equal degree the element of the supernatural—of inspiration. Montanism represents this latter tendency; Gnosticism, the other extreme. Instead of seeking to appropriate the world and the natural, it repels and abjures them; it seeks to make permanent the opposition between the supernatural and the natural; whereas true Christianity seeks to bring them to harmony."

A principle is laid down here which needs to be well weighed, especially by the more earnest and thoughtful amongst Christians. It is, indeed, obtaining from day to day fuller recognition in practical matters; but we are still far enough from discerning its theoretical significance. That which the apologists of Biblical religion should at the present day, above all things aim at is, to show that the supernatural is supernatural because the natural has become unnatural.

The posthumous treatise on the "History of Christian Ethics," though but a fragment, contains much suggestive thought and valuable information. It extends not only to Thomas Aquinas, in the thirteenth century, but it includes also a review of pre-Christian, in relation to Christian ethics. In this work Neander illustrates with considerable force the idea, that Christian ethics are a fruit produced by Christian facts and doctrines, and that the fruit cannot be permanently retained where the parent stem is rejected.

The course of lectures on "Catholicism and Protestantism" is said to have been one of his best. If ever a man were opposed with his entire being to every form of sacerdotalism, Neander was that man; and yet his loving and righteous spirit compelled him to be fair, even where the temptation to the contrary was most powerful. The distinctive principle of Protestantism, as opposed to Catholicism, Neander defines as consisting in "the exclusive reference of the religious consciousness to Christ, which has two aspects: firstly, Christ the sole source of salvation (justification by faith); secondly, Christ the sole source of the knowledge of salvation (the authority of the Scriptures):" from which principles alone, says he, all the other differences can be deduced. The follow-

* See for this and the succeeding extract the introduction in Ryland's translation of the *Antignostikus*, Bohn's edition.

ing points are discussed:—Tradition and Scripture; the Primitive State of Man; the Present State of Human Nature; the Doctrine of Justification; the Divine Law and Christian Perfection; the Doctrine concerning the Church; the Doctrine of the Sacraments; the Doctrine of the Last Things.

3. We now come to his three principal works, and will begin our examination with the "General History of the Christian Religion and Church."

The occasion of Neander's commencing this, the great task of his life, was a request on the part of his publisher, Perthes of Hamburg, that he would prepare a new edition of the monograph on Julian. He had, indeed, long cherished the wish to write such a history, but had been staggered hitherto by his sense of the magnitude and difficulty of the undertaking. As, however, the "Julian," original and "epoch-making" as it had been, no longer satisfied him, he threw his hesitations overboard and set to work. Great regret has always been expressed that he did not live to write the history of the Reformation. He died whilst engaged on the volume that treats of the early part of the fifteenth century.

It would be absurd for us to pretend to do more here than cursorily describe the prominent features, and briefly notice one or two detached points, of this great work, embracing as it does in the latest German edition nine closely printed octavo volumes, and relating to questions around which so much controversy has raged.

It extends down to the middle of the fourteen century, closing with a description of the reformatory movements in England under Wycliffe, and in Bohemia under Huss, Jerome of Prague and their forerunners; and a brief account of the so-called "Friends of God," in Germany. These fourteen centuries are distributed into six periods, of which the first period includes the first three centuries, to the end of the Diocletian persecution; the second extends from Constantine the Great to Pope Gregory the Great (A.D. 312-590); the third, from Gregory to Charlemagne (590-814); the fourth, from Charlemagne to Gregory VII. (814-1073); the fifth, from Gregory VII. to Boniface VIII. (1073-1294); the sixth, from Boniface VIII.

to the beginnings of the Reformation (1294 to about 1360). In each period the material is distributed into four great sections, headed respectively, with modifications in the later volumes:—1. The Relation of the Church to the World—its Diffusion and so forth; 2. History of the Constitution, Discipline, and Divisions of the Church; 3. Christian Life and Cultus; 4. History of Christian Doctrine. In an appendix to the last head are described the teachers of the Church, the heresies, and the sects. Of the last period we have only two sections—the History of the Papacy, and a portion of the History of Theology.

The opening sentences in which he sets forth his *conception of the task* he had undertaken, are perhaps as novel and characteristic as any portion of the work. They may be said to be an exposition in brief of a new view of the History of the Church—that which has been called the dynamical as opposed to the mechanical view. He says:—

"Our task will be to review the process by which, in the course of the centuries which have rolled by since the death of Christ, the little mustard-seed has grown into the great tree which is destined to overshadow the whole earth, and to provide for all nations a sure dwelling under its branches. The history will teach us how a little leaven mixed with the mass of humanity has gradually leavened the whole lump. We shall contemplate a process of development that has been going on for eighteen centuries, which is going on still without let or hindrance, and which will go on, though not perhaps always in a straight line, till its course shall be accomplished. This leaven or new life is Christianity, which is not a new system of truth or morals, but a new divine power that descended from heaven in the person of Jesus of Nazareth, the Redeemer of sin-sick humanity."

From these words we see that he might have styled his work "A History of Christianity, or a History of the Development of the Christian Life;" we see, too, why he avoided—and rightly avoided—designating it merely, "General History of the Christian Church." The History of the Church—if we take the word Church in either the Romish or Protestant sense*—forms in reality but

* The Romanist definition of the Church is, "Ecclesia vera est coetus hominum ejusdem christianæ fidei confessione et eorundem sacramento"

a comparatively small part of the history of Christianity; save, indeed, so far as the Church is regarded as the exclusive channel by which Christianity passes forth into the world.* The historian of Christianity would thus have to trace out the presence and influence of this new power, not only in every form of religious life, but in every form of human activity, intellectual, emotional, volitional, on the individual, the family, the society, the nation; on the various associations and institutions of mankind; on literature, the arts, the sciences, the customs, the laws, and the governments of men: in a word, as there is no aspect of human nature, no relation of men to each other or to the universe, and no phase of human life, that is not meant to be permeated, transformed, and regenerated by the life that was embodied in, and ever flows from Jesus Christ, so there are none of these modes of human existence that ought to be left unexamined by the Historian of the Church. A grand conception, involving an almost superhuman task!

* Not less new and epoch-making were the introductory chapters, entitled: "State of the Romano-Greek and Jewish world, in a religious point of view at the time of the first appearance and early diffusion of Christianity." As to its main substance, this survey had already been published in the monograph on Julian. There are three chapters;

rum communione colligatus, *sub regimine legitimorum* pastorum ac præcipue *unius Christi in terris vicarii, romani Pontificis*," and clearly unchurches all the churches, save the one which hitherto, because of its unchurchliness, has been called the mystic Babylon. The definition given by the *Confessio Augustana* runs, "*Est ecclesia congregatio sanctorum in qua evangelium recte docetur et recte administrantur sacramenta*," and correct as it is, unchurches most Romish communities. There is another view of the Church as the "*Ecclesia invisibilis*," which is sometimes called the mystical view. To write its history is obviously impossible. In a certain sense, however, Neander's work is a history of the invisible Church.

* The kingdom of God or Christianity advances in a double way:—First, by gathering together the elect souls who constitute churches or the Church, visible or invisible; secondly, by the influence it exerts either through the elect—they are elected for this very purpose, in agreement with the law of election, by which God has willed that human progress shall be conditioned—or in other ways. By the history of Christianity we mean this latter influence.

the first, on the religious condition of the Romans and Greeks; the second, on the religious state of the Jews; the third, on Judaism in Alexandria. These eighty-six pages form a grand commentary, on the pregnant words of the Apostle, "the fulness of the times." Since the first publication of this survey much attention has been devoted to the subject by learned men of various schools and churches; but no picture has been drawn in which the light and shade are more impartially distributed, and the general effect produced is so just and true, as in this.* We should fear to seem guilty of extravagance were we to give full expression to our sense of the value and beauty of this portion of the Church History. As mere history it enchains our attention, and knits us more closely than ever to our kind. It would be difficult to collect from contemporary writers extracts and details of greater beauty, significance, and nobleness; and yet, at the close, so strong is our conviction that "the whole head is sick, the whole heart faint," that we are forced to acknowledge that if God had not condescended to our low estate, surely mankind had been lost beyond recovery. But as a history pregnant with instruction, warning, and encouragement, it is even more valuable. If our space allowed, we could quote many passages which have the profoundest bearing on some of the highest problems that are agitating the mind of Christendom. Take for example such as the following:—

"The greatness of a nation depends on the character of its public sentiment and public customs; and this is determined by its religion. The popular religions of antiquity were of such a nature that they could satisfy the

* We may refer to such works as Gfrörer's "*Urchristenthum*," written in an antagonistic spirit; Lutterbeck's "*Neutestamentliche Lehrbegriffe*;" Schneckenburger's "*Neutestamentliche Zeitgeschichte*;" Laugen's "*Das Judenthum in Palestina zur Zeit Christi*;" Hardwick's "*Christ and other Masters*;" De Pressensé's "*Life of Christ*," and his "*History of the First Three Centuries*;" Kiem's "*Geschichte Jesu von Nazara*;" Westcott's "*Introduction to the Study of the Gospels*;" Döllinger's "*Gentile and Jew in the Courts of the Temple*." A very suggestive and stirring view of the period is given by the Rev. Baldwin Brown in a lecture delivered to the Young Men's Christian Association some years ago.

human mind only up to a certain stage of culture; the moment it transcended that stage, a conflict inevitably arose between itself and the religious traditions to which it had heretofore clung. In the East, where mind was less progressive than in the West, it was possible for the antagonism between the mythical religion of the people and the theosophic mysteries of the priests who ruled the people, to remain unnoticed for centuries. But in the more active and mobile West, the moment mind reached a certain stage of independence, it began to criticize the myths and cultus of the popular religions. The greater the advance of culture, the more general became the discord; religion lost its power, and the result was demoralization. Culture itself, too, lacking a firm and immovable religious and moral basis, soon became a caricature, and sank into corruption."

Considering how many of the cultivated throughout Christendom profess to be unable any longer to receive the historical elements of Christianity as true and authoritative, or as compatible with culture, it would be well for Christian teachers to weigh carefully the hints contained in passages like the above. Neander's history, but especially the introductory portion of it, is one long argument to show that Christianity is fitted both to serve as the basis of the highest culture of which the human race is capable, and also to supply vigor and life to its development.

In our previous notices of his monographic treatises, we have already touched on subjects which also occur in the *General Church History*—Bernard and Abelard, Chrysostom and Tertullian. To these might be added many others equally characteristic, and evincing equal power and subtlety of intellect. We might mark the large-heartedness of his account of the various ways in which men were led to Christianity; the wisdom of his observations on the relation of the early Church to such difficult questions as slavery; the breadth of his view of the significance of Monasticism, Episcopacy, and the Papacy; the generosity of his estimate of Heresies and Sects; the insight displayed in his delineation of such men as Constantine and Julian, Jerome and Cyprian, Athanasius and Arius, Gregory the Great and Leo the Great, Charlemagne and Barbarossa, the Gnostics, the Scholastics, the Mystics and the Reformers; but the field is almost boundless, and we forbear, and

must pass rapidly on to the two remaining works reserved for more special consideration—the "*Life of Jesus*," and the "*History of the Planting and Training of the Christian Church*."

The latter, as having been the earlier publication, we will first consider. It may be regarded as an introduction to the *Church History*. It does not profess, however, to be a complete account of the Apostolic age; but is simply what the title states—a "*History of the Planting and Training of the Christian Church by the Apostles*." It is divided into six sections, treating respectively of the following subjects:—I. The Christian Church amongst the Jews of Palestine. II. Transition of Christianity from the Jews to Heathens. III. The spread of Christianity among the Gentiles by Paul. IV. Review of the labors of James and Peter. V. John and his ministry as the closing point of the Apostolic age. VI. The Apostolic doctrine:—(1.) The doctrine of Paul; (2.) The doctrine of the Epistle to the Hebrews; (3.) The doctrine of James; (4.) The doctrine of John.

In this work, Neander for the first time measured weapons with the destructive critical tendencies of Germany, which were then directed specially against the records of the Apostolic age; and perhaps no abler refutation of the specious but visionary theories of the Tübingen School has yet appeared. There are evidences enough in it, indeed, that he himself was still passing through the fire, and more concessions than were necessary are made to antagonists. Hence the charge of Rationalism brought in particular against this work. His explanation of the miracle of tongues is the principal case in question.* He regards this gift as essentially identical with the gifts referred to by Paul, in 1 Cor. 14, and appeals in support of his view to passages from Irenæus and Tertullian. But whatever concessions of this kind he may have made, we feel, even whilst disapproving of them, that the spirit in which they

* In the *Vorrede* to his "*Kirchenzeitung*" for this present year, Hengstenberg, the orthodox Hengstenberg, who sits in judgment on everybody, has explained away the miracle of Babel, and the miracle of Tongues at Pentecost, in a manner that strikes is as thoroughly rationalistic.

are made, is as remote as possible from that of Rationalism.* Neander was one of the last men to refuse to bow his neck under the yoke of revealed truth. As has been well remarked†—

"His great anxiety was to exhibit the miraculous facts of Christianity as in harmony with its spirit and original development. If he believed any particular fact to contradict this spirit, or if he were unable to find something analogous to it in the subsequent development of the Church, he was more inclined than we deem right to look upon it as unhistorical."

There is all the difference in the world, however, between the critical doubts of a man who lives in Christianity, and seeks to judge by its standard, and those of one who submits everything to the decision of natural, unregenerated reason. The latter one might describe as *Rationalismus vulgaris*; the former as *Rationalismus Evangelicus*.

We know of few theological works so full of rich and suggestive thought as this; it is marvellously quickening and strengthening, both to intellect and heart. The investigation into the Pentecostal miracle, notwithstanding the result arrived at, is full of instruction; the account of the conversion of the Apostle Paul evinces great psychological insight; the narrative of Paul's missionary journeys is allowed to be extraordinarily rich in the results of exegetical and historical inquiry; his sketch of the constitution of the Primitive Church, and especially the stress he lays on the idea of the universal priesthood of Christian believers, has special interest for Free Churches; but the most valuable part of the work is the exhibition of the great types of New Testament doctrine as unfolded, respectively, by the apostles Paul, James, and Peter, in the Epistle to the Hebrews, and by St. John. If this were the proper place, we could quote innumerable passages embodying, in a few words, the profoundest and farthest-reaching views of Scriptural truth. His aim, particularly in this part of the work,

was to exhibit the variety in unity and the unity in variety, of the modes of apprehending the great facts and truths of Christianity; and whilst tracing with the hand of a master the subtle and delicate differences between Paul and John, between James and Peter, he never allows us to lose sight of their deep and all-embracing harmony. Some of his critics, indeed, deny that he has given due prominence to the variety; others maintain that the unity is asserted rather than proved; in this conflict of opinions we shall be excused if we conclude that probably both are wrong, and that they are right who are satisfied that he has preserved a just balance.

As we shall need to refer again to this work in our summary of his theological views we will now pass on to the "Life of Jesus." This is, in England, the most widely circulated and best known of Neander's publications; though in several respects it is not a satisfactory production.

It is generally known that the occasion of Neander's undertaking this work was the publication of Strauss' "Life of Jesus," which occasioned an extraordinary excitement throughout Germany. For a time Frederick William III., King of Prussia, was disposed to issue a prohibition against its sale within his dominions; but at the earnest entreaty of Neander and Schleiermacher, he abstained from doing so. The former especially expressed his strong conviction that the historical bases of Christianity were so invulnerable, that the attacks made on them could end only in the confusion of its antagonists. Having given this advice, however, he felt it to be his duty to do what he could towards routing the foe. The wish also to register his views of the Author of the great movement, whose history had been the work of his life, may likewise have aided in overcoming the scruples he had felt about undertaking so difficult and delicate a task.

We have remarked that Neander's "Life of Jesus" has been perhaps the most popular of his works, though unsatisfactory in a scientific respect. One reason for this is a certain fragmentariness in its construction. It abounds in passages combining beauty, depth, and edification to a remarkable degree.

* We have not space to enter into details, otherwise it would be necessary to criticize his concessions with respect to the authorship, &c., of some portions of the New Testament.

† See Krabbe's "Zur Charakteristik Neanders," p. 117.

The remarks on Christ's personal development, on His method of instruction, on the parables, on the significance of miracles, on the Sermon on the Mount, and similar subjects, are full of insight and wisdom. Everywhere, too, we find profound apologetic hints. But perhaps one of its chief attractions is the spirit of reverence, devotion, and faith that pervades the whole, and which, notwithstanding its formal defects and critical weaknesses, brings us more fully into contact with the mind of Christ than almost any other work of the same kind.

Regarded from a scientific point of view, it is unsatisfactory. Neander has to a certain extent committed the same fundamental mistakes that Strauss committed. Strauss started with unsustained denials; Neander with unsustained assumptions. For example, the former denied the possibility of such a miracle as the person of Christ, viewed as the Church views it; the latter says expressly: "The assumption with which I start is that Jesus was the Son of God, in a sense that cannot be predicated of any mere man." Again, Strauss, as Dr. Baur of Tübingen justly remarked, undertook to write a history of Christ, without first determining the character of the sources, and simply on the ground of their miraculous features, took for granted that the Gospels were unreliable; Neander on the contrary, though not in the same bald way, took for granted that the sources were credible.* Strauss was right in demanding that the historian of Christianity should start without "presuppositions," but he sinned against his own canon. Neander was perhaps wrong in starting with the "presupposition" above referred to, when professedly making war on modern scepticism, but he exhibits, notwithstanding, in the course of his inquiry, a fairness and breadth to which his antagonist was an utter stranger. At the same time, it is to be remembered that he did no more than the Evangelists themselves did, who proceeded throughout on the same presupposition, and established it

by the facts of the life and work of Christ.

None of Neander's works bear so many traces of inner conflicts as this one,—his concessions to the so-called critics, in regard to the Temptation, the Transfiguration, to various miracles, and other matters, bear a character which in any other man we should unhesitatingly designate rationalistic. He felt, too, that he had gone as far as he could go, without even for himself renouncing what had been the joy of his heart, the strength of his will, and the foundation of his hopes. But with all these drawbacks his "Life of Jesus" is fitted beyond most other books to inspire in the thoughtful and unprejudiced reader the heartiest confidence in the historical foundations of the faith of Christendom.

It now remains for us, in a few concluding words, to indicate Neander's theological position. Any one reading his works in order to ascertain his views on doctrinal matters, must bear in mind that he was not a systematizer, but an historian. Had he been more of a system-maker he would probably have been less of an historian—and, further, that he has nowhere of set design expounded his own opinions; we have to gather them from historical accounts of the teachings of others. Hence probably both the vagueness and uncertainty of his utterances.

With regard to the Person of Christ, one of his clearest statements is that already alluded to from the "Life":—

"Jesus was the Son of God in a sense that cannot be predicated of any man—the perfect image of the supra-mundane personal God in estranged humanity; in Him appeared in humanity the source of divine life; in Him the idea of humanity has been realized."

He speaks also of the "incarnate Logos"; but also refers to the Logos as the *principle* of the divine revelations. The allusions to the Holy Ghost are even less distinct than those to the Son; they are limited to statements like the following—

"With the Son no one can hold fellowship without the Holy Spirit, whom he confers, and who is to renew humanity after His image."

"According to both Paul and John, Christian theism consists in worshipping God as the

* The profoundest review of this entire subject we have seen is contained in Dörner's "History of Protestant Theology," one of the noblest books that has appeared for many years. Messrs. Clark are about to publish a translation of it.

Father, through the Son, in the Divine fellowship of life founded by Him, or in the fellowship of the Holy Spirit. The doctrine of the Trinity has an essentially practical and historical significance and basis; it is the doctrine of the God revealed in humanity—a doctrine which teaches us to see in God the primal source both of existence, salvation, and sanctification. Starting with this Trinity of Revelation, the contemplating mind, following the analogy of its own nature, may seek to rise to the idea of an archetypal Trias in God" also somewhat indefinite.*

Touching the *atonement*, he says,—

"The holiness of God, according to Paul, was revealed in the life and death of Christ after a twofold manner:—1. In that He perfectly obeyed the law; 2. In that He, the perfectly holy One, submitted to the sufferings which the Divine holiness, viewed in its antagonism to sin as punitive justice, had suspended over human nature. We are not to fancy that the sufferings were arbitrarily inflicted on him by God, or arbitrarily endured by Christ. On the contrary, it was necessarily involved in his assumption of human nature in its present state and relation to God. † The anger of God denotes that which is the ground of punishment, the ground of the necessary connection between sin and evil, the absolute antagonism between God as holy and sin." ‡

As he elsewhere denies that the sufferings of Christ had any effect on God in time, § the above statements, true as they are in themselves, do not seem to us to go quite far enough, they do not seem to exhaust the teachings of Scripture. The difficulty felt by Neander and by many others, of allowing that the death of Christ effected a real change in God Himself, arises chiefly from a defective and unbiblical view of the Divine nature and attributes, specially of the Divine unchangeableness.

Respecting *justification*, he says,—

"*δικαιοσύνη* is that act of God by which he places the believer in Christ in the relation to himself of a *δικαίος*, notwithstanding the sin that still cleaves to him. *δικαιοσύνη* then denotes the subjective appropriation of this relation, the appearing righteous before God, by virtue of faith in the Redeemer and the whole new tendency and aim of the life:—it denotes the righteousness or perfect holiness of Christ appropriated by faith as the *objective* ground of confidence for the believer, and also as a new *subjective* principle of life." ¶

We have no space to indicate the divergence of our sentiment from some of these statements, but must now close; and we will do so with the following weighty words of Neander, which deserve the careful attention alike of the orthodox and the heterodox:—

"Both the requirements of science and the needs of practical life must be kept in view by the theological inquirer.* Neither is sufficient without the other. Whatever is unable to stand before the judgment-seat of genuine, unprejudiced science cannot be truly profitable either for doctrine, for reproof, or for correction: and a truly scientific treatment of divine things cannot but serve great practical purposes. Science must permeate practice, and practice be directed by science, if practice is not to fall a prey to error, and science is not to become a caricature or a lifeless skeleton."

Dublin Magazine.

HER MAJESTY'S TOWER.†

In historical study it is a disadvantage that the necessity to compress in the narration of events, and to consider their remoter causes with a view to the elucidation of great principles in human action, excludes the opportunity of resting sufficiently long on places and characters which would recall the past as a reality, and impart a living interest to its varied scenes. The severe student may despise books that compensate for this want by selecting epochs, spots, or men, to fix attention upon their lineaments in detail, filling the stage with all the bustling life of the time. But such books will ever be welcome to the mass of readers, and supply for them history in its most attractive form. It is an affectation to discredit the worth of works of the kind, even when dramatic in conception and picturesque in style. All that should be required is, that they be true to history, not sacrificing its known facts to an effort to color a brilliant page. Between the pure history and the historical romance there is an ample field, where the writer of superior gra-

* And are not all inquirers at the present day theological inquirers? Do not all investigations run ultimately, as a matter of fact as well as theory, into theological investigations?

† "Her Majesty's Tower." By William Hepworth Dixon. London: Hurst and Blackett, 1869.

* "Apostelgeschichte," pp. 701, 702. † *ib.* p. 550.

‡ *ib.*, p. 547. § *ib.*, p. 544. ¶ *ib.*, p. 552.

phic powers may fitly exercise his genius. He may win lighter thinkers to the more serious contemplation of the workings of passion or of principles over a larger area. He may satisfy the longings of the well-read historian by illuminating the incidents, and portraying more vividly the personages, that fill his memory. Volumes of this class are not soon forgotten. When executed in an inferior manner, it must be admitted that they are vapid and repulsive. The design must be fulfilled with a superiority commanding the respect of persons of knowledge and of taste.

We have no hesitation in saying at once, that, judged by the highest standards, Mr. Dixon's "Tower of London" is entitled to the hearty welcome it has received from the public. As interesting as a romance, the most unfriendly critic will yet fail to indicate any point at which the author oversteps the warrant of recorded facts.

The great antiquity of the Tower is unknown to many who gaze with a feeling almost of awe on its grim battlements. Its origin is lost in the darkest times. There are writers who trace it to the days of Cæsar. A Roman wall can be detected near some parts of the ditch. "The Tower is mentioned in the Saxon Chronicle, in a way not incompatible with the fact of a Saxon stronghold having stood on the spot." William the Conqueror commenced the buildings according to their present arrangement and plan. The apartments in Cæsar's tower were built in the early Norman reigns. The Tower's eight hundred years of historic life succeeded a thousand years of traditional fame. "The oldest bit of palace in Europe, that of the west front of the Burg in Vienna, is of the time of Henry III. The Kremlin in Moscow, the Doge's Palazzo in Venice, are of the fourteenth century. The Seraglio in Stamboul was built by Mahommed the Second. The oldest part of the Vatican was begun by Borgia, whose name it bears. The old Louvre was commenced in the reign of Henry VIII.; the Tuileries in that of Elizabeth. In the time of our civil war, Versailles was but a swamp. Sans Souci and the Esecuriel belong to the eighteenth century. The Serail of Jerusalem is a Turkish edifice. The palaces of Athens, of Cairo, of Teh-

ran, are all of modern date. Neither can the prisons which remain in fact as well as in history and drama, with the one exception of St. Angelo, in Rome, compare against the Tower. The Bastille is gone; the Bargello has become a museum; the Piombi are removed from the Doge's roof. Vincennes, Spandau, Spielberg, Magdeburg, are all modern in comparison with a jail from which Ralph Flambard escaped so long ago as the year 1100, the date of the first Crusade." The erections which Gundulf the friar began, Henry III. zealously continued. Mr. Dixon calls him a prince of "epical fancies," as Corffe, Conway, Beaumaris, and other fine "poems in stone," attest. It was his passion to add to the strength and beauty of the Tower. He built its strongest edifices, and enriched its chambers with frescoes and sculpture, and the chapels with carving and glass; "making St. John's Chapel in the White Tower splendid with saints; St. Peter's Church on the Tower Green musical with bells." He spared neither skill nor money on the great fortress, and home and prison of kings. It was in later times that architectural deformities were added. The prince whom Mr. Dixon calls Henry the Builder supplied the Tower with the "marble shafts, the noble groins, the delicate traceries," that remain. Edward I. carried on the work, but it was to Henry III. the Tower owed its splendor and its impregnability.

This great State prison had its rules and orders. In the most ancient times its government was in the hands of the constable, who resided in Constable tower. He was paid in fees—twenty pounds on the committal of a duke, twenty marks on that of an earl, ten pounds on that of a baron, five pounds on that of a knight. The council seized the prisoner's property for the king's use, and the Treasury paid the constable for his board. A duke was allowed two chaplains, at six shillings and eight pence a week. "In the reign of Edward VI., the Duchess of Somerset, with two gentlewomen and three male servants, cost the Treasury eight pounds a week. In Mary's reign, Lady Jane Grey was allowed eighty shillings a week for diet, with thirteen shillings and four-pence for wood, coal and candle. Her two gentlewomen cost twenty shillings a week, and

her three male servants the same sum. A bishop was treated like a baron. Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of London, was allowed fifty-three shillings a week for food, with six shillings and eight pence for fire and light. Two servants waited on him, who cost the country ten shillings a week." That is to say, the keeper received these moneys on behalf of the prisoners, but "he cheated them in fire and candle." Under prison rules, a man of quality had one boon conferred upon him. He could not be stretched on the rack, or hung by the cord. "Cases occur of a baron in one cell urging his follower in another never to confess, but to stand out like a man; and the poor commoner replying that it is easy for a lord to stand out, since he is only examined by word of mouth." The poor wretch, "unprotected by his quality," had to answer with his thumb under a screw and his limbs on the wheel. Racks, boots, barnacles, thumb-screws, were occasionally used. "The barnacle was an instrument fastened to the upper lips of horses to keep them still while they were being bled, and Richard the Third was fond of putting this curb on his enemies." Raleigh paid for his food in the Tower two hundred and eight pounds a year, equal to a thousand pounds in present money. "Bare walls, an oaken floor, a grated window, an iron-bound door, were all provided by the country. Chairs, arras, tables, books, plate, fire, and victuals, he had to buy for himself, at his own cost, through porters, serving-men, and cheats who lived upon his purse. When he had bought these articles, they were not his own, except for their immediate use. The rule was, as a man brought nothing in, he could take nothing out."

Into the outer ward of the Tower the commons claimed at all times free access. This right of entry was enforced by a strange ceremonial:

"Baron and citizen—alderman and commoner—met in Barking Church, on Tower Hill, whence they sent six sage men of their body into the Tower to ask leave for a deputation of citizens to see the king, and free access for all people to the courts of law. These six sage persons were to beg that the king, according to custom, would forbid his guards either to close the gates or to keep watch over them, while the citizens were coming and going; it being wrong in itself and

against their freedom, they alleged, for any one to keep guard over the gates and doors of the Tower, save such of their own people as they should appoint to that duty. On this request being granted by the king, the six messengers would return to their fellows in Barking Church, report what they had done, and send the citizen guard to their posts. Then would the Commons elect from their body three men of mature age, moderate opinions, and cautious speech, to act as presenters. The rules by which they acted were strict. The sheriffs and beadles were to be decently clothed and shod, since it was laid down that no man should come before the king either in dirty rags or without his shoes. Their followers were to be trim and spruce; their caps and cloaks laid aside; their coats and overcoat put on. No man was to go with them into the presence who had sore eyes; no man was to join them who had weak legs. Mayor, alderman, sheriff, cryer, every one going into the Tower on public duty, was to have his hair cut short and his face newly shaved.

"The object of these rules was to guard the right of access to the courts of justice; the Court of King's Bench, and the Court of Common Pleas."

The Court of King's Bench was held in the royal or inner quarter; the Court of Common Pleas in the quarter in which the common folk claimed a right. On the wall above Water Lane stood two signal towers, the Belfry and the Lantern, each surmounted by a turret. On the first swung a bell; on the second a light burned, a beacon and a signal to vessels coming up the Thames. The landsmen were averse to the construction of the wharf and barbican by Henry, and when disaster overtook the King's earliest efforts they rejoiced. On St. George's night, 1240, while the people were at prayers, the water gate and wall fell down, and the occurrence was regarded as of the worst omen. Henry, however, only began the work again. But once more, "on the self-same night of the ensuing year" the barbican crashed down into the river, one mass of stones!

"A monk of St. Alban's, who tells the tale, asserts that a priest who was passing near the fortress saw the spirit of an archbishop, dressed in his robes, holding a cross, and attended by the spirit of a clerk, gazing sternly on the new works. As the priest came up, the figure spake to the masons, 'Why build ye these?' As he spake, he struck the walls sharply with the holy cross, on which they reeled and sank into the river, leaving a wreath of smoke behind. The priest was

was too much scared to accost the more potent spirit; but he turned to the humble clerk, and asked him the Archbishop's name. 'St. Thomas the Martyr,' said the shade. The priest, growing bolder, asked him why the Martyr had done this deed? 'St. Thomas,' said the spirit, 'by birth a citizen, mislikes these works, because they are raised in scorn, and against the public right. For this cause he has thrown them down beyond the tryant's power to restore them.'

"But the shade was not strong enough to scare the King."

Mr. Dixon collects his incidents under the headings of the various portions of the Tower where they occurred, as the Water gate, the White Tower, or Beauchamp Tower. One of those pictures, of the Wharf, will afford a specimen of his power to photograph the scenes the Tower recalls:

"It is London in the reign of Bluff King Hal—the husband of two fair wives. The river is alive with boats; the air is white with smoke; the sun overhead is burning with golden May. Thousands on thousands of spectators dot the banks; for to-day a bride is coming home to the King, the beauty of whose face sets old men's fancies and young men's eyes agog. On the wharf, near the Queen's stair, stands a burly figure; tall beyond common men; broad in chest and strong in limb; dressed in a doublet of gold and crimson, a cap and plume, shoes with rosettes and diamonds, a hanger by his side, a George upon his breast. It is the King, surrounded by dukes and earls, awaiting the arrival of a barge, in the midst of blaring trumpets and exploding sakers. A procession sweeps along; stealing up from Greenwich, with plashing oars and merry strains; fifty great boats, with a host of wherries on their flanks; a vessel firing guns in front, and a long arrear of craft behind.

"From the first barge lands the Lord Mayor; from the second trips the bride; from the rest stream out the picturesque City Companies. Cannons roar, and bells fling out, a welcome to the Queen; for this is not simply a great day in the story of one lovely woman; but a great day in the story of English life. Now is the morning time of a new era; for on this bright May—

'The gospel light first shines from
Boleyn's eyes,'

and men go mad with hope of things which are yet to come.

"The King catches that fair young bride in his arms, kisses her soft cheek, and bears her in, through the Bye-ward tower."

* * * * *

"The picture fades from view, and pre-

ently re-appears. Is it the same? The Queen—the stair—the barge—the crowd of men—all these are here. Yet the picture is not the same. No burly Henry stands by the stair; no guns disturb the sky; no blast of trumpets greets the royal barge; no train of aldermen and masters waits upon the Queen. The lovely face looks older by a dozen years, yet scarcely three have passed since that fair form was clasped in the King's arms, kissed, and carried by the bridge. This time she is a prisoner, charged with having done such things as pen cannot write; things which would be treason, not to her lord only, but to her womanhood, and to the King of kings.

"When she alights on the Queen's stair, she turns to Sir William Kingston, Constable of the Tower, and asks, 'Must I go into a dungeon?' 'No, madam,' says the Constable; 'you will lie in the same room which you occupied before.' She falls on her knees. 'It is too good for me,' she cries; and then weeps for a long time, lying on the cold stones, with all the people standing by in tears. She begs to have the sacrament in her own room, that she may pray with a pure heart; saying, she is free from sin, and that she is, and has always been, the King's true wedded wife.

"'Shall I die without justice?' she inquires 'Madam,' says Kingston, 'the poorest subject would have justice.' The lady only laughs a feeble laugh."

A companion picture is the appearance on the same steps of Elizabeth—then

"A young fair girl, with gentle, feminine face and golden hair. The day was Sunday—Palm Sunday—with a cold March rain coming down, and splashing the stones with mud. She could not land without soiling her feet and clothes, and for a moment she refused to leave her barge. Sir John Gage, the Constable, and his guards, stood by to receive her. 'Are all these harnessed men for me?' she asked. 'No, madam,' said Sir John. 'Yea,' she replied, 'I know it is so.' Then she stood up in her boat and leaped on shore. As she set foot on the stone steps, she exclaimed, in a spirit prouder than her looks—for in her youth she had none of that leonine beauty of her later years—'Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs; and before Thee, O God, I speak it.' Perhaps she was thinking of her mother, who had landed on the neighboring wharf. Anne had fallen on her knees on these cold stones, and here had called on God to help her, as she was not guilty of the things of which she stood accused. In those two attitudes of appeal one reads the nature of these two proud and gentle women, each calling Heaven to witness her innocence of crime—Elizabeth defiant, erect; Anne suppliant, on her knees."

But Mr. Dixon soon leaves the senti-

mental contemplation of Tower incidents and gets into the Tower story of stirring times. He bestows considerable pains on his chapter, headed—"The Good Lord Cobham." Shakspeare's idea of him as a braggart and thief, was the common idea of the playwrights when the young poet came to London. "As Fuller says—Sir John Oldcastle was the makesport in old plays for a coward." The monks and friars fastened the calumny on the memory of the obstinate heretic, who died rather than falsify his conscience. When Shakspeare came to know the story of Oldcastle's character and career, he made ample reparation. The original Oldcastle became Falstaff, and in the epilogue to the second part of Henry IV., the poet says, simply and completely, "Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man." Oldcastle was the first martyr burnt in Smithfield, opposite to his own house. Mr. Dixon raises on the slender but certainly striking record of Shakspeare—"Oldcastle died a martyr"—a structure of speculation as to Shakspeare's own religious views. The foundation may or may not be thought to bear the edifice of conclusions erected upon it, but the possibility is pleasing. At all events, Shakspeare entirely freed himself from the monkish ties and prejudices, and desired to do full justice to the gallant and pious Lollard. "Why," says Mr Dixon—

"After giving to the Oldcastle tradition that immortal shape, did Shakspeare change the name of his buffoon to Falstaff, and separate himself forever from the party of abuse?"

"The point is very curious. Some motive of unusual strength must have come into play before such a course could have been taken by the poet. It is not the change of a name, but of a state of mind. For Shakspeare is not content with striking out the name of Oldcastle and writing down that of Falstaff. He does more—much more—something beyond example in his works—*He makes a confession of his faith.*"

"In his own person, as poet and as man, he proclaims from the stage—

"OLDCASTLE DIED A MARTYR!"

"That was a sentiment which Raleigh might have held, which Cartwright would have expressed. It was the thought for which Weever was then struggling in his 'Poetical Life of Sir John Oldcastle;' for which James, the friend of Jonson, if not of Shakspeare, was compiling his 'Defence of

the noble knight and martyr, Sir John Oldcastle.'

"The occurrence of such a proclamation suggests that, between the first production of 'Henry the Fourth,' and the date of his printed quarto, Shakspeare changed his way of looking at the old heroes of English thought.

"In the year 1600, a play was printed in London with the title, 'The First Part of the True and Honorable History of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle, the Good Lord Cobham.' The title-page bore Shakspeare's name. 'Sir John Oldcastle' is now regarded by every one as a play from other pens; in fact, it is known to have been written by three of Shakspeare's fellow-playwrights; but many good critics think the poet may have written some of the lines and edited the work. This drama was a protest against the wrong which had been done to Oldcastle on the stage by Shakspeare. The prologue said:—

"It is no pampered glutton we present,
Nor aged councillor to youthful sin;
But one whose virtue shone above the
rest,

A valiant martyr and virtuous peer."

"These lines are thought to be Shakspeare's own. They are in his vein, and they repeat the declaration which he had already made,

"OLDCASTLE DIED A MARTYR!"

The man who wrote that confession in the days of Archbishop Whitgift was a Puritan in faith."

Cardinal Fisher, in a later time, hardly less a martyr, has his story thus told:

"Cardinal Fisher, eighty years old, was seized as a plotter, tried for his offence, thrust into a barge, and pulled down the Thames. When his boat slipped under the archway of the Water-gate, he toddled on shore, and turning to the crowd of guards and oarsmen about him, said, 'As they have left me nothing else to give you, I bestow on you my hearty thanks.' Some of the rough fellows smiled, though they must have felt that hearty thanks from a good old man who was about to die could do them no harm. Lodged in the Strong Room he suffered much from chill and damp. The Belfry not only stood above the ditch, but lay open to the east wind and to the river fog. Fisher told Cromwell, in piteous letters, that he was left without clothing to keep his body warm. Yet the fine old prelate never lost either his stoutness of heart or his quick sense of humor. One day, when it was bruited about the Tower that he was to suffer death, his cook brought up no dinner to the Strong Room. 'How is this?' asked the prelate, when he saw the man. 'Sir,' said the cook, 'it was commonly talked of in the town that you should die, and therefore I thought it vain to dress anything for you.' 'Well,' said the bishop, 'for all that report

thou seest me still alive; therefore, whatever news thou shalt hear of me, make ready my dinner, and if thou see me dead when thou comest, eat it thyself.'

"The death-warrant reached the Tower at midnight, and the Lieutenant, Sir Edmund Walsingham, went into the Belfry at five o'clock, to let the Cardinal know his fate. 'You bring me no great news,' said Fisher; 'I have long looked for this message. At what hour must I die?' 'At nine,' said Walsingham. 'And what is the hour now?' 'Five,' answered the Lieutenant. It was June, and of course broad daylight, even in the Strong Room, at five o'clock. 'Well, then, by your patience, let me sleep an hour or two; for I have slept very little.' Walsingham left the Cardinal, who slept until seven, when he rose and put on his finest suit. On his servant wondering why he dressed so bravely, the old man answered, 'Dost thou not mark, man, that this is our marriage day?'

"Taking a New Testament in his hands, he walked from the Strong Room, through Walsingham's house and the Bye-ward gate to Tower Hill; a vast crowd pressing round him, some of whom could see his lips moving in prayer, and hear the words issuing from his mouth. As he gazed on the closed Gospel in his hand, he prayed the Lord that he might find in it some special strength in that mortal hour; and as he prayed for this strength, he paused in his walk, opened the sacred volume, and read the passage on which his eye first fell—'This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou has sent.'

"Comforted by these words, he went lightly on, mounting up the steep hill, repeating, 'This is life eternal,' until he came to the scaffold, where he spoke a few words to the people, and laid his white head upon the block."

The touching memorial of the Nine Days' Queen reads very freshly in Mr. Dixon's pages. In these chapters, more, perhaps, than in all others, his dramatic skill, ever under the control of a severe taste, is best shown. The rebellion of Wyatt and the men of Kent is depicted with fidelity and warmth of color, but the constancy in her faith, the strength of will, and simplicity of view, of the girl-martyr, executed for her misfortune in being proclaimed a queen, offer even a more congenial subject for Mr. Dixon's glowing pen. The scenes he reproduces can never fade from English story. When Father Feckenham, the new Dean of St. Paul's, sent by Mary to Lady Jane to "convert" her, brought back word

to his patron that he had failed in his object,—

"Mary became wild with rage. She bade her secretaries draw up warrants for her death. She sent for Grey, who was a prisoner in the country. There were ways of adding bitterness to death, and Mary studied and employed them all. She could separate the husband from his wife in their last hours on earth; she could march Guilford under Lady Jane's window, as he went by to execution; she could drive the cart with his dead body past her door; she could prepare a scaffold on the open green, under Lady Jane's eyes; she could bring up Grey to see his daughter slain; she could refuse to let her have a minister of her own faith to pray with her; she could send her Jesuits and confessors to disturb the solemnity of her final night on earth. All these things she could do, and she did; and all these things must have been of Mary's will."

Mr. Dixon's estimate of the cause of Cranmer's momentary weakness and recantation, is at once just and generous; the flesh rather than the spirit of the Reformer failed. No taint of unworthy motive stained his "denial of the most cherished sentiments of his life." It was the cold and misery of the Bloody Tower that broke him down. Persecutors have well understood the effect of debility of the frame in forcing the obstinate wills of heretics into subjection. History reverentially records the triumphant deaths of martyrs; but how many of whom it has taken no account may have shrunk from the last sacrifice through sheer decay of bodily strength, retaining in their hearts the unchanged convictions which, in Cranmer's case, ultimately subdued weakness itself, and inspired him to die a hero. Mary and her advisers seemed to have accomplished their purpose of humiliating the Reformation when Cranmer proved a craven, but their triumph was short, and the lustre of the final act chased away for ever the disgrace and the evil effect of his miserable fall. Historians have passed over without notice the fact of Cranmer's having been confined in the Bloody Tower. It was left for Mr. Dixon to state this fact. Not only in his appreciation of Cranmer's character, but in his elucidation of the history of the times of Mary, so far as these properly came within the scope of his subject, Mr. Dixon shows much higher qualities

than those of the mere literary artist, or even ordinary historian. His grasp of principles is unhesitating; his power to search into the intrigues of the day and expose all their motives, remarkable. He has the knowledge and habit of thought of the statesman, and causes his reader, by a few masterly touches, to understand what part each prominent character occupies in history; what were his or her designs, and how circumstances favored or frustrated their plans. Several of his chapters are more pure history than topography or biography, and are written with a philosophy and an accuracy of style which greatly elevate the character of the volume. His opinions are sound. "From the hour," he says, "of her stepping on English soil, Mary Stuart began to plot against Elizabeth's peace, and in all her plots she had the personal sanction and service of John Leslie, the able and learned Bishop of Ross, who became her agent, her confessor, and her spy. This bishop was a divine of the Italian and Spanish type; supple, tolerant, unscrupulous; a man of courts and of affairs; easy with fair sinners, facile with the great; never afraid of lying and deceit, and bent on serving his Church, even though he should have to do so at the peril of his soul." The plots and counterplots of the crafty woman, and her yet more crafty priest, have no examples, except in the Spanish and Italian comedy in intrigue. Her fair face won friends for her among the English lords, and a bold attempt by Leslie, the Duke of Norfolk, and the Duke of Northumberland to re-establish the Roman Catholic religion, which signally failed, would not have been undertaken had Mary not made a considerable impression. With his friend, Ridolphi, the Papal agent, who "had drawn up a list of men in the English court on whom the Pope could rely," the Bishop of Ross planned the issuing of a Papal Bull, the casting down of Elizabeth, and the rising against her of "all good Catholics." When the Bull arrived the Queen was to be declared dethroned, the Catholic lords were to seize the Tower, the Spanish party were to come into authority, Mary was to be crowned in Westminster, and the "Universal Church" restored. The plot was a fine one on paper, but Leslie's instruments

failed him, and, in truth, he failed himself. A raid of some English troops into the Western Highlands piqued him into a premature publication of the Papal brief. The barons were not ready, and as the London citizens read the Bull and passed on laughing, the great conspiracy ended like a farce, except to Leslie and his agents. The workings of the conspiracy are very fully and vividly depicted by Mr. Dixon. The Queen had been averse to taking life for political offences before then, but the dangerous nature of this combination overcame her determination to make her reign, in this respect, a contrast to preceding ages of cruel persecution and murder. The safety of the state imperatively demanded a sterner course. It is the glory, however, of Elizabeth's rule that she, for twelve years, never signed a sentence of death for a political offence. Until Mary Stuart came into England, and the Papal Bull was issued, "she banished from English life the old dark image of the headsman and his block." What wonder that the poet called her country "Merrie England?" When the inevitable executions began—

"Norfolk was the first to die; and the fact that he was the first political offender since Her Majesty's reign began, occurred to him on the scaffold; adding, as it would seem, a pang to the bitterness of his remorse. He died denouncing the Pope's religion, and humbly begging his pardon of the Queen. 'I am the first in Her Majesty's reign to suffer; may I be the last!' he cried. The assembly sobbed, 'Amen.'

"A few days later Northumberland was put to the axe in York."

Passing along from picture to picture in Mr. Dixon's well-stored gallery of scenes and characters, we reach his chapter on Raleigh, on which, most naturally, he seems to have bestowed especial pains. Many years ago he noted, in the "State Papers," evidence then unknown, that Raleigh spent a great portion of his imprisonment in the Bloody Tower and garden-house, where he was permitted to receive the wits and poets and scholars and inventors of his time; "to crack light jokes; to discuss rabbinical lore; to sound the depths of philosophy; to map out Virginia; to study the shipbuilder's art. In this garden-house he distilled essences and spirits; compounded his great cordial;

discovered a method, afterwards lost, of turning salt water into sweet; received the visits of Prince Henry; wrote his political tracts; invented the modern war-ship; wrote his "History of the World." Mr. Dixon's estimate of Raleigh is as eloquent in expression as it is just.

When all that can be written against him has been penned, Raleigh remains a man;—

"A proud man, if you like; nay, a cruel and selfish man, if you insist; yet a vital force in the city, in the court, in the camp; not a form, a phrase, a convention, as the masses of men are and must be in every age and in every place. You may like an original force in your midst, or you may dislike it; most men distrust a power which disturbs them with a sense of the untried and the unknown; but you cannot help being drawn towards such a force for either love or hate. Raleigh was a man; and what a man! Even among a race of giants to what a size he grew! Other men, when we come to them, may be great in parts; this man was great in all parts. From the highest masters in special arts he had nothing to learn. Spenser could not teach him song. Hatton was dancèd by him out of court and fortune. Burghley feared his subtlety and craft. Mayerne took lessons from him in physic. Jonson consulted him on dramatic art. Effingham praised him as a sailor. Bacon thought it an honor to contend with him for the prize of eloquence. Hawkins, Frobisher, all the adventurous seamen of his generation, looked upon him as their master. Bilson retired from a tussel with him on theology, admitting his defeat. Pett learned from Raleigh how to build ships. No man of his generation offered to compete with him as a writer of English prose. Even in the trifle of personal beauty few were his equals. Poet, student, soldier, sailor, courtier, orator, historian, statesman—in each and every sphere he seemed to have a special power and a separate life.

"In the second place, Raleigh is still a power among us; a power in the Old World and in the New World; hardly less visible in England than in America, where the beautiful capital of a chivalrous nation bears his name. Raleigh's public life was spent in raising England to her true rank; and the mode by which he sought to raise her was by making her the mother of Free States."

His career begins with a love-passage. His first imprisonment in the Tower, the fruit of Elizabeth's anger with him for scandalizing her court by his amour with her maid of honor, Bessie Throgmorton, gives Mr. Dixon an opportunity for the lighter exercise of his pencil.

"Bessie was lovely, witty, and an orphan. All the gay lordlings of the court admired her. Tall, slender, fair, with light blue eyes and golden hair. She was a perfect contrast to Raleigh, whose dark and saturnine beauty half repelled while it strangely allured the beholder's eye. Bessie listened to his words, as shepherdesses listen to their swains in those pastoral tales which were only too much in vogue.

As at noon Dulcina rested
In her sweet and shady bower,
Came a shepherd . . .

the like of whom has seldom tempted woman to her sorrow. He was no lout with bill and crook; but a shining youth, bright with the sun and tawny with the sea. Spenser has pictured him in glowing verse. 'The Shepherd of the Ocean' he was dight; but the softer arts were all to him like the sciences of the sea. He knew them all; and most, as Spenser writes, he knew the seducing phrase of love.

Full sweetly tempered is that muse of his,
That can empierce a prince's mighty heart.

Dulcina listened to his lays, and whispering tongues soon bore the news of her deception to the Queen.

* "Elizabeth was deeply hurt; not, as the triflers say, because Raleigh deserted her side for that of a younger beauty; but because he sullied her court and wronged his own manhood by scandalous amour. To Bessie, her orphan maid of honor, the Queen was like a mother; and friends at court sent word to Raleigh, who was then at Chatham, making ready for a voyage, that he would have to stay at home and wed a wife. The lover laughed over words which he received as an idle threat. 'Marry,' he cried, 'there is none on the face of the earth that I will be fastened unto.' But the Queen was not a woman to forgive him such a deed; and when he slipped away to sea in the *Garland*, hoping to fall in with the Spanish silver fleet, and come home crowned with glory and rich with spoil, she sent Sir Martin Frobisher in her swift pinnace, the *Disdain*, to fetch him back."

Mr. Dixon believes the tale untrue that Raleigh attempted to lay hands upon himself. It was a rumor that the great prisoner had, when at table, snatched up a knife, laid bare his breast, and plunged the steel into his flesh. The point, it was said, struck on a bone and glanced aside from the vital part, on which Raleigh threw away the weapon, crying, "There, an end." Mr. Dixon does not believe the story. The circulators of it had a purpose in the invention, and if Raleigh wished to take away his life, it is not likely he would have failed to do

so. A letter some years ago printed, purporting to be from Raleigh to his wife, and quoted in support of the attempted suicide, is now discovered to be a forgery. Many suspected that the rumor of suicide was sent abroad as a test of public feeling. His name "was a power in the land before which a bolder prince than James might have bent his brows.

. Essex owned in him a master; and Effingham, though of the rank of Lord High Admiral of England, had been seen to pay him the extraordinary homage of wiping the dust from his shoes." When Raleigh came to see that it was really determined to hold him fast for life,

"Lady Raleigh came to live at the Tower, with little Wat; and in the chamber in which King Edward had been killed, her second son, baby Carew, was born. But she could not sit by her husband's side a silent witness of his pain. She was often at Sherborne Castle, their magnificent home in Dorset; oftener still in the galleries of Whitehall, on the terraces of Windsor, among the fish-ponds at Theobalds; wearying the King with her petitions; troubling the Court with a remembrance of her wrongs. No captive ever found a bolder, a more winning advocate than Lady Raleigh. Her efforts were all in vain."

Raleigh in the Tower was—

"A sight to see—not only for his fame and name, but for his picturesque and dazzling figure. Fifty-one years old; tall, tawny, splendid, with the bronze of tropical suns on his carmine cheek; a bushy head, a round moustache, and a ripple of curling hair, which his man Peter took an hour to dress. Apparelled as became such a figure, in scarf and band of the richest color and costliest stuff, in cap and plume worth a ransom, in jacket powdered with gems; his whole attire, from cap to shoestrings, blazing with rubies, emeralds, and pearls. He was allowed to be one of the handsomest men alive."

Crowds flocked to talk to him. He was dangerous even as an imprisoned genius, until a jailer was found who deprived him of all liberties, heaped upon him many indignities, and treated him as if he had been mixed up with repeated conspiracies. Sir William Wood was an active and unscrupulous sentinel, and so jealous of the popular homage paid to Raleigh that he wrote to Cecil—"Raleigh doth now show himself upon the wall in his garden to the view of the people, who gaze upon him, which made me bold to restrain him again." Under

this persecution Raleigh's character changed. His mind became more active as his hopes of release vanished. "A thousand things which had crossed him in his busier days came back in his cell and occupied his thoughts." Having caught the idea of a new method of purging the brine from water, he set to work. "Lighting his fires and boiling his sea-water, he struck upon a way of expelling salt—a precious discovery, which he tested in his latest voyage, and found to act, but the secret of which was unhappily lost, with much that was still more precious, in Palace-yard. Two hundred years elapsed before men of science got the clue again, when Irving recovered the lost secret; but no doubt can exist as to Raleigh's claim. Wilson wrote down the words from Raleigh's lips: "He fell to tell me of his inventing the means to make salt water fresh or sweet, by furnaces of copper in the fore-castle, and distilling of the salt water as it were by a bucket, putting in a pipe, and within a quarter of an hour it will run by a spigot, and the water as sweet as milk." His physical sufferings; his search for the elixir of life—his "great cordial;" his ardent pursuit of science; his conferences with learned men; his "History of the World;" his release and voyage; his return; his fresh arrest—all these are lifelike sketches on the canvas of Mr. Dixon. When Prince Henry visited the Tower "to hear Raleigh talk," and listened to his discourse on the art of war by sea, fired by the enthusiasm of the august prisoner, he observed to one of his attendants, "No man but my father would keep such a bird in a cage." James's conduct is only accounted for by Mr. Dixon's explanation. He "had the strange disease, so rare in Scottish men, of physical cowardice. He was not tender of heart; he was, in fact, so fond of seeing pain, that he more than once came down to the Tower that he might feast his eyes on broken joints and quivering flesh. Yet his life was spent in one long spasm of personal fear. He fainted at the sight of a drawn sword; he trembled at the roar of saluting guns; the name of a renowned warrior filled him with superstitious dread. On this base weakness the adversaries of his country worked. They filled his mind with

pictures of secret poisoners and assassins. His dreams became hot with visions of Jesuits and conspirators; his soul was cowed by phantoms, taking the shape of agile and unscrupulous men, who, from the vantage-ground of a distant court, could either drop arsenic into his wine, or sharpen against him a bravo's knife."

Better a tyrant strong and a rule to himself in his despotism, than the trembling grasp of the timid and superstitious but cruel monarch, whose fears make him energetic only to hate without cause, and to strike without reason.

In this hasty view of Mr. Dixon's volume we have quoted so freely that it would be superfluous to add any criticism of its style or matter. The book is more than entertaining; in many portions it is fascinating in its restoration of old scenes and heroes to the actual sight. The effect is often almost magical, and in all parts the interest is vigorously maintained. Just enough of history is interwoven with the unfolding of the Tower scenes, to relieve the work from any charge of being merely meant to while away an hour. Those new lights on English story are curious and numerous. Mr. Dixon's powers of discrimination, the range of his information, the largeness of his conceptions, his liberal and sympathetic habit of thought, his anatomy of the human character, his strict truthfulness, his thorough patriotism, and honest desire to glorify what is admirable, as well as condemn what is false or wicked, all added to his rich vocabulary and lively imaginativeness, qualify Mr. Dixon in the highest degree for the performance of the task he has thus delightfully discharged. We congratulate him on the complete success of his effort to make the scenes and incidents of Her Majesty's Tower familiar as household words in the nation, whose most glorious and most painful reminiscences alike cluster about that one spot. One less conscientious and erudite than Mr. Dixon would have brought together an ill-arranged and doubtfully correct series of unconnected tales, strung together by no large review of the times when the events occurred. Such a work would deserve to be considered as a book for the season, merely to be glanced over like the last new novel, and flung aside. But to such a

performance Mr. Dixon's Tower is in every way a contrast. He writes as one who feels that he is inditing a companion-book to History, filling up all interstices, imparting life to places where its characters stand ranged like statues, impassive and uninspiring; showing the social condition of the people, their customs, habits, and mode of thought, in critical times. Mr. Dixon has well achieved his noble design, and the numerous testimonies borne already to the interest his pages have produced in the reading world, are a proof that he has succeeded in his object, and laid the public once more under a real obligation.

Macmillan.

THE LADIES' CRY, NOTHING TO DO!

WHEN a serious attack is made upon any one person, or any class of persons in a community, such as that which has been made by the *Saturday Review*, and other journals, upon "Girls of the Period," it is interesting to note the way in which society receives it. Some people are indignant that the attack should have been made at all. They have a vague feeling that there is in the present style and character of many English young ladies something which requires reformation; but they are offended by the language of the attack, and refuse to consider how far it is substantially justified by facts. Others receive the attack in a different spirit. They welcome it, without waiting or caring for the defence. Its point tickles their spite; its suggestive word-painting stimulates their jaded fancy; its mere destructiveness feeds and flatters their cynicism. But there is a third class—the class for whose benefit the fair-minded friend of anonymous journalism is bound to believe that the attack was really intended—the class to which the persons attacked belong; the "Girls of the Period" themselves. If there be in good society any class of girls such as have been depicted, how do they receive those microscopic pictures in little which the *Saturday Review* has drawn of them?

From a genuine Girl of the Period, from a young woman answering completely to the description given by the *Saturday Review*, it would, of course,

be absurd to expect any reply worth hearing. And perhaps it may be as well to say at once that there is *not* now in England, moving in good society, any considerable number of girls who correspond at all closely, or in any of its worst features, to the portraiture of the *Saturday Review*. The names of the titled, the ancient, or the otherwise distinguished families which constitute the really high society in England, are well known to every one who moves in that society, and to some who do not; and the names of those among their daughters who behave themselves in the manner described by the *Saturday Review* and its feeble imitators, are almost equally well known. And it may be fearlessly asserted, that among this set the number of such veritable Girls of the Period, the number of girls who dress and act with a view to amorous effect, talk like Cyprians, and otherwise behave themselves indecently, is very small, and may be reckoned on the fingers. The vices of the daughters and sisters of this duke or that marquis, of this statesman or that country gentleman, may be notorious, but they are happily exceptional. The daughters and wives of our nobility and of our old houses, of our judges and highest professional men, are not on the whole either vicious or vulgar. And if we choose to say they are, we shall be emphatically contradicted by our continental neighbors, who are just now declaring that they envy us nothing so much as our high-bred Englishwomen. If the girls depicted by the *Saturday Review* exist anywhere in sufficient number to be representative of a class, they must be looked for among the daughters of our *nouveaux riches*; whose wealth has outstripped their civilization; whose riches have increased, but the traditional atmosphere of culture, and the inbred habits of decent refinement, are lacking. Cotton and shoddy have, no doubt, a tendency to breed "Girls of the Period," and many of the touches of the *Saturday Review* writer can be accounted for on no other good-natured hypothesis, than that he has a little confused these very distinct types of English ladies.

It would be most unfair towards the clever and cultivated writer of the letter from a Girl of the Period, in the last number of this Magazine, to accept her

nom de plume as a description of what she is. She may be a girl in this period, but she is no more of it than Miss Cobbe, Miss Clough, Miss Jex Blake, Miss Davies, or any other earnest English gentlewoman. What right then has she to reply? *Quis vituperavit Herculem?* The answer must be, that whether she be a girl of the period or not, if she be a woman at all, she has a very good right to reply, and her answer cannot be pooh-poohed. For the attack, whatever may have been its first and most direct intention, conveys no doubt an indirect censure upon English womanhood in general; and even if the writer of the defence in the last number of this Magazine did not feel herself personally interested, she ought to be allowed to hold a brief for her accused sisters. But she does feel and profess herself profoundly interested. She is a "Lady;" that is to say, she belongs to that most neglected class of any in Society, "whose grievances have hitherto been passed over in silence." She owns that most of what has been said about the girl of the period is true of her and her companions. "She knows the deep degradation of the life she lives." She feels she is what Falstaff called *a thing to thank God on*; and in her agony at this real or fancied degradation she utters an exceeding bitter cry.

The accusation to which she has to reply is, in her own words, "that young ladies are wholly given up to a mad search after pleasure. They care for nothing save dress, extravagance, and the vanity of personal appearance. They will sacrifice modesty—nay, even decency itself—in their endeavor to secure the only object of their lives, a rich or noble marriage. They have abandoned the decorous feminine ways of their ancestors, and have adopted a style of life and conversation unbefitting womanhood; have, in short, ceased being ladies, and have become fast *Girls of the Period*." And the substance of her rejoinder is:—that the accusation is, in the main, true; but that there are excuses, and there are remedies. In the course of this rejoinder she takes up three tolerably definite positions, and maintains them, if not with entire success, at any rate with point and cleverness. Her first position is, that there is *scarcely*

any alternative for a girl in fashionable society between reckless dissipation and a convent life. In support of this position she sketches the "usual course of a young lady's life, who at seventeen finds herself a member of a prosperous and wealthy family, with a father and mother still in the prime of life." This young lady finds no field for the exercise of her energies within her father's house, because, there are many servants, and her mother, who is blessed with many daughters, only asks for her occasional society; so she looks without. But outdoor efforts at usefulness are defeated by several causes, which may be summarized as the want of organized institutions, her own inexperience, and her mother's nervous anxiety about her health. She then makes an attempt to continue her school studies; but this is defeated by her own consciousness of bad grounding, by frequent interruptions, by the derision of her family, and by the want of a goal. At this critical moment her mother plays a Mephistophelean part. To prevent her becoming morbid, or a blue-stocking, she plunges her into dissipation; and the conflict between sensuous enjoyment and her better self must end in one of two things—the death of conscience, or flight into a convent; the world or the veil. English social prejudices make the odds very heavy against her choosing the veil, so she chooses the world, so she chooses the world; and, this done, her fast and downward steps—from innocent enjoyment to silly flirtation, from flirtation to vulgar extravagance, from extravagance to unconscious and then to conscious sensuality, from sensuality to secret, subtle and hideous immorality—are all the more demoralizing in that they are a perpetual betrayal of conscience, and all the more passionate because they are frantic struggles to escape from remorse. This biographical chapter ended, our ladies' advocate takes up her second position; which is *that the only remedy for this miserable dilemma is to give girls a practical function; a career.* The study of art, she says, and self-culture will not provide this; they will not satisfy the conscience, or give sufficient employment to the mind, when followed merely as amusements. The professions must be opened to those who require and desire to make

the bread of independence, and for the employment of the daughters of our "upper ten thousand" an organized army of charity is wanted, in which each shall have her work and her post assigned to her. This is the remedy which must be applied to the root of the disease; and without it, or something like it, no cure can be effected. And this leads to her third position, which is, *that the education of girls must be improved, in order that they may be fit for the work to be assigned to them.* For this purpose additional instruments and means of education are required, such as the new College for Ladies, and particularly the present subjects of girls' education must be modified; and their mode of studying must be reformed. In short, work for women, and the preparation of women for that work by means of education, are the remedies which this "Girl of the Period" proposes.

No man of sensibility can help being touched by the tenor of this reply. There is no evasion here, no recrimination, no bold and baseless contradiction, no logomachy of any kind. To the bitter charges and exhortations of her accusers with which the air has for months been ringing,—*"You are idle! You are dissipated! You are dissolute! You must mend your ways, but not in a nunnery! You must remain in the world, but have a better savor!—this our first articulate Girl of the Period replies, with all the fierce eagerness of soul-hunger, "We own it! We are all that you say! We are the bad things that you call us! We want to mend; to be in the world, but not of it! But we have nothing to do! Only give us one chance! Give us work, for God's sake, and teach us how to do it!"* This hunger for movement in the world—this passionate craving to burst the bonds which hold the pupa, woman, and to emerge in the likeness of the worker, man, is no new thing. There has, perhaps, seldom been in England a family of three or four daughters among whom there was not at least one whose imagination, at some period of her life, revolted impotently against her womanhood, and made her burn to be a man. But it is a comparatively new thing that this dumb, spasmodic, intermittent feeling should take articulate form, and

become a continuous, swelling, earnest, and almost threatening cry. We cannot, we dare not stop our ears, and refuse to listen to it. We must give it a patient and a thoughtful hearing. Even those among us who do not believe that there is any sufficient cause for this cry, should remember that there are no agonies greater than some which are purely hysterical.

One of the most questionable of the three positions occupied by the writer of this letter, is the second—that if we want girls to improve, but to remain in the world, we must give them a practical work in the world, like that of men. This she tries to prove by a clever monograph—for she must not flatter herself that any one will suppose that her little sketch really represents an ordinary young lady's biography. If it be drawn from the life at all, it is, probably, a mosaic; or, at best, it only represents one, and that a most exceptional, experience. This monograph endeavors to prove that girls have nothing to do, by bringing together in one case almost all the difficulties which might beset any number of attempts of any number of rather weak-spirited girls to be useful. The occurrence of no one of these obstacles is improbable; but the combination of such a mass of difficulties in the way of one girl, really anxious to do well, is most improbable. She must indeed be a faint or half-hearted lover of the good who would try to be useful in so many directions, and be rebuffed in all. English girls are not usually of that calibre; nor are the fates often so adverse to one heroine. There is plenty of work for the ablest women at home, in the parish, in literature, in self-culture, and in discharging the *reasonable* demands of society, without the need of organizing a huge army of Sisters of Charity in order to give our women careers. The truth is, that the ladies' cry for more work refers not so much to the amount that there is for them to do, as to the quality of what they have to do. Some are inclined to rebel against the domestic and lighter social duties, and to demand a more public stage of action. They forget that these are not unworthy duties, if discharged in a worthy spirit, with judgment, method, charity, and all the other excellences of a well-disciplined

mind. Thousands of most highly trained men spend their lives in discharging duties which in respect of grandeur are no finer than the light offices which the souls of these ladies loathe. Pettiness does not consist in doing petty things; but in doing them in a petty spirit.

It may be a consolation to us, when reflecting on the hopelessness of attempting to provide such careers for women on a large scale, on the futility of all the suggestions for that purpose made by the supporters of this theory (not excluding that of our "Girl of the Period"), and on the doubtfulness of the gain to society at large if such suggestions could be carried out, to bethink ourselves that no such provision is really necessary. The fact is, that two alternatives lie open to the would-be reformers of women. Shall they agitate for social and political changes, in order to get careers for their *protégées* which may stimulate them to improve their minds? or shall they set their hands to the task of providing for them a better education, so as to fit them to do their duty, in whatever state they may be placed, with thoughtful intelligence? Shall they run our daughters through the gauntlet of public life, in the conviction that that great trial will eventually convince them of the necessity of self-culture? or shall they begin at the other end, providing the means of culture for them, in the firm faith that that is not only the way to keep their minds innocent and quiet, but also to procure for them whatever is desirable of enlarged spheres of work and usefulness, by showing how well they can discharge the duties which society has already assigned them? The first of these is the line of Miss Lydia Becker; the second, of Miss Emily Davies. And, without wishing to disparage unduly the efforts of any earnest woman for what she believes to be the improvement of her sex, a thoughtful man must feel that the second is of the two the wiser course; the one which is most practical, most sensible, least dangerous, and most likely to secure the sympathy of the mass of Englishmen and Englishwomen. The revelations of the state of girls' education made in the Reports of the Schools' Inquiry Commission; of its deplorable hollowness, irregularity, expense, and superficiality;

of its utter inadequacy in respect of the means, the matter, and the manner of instruction, may convince those who could not, or would not, believe it before, how great a reform is wanted.

Here, then, is work for the Girl of the Period. If she cannot be a pattern, let her at least be useful as a beacon. If it is too late for her to free herself from the despotism of ignorance—if she must remain the wretched thrall of those fatal syrens “the accomplishments,”—let her at least try to save her younger sisters and nieces from such a fate. Let her drop political and social agitation, which alienate from her cause even sympathetic and generous men; and let her bend all her faculties to the task of winning a better education for her sex. Let her coax, plead, write, and influence by all possible means the conscience or the feelings of fathers and brothers. Let her leave crying to society that she has nothing to do, and busy herself with helping to secure that no such misfortune shall await the rising generation of Englishwomen.

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Chambers's Journal.

A MODERN ALPHABET INVENTOR.

A FEW months back a paragraph in the *New York Tribune* stated that a literary relic had been sold in that city for the sum of eleven hundred and thirty dollars—the highest price any book has fetched in that country. It was a copy of Eliot's *Indian Bible*, a book that no man living can read. Eliot was a Puritan Englishman, who emigrated to New England on account of his religious opinions, and died at Roxbury, where a handsome memorial was erected to his memory by his admirers.

This brought to my recollection the labors of another ingenious mind, known by the name of George Guess among the people of the United States. He was an Indian, and his name See-quo-lah. If ever a record of patient industry, untiring perseverance, and natural ingenuity deserves record, it is this. Eliot's Bible was in Mohegan, with the usual Roman letters, with different signs to denote the different inflections of sounds. But See-quo-lah invented an alphabet for the use of his tribe. His idea originated in the early French and Indian wars. The Cherokees had a white

prisoner on whose person they found a letter; to satisfy his capturers, the prisoner had to read it for their edification. But of course the tenor of his reading differed greatly from what he pretended to read from. The “talking leaf” had ever been a mystery to these untutored minds of the prairie. They had long considered it a gift of the Great Spirit, and held it in great veneration. But See-quo-lah, then a youth, knew better; he maintained that it was purely man's invention, and the desire to have a written alphabet for his tribe possessed him. For a long time the idea lay dormant, the migrations of the tribe or their predatory excursions left him no leisure. But lamed, and as it proved, for life, the long hours of his forced imprisonment brought forth the old idea. His first attempt was to gather all the sounds of the Cherokee tongue; but the result was far from encouraging. He collected above two hundred. His next difficulty was to place a sign as equivalent to a sound. Like the old Egyptians, and probably like the first alphabet inventors, whoever they may be, he made use of hieroglyphics. He embodied pictures of birds, beasts, &c., which approximated with the sounds, and served best as a representation. But the mind, before it could realize such a category, would require an immense amount of training. He looked over the extensive list with some dismay, and endeavored to modify it. He was successful enough to abbreviate it to eighty-six. He was able to accomplish this, because in Cherokee all syllables have a vowel ending. An enumeration and classification of these syllables made, and a sign for each would complete it. Thus there needed no distinction between vowels and consonants. A rather unwieldy affair, no doubt; but when the system was learned, easier to spell by, than by using Eliot's method. The longest word of this system contains but fourteen signs or syllables, while the longest words of Eliot's have often over thirty.

It took the ancient world ages before it could entirely discard the picture-signs for letters. The idea of simple letters stole on imperceptibly, and is enveloped in inexplicable mystery. But this poor Indian at one stroke discarded

his picture-signs, and invented an alphabet almost as commodious as those of European nations. His next difficulty was to make so many signs dissimilar to each other. Perhaps he might have seen some English printed matter, for some of his signs greatly resemble our letters. The figure 4 is prominently used. Some signs are like Greek or Asiatic letters, others like Slavonian. But they have a far different sound from their prototypes, if such they were. The sign S sounds like *thu*, M like *lu*, and the rest are equally different. But most of them are pure inventions. All are used over again in different postures, so to speak—distorted, inverted, or abbreviated.

His pen was a nail; he wrote on bark. Eventually (about 1825) he obtained a pen and some paper from one of those frontier traders, but the pen was carefully preserved as a guide to manufacture others by. His ink he made himself from barks. His first pupil was his daughter.

But, like Roger Bacon, Gutenberg, Galileo, and others, his neighbors suspected him of practising the back art. Doubtless he seldom left his hut; his mind being in his work, his time would be taken up with it. His tribe shunned him; but his inoffensive, as well as his pitiable condition preserved him from any dire consequences. He was told that they would see the fruits of his labors before they judged too harshly. The following year he brought his invention before the sachems of the tribe, causing his daughter to write from his dictation in an adjoining apartment, and *vice versa*. The tribe were astonished; and after a little wavering, and his assurance of using no supernatural powers, they allowed him to instruct some of the youths of the tribe. After several months' interval, the youths were brought forward, and, amid great popular excitement, were tested and examined in as many ingenious ways as the cunning Indians could suggest; but the youths proved themselves masters of the new art.

His discovery led to the printing of the New Testament in the Cherokee language: in 1825, the United States cast a fount of type from his invention, and even printed a newspaper from it (*The Phoenix*). The capitals differ from

the small letters only in being made a little larger. The missionaries brought in the use of Arabic numerals, although See-quo-lah had invented numerals to correspond.

He afterwards expressed his regret that his invention should have been promoted to undermine the principles of his Indian religion. He never became a Christian. When his tribe were obliged to move out of Georgia, he accompanied them to their new home in Arkansas. We next hear of him in Northern Mexico, and then at San Francisco, where he died at the age of seventy-eight, in August, 1843.

The Saturday Review.

MÉSALLIANCES.

THE French system of parents arranging the marriage of their children without the consent of the girl even being asked, but assumed as granted, is not so wholly monstrous as many people in England believe. It seems to be founded on the idea that, given a young girl who has been kept shut up from all possibility of forming the most shadowy attachment for any man whatsoever, and present to her as her husband a sufficiently well-endowed and nice-looking man, with whom come liberty, pretty dresses, balls, admiration, and social standing, the chances are that she will love him and live with him in tolerable harmony to the end of the chapter; and this idea is by no means wholly beside the truth, as we find it in practice. The parents, who are better judges of character and circumstance than the daughter can possibly be, are supposed to take care that their future son-in-law is up to their standard, whatever that may be, and that the connection is not of a kind to bring discredit on their house; and on this, and the joint income, as the solid bases, they build the not very unreasonable hypothesis that one man is as good as another for the satisfaction of a quite untouched and virginal fancy, and that suitable external conditions go further and last longer than passion. They trust to the force of instinct to make all square with the affections, while they themselves arrange for the smooth running of the social circumstances; and they are not far out in their calcula-

tions. The young people of the two lonely lighthouse islands, who made love to each other through telescopes, are good examples of the way in which instinct simulates the impulse which calls itself love when there are two or three instead of one to look at; for we may be quite sure that had the lighthouse island youth been John instead of James, fair instead of dark, garrulous instead of reticent, short and fat instead of tall and slender, the lighthouse island girl would have loved him all the same, and would have quite believed that this man was the only man she ever could have loved, and that her instinctive gravitation was her free choice. The French system of marriage, then, based on this accommodating instinct, works well for women who are not strongly individual, not inconstant by temperament, and not given to sentimentality. But, seeing that all women are not merely negative, and that passions and affections do sometimes assert themselves inconveniently, the system has had the effect of making society lenient to the little follies of married women, unless too strongly pronounced—partly because the human heart insists on a certain amount of free will, which fact must be recognized; but partly, we must remember, because of the want of the young-lady element in society. In England, where our girls are let loose early, we have free-trade in flirting; consequently, we think that all that sort of thing ought to be done with before marriage, and that, when once a woman has made her choice and put her neck under the yoke, she ought to stick to her bargain, and loyally fulfil her self-imposed engagement.

One consequence of this free-trade in flirting and this large amount of personal liberty is that love-marriages are more frequent with us than with the French, with whom, indeed, in the higher classes, they are next to impossible; and, unfortunately, the corollary to this is that love-marriages are too often *mésalliances*. There is of course no question, ethically, between virtuous vulgarity and refined vice. A groom who smells of the stable, and who speaks broad Somersetshire or racier Cumberland, but who is brave, faithful, honest,

incapable of a lie, or of meanness in any form, is a better man, than the best-bred gentleman whose life is as vicious as his soul is mean. The most undeniable taste in dress, and the most correct pronunciation, would scarcely reconcile us to cruelty, falsehood, or cowardice; and yet we do not know a father who would prefer to give his girl to the groom, and who would think horny-handed virtue, dressed in fustian and smelling of the stables, the fitter husband of the two. If we take the same case out of our own time and circumstances, we have no doubt as to the choice to be made. It seems to us a very little matter, that honest Charicles should tell his love to Aglaë in the broad Doric tongue instead of in the polished Athenian accents to which she was accustomed; that he should wear his chiton a hand's breadth too long or a span too short; that his chlamys should be flung across his brawny chest in a way which the young bloods of the time thought ungraceful; or that, as he assisted at a symposium, he should not hold the rhyton at quite the proper angle, but in a fashion at which the refined Cleon laughed as he nudged his neighbor. Yet all these conventional solecisms, of no account whatever now, would have weighed heavily against poor Charicles when he went to demand Aglaë's hand; and the balance would probably have gone down in favor of that scampish Cleon, who was an Athenian of the Athenians, perfect in all the graces of the age, but not to be compared to his rival in anything that makes a man noble or respectable. We, who read only from a distance, and do not see, think that Aglaë's father made a mistake, and that the honestest man would have been the better choice of the two. It is only when we bring the same circumstances home to ourselves that we realize the immense importance of the social element; and how, in this complex life of ours, we are unable to move in a single line independent of all it touches. Imagine a fine old county family with a son-in-law who ate peas with his knife, said "you was," and "they is," and came down to dinner in a shooting-jacket, and a blue bird's-eye tied in a wisp about his throat! He

might be the possessor of all imaginable virtues, and, if occasion required, a very hero and a *preux chevalier*, however rough; but occasions in which a man can be a hero or a *preux chevalier* are rare, whereas dinner comes every day, and the senses are never shut. The core within a conventionally ungainly envelop may be as sound as is possible to a corrupt humanity, but social life requires manners as well as principles; and though eating peas with a knife is not so bad as telling falsehoods, still we should all agree in saying, Give us truth that does not eat peas with its knife, let us have honesty in a dress coat and pureheartedness in a clean shirt, seeing that there is no absolute necessity for these several things to be disunited.

Love-marriages, made against the will of the parents before the character is formed, and while the obligations of society are still unrealized, are generally *mésalliances* founded on passion and fancy only. A man or woman of mature age who knows what he or she wants may make a *mésalliance*, but it is made with a full understanding and deliberate choice; and, if the thing turns out badly, they can blame themselves less for precipitancy than for wrong calculation. The man of fifty who marries his cook knows what he most values in women. It is not manners, and it is not accomplishments; perhaps it is usefulness, perhaps good-temper; at all events it is something that the cook has and that the ladies of his acquaintance have not, and he is content to take the disadvantages of his choice with its advantages. But the boy who runs away with his mother's maid neither calculates nor sees any disadvantages. He marries a pretty girl, because her beauty has touched his senses, or he is got hold of by an artful woman who has bamboozled and seduced him. It is only when his passion has worn off that he wakes to the full consequences of his mistake, and understands then how right his parents were when they cashiered his pretty Jane as soon as they became aware of what was going on, and sent that artful Sarah to the right about—just a week too late. It is the same with girls; but in a far greater

extent. If a youth's *mésalliance* is a millstone round his neck for life, a girl's is simply destruction. The natural instinct with all women is to marry above themselves; and we know on what physiological basis this instinct stands, and what useful social ends it serves. And the natural instinct is as true in its social as in its physiological expression. A woman's honor is in her husband; her status, her social life, are determined by his; and even the few women who, having made a bad marriage, have nerve and character enough to set themselves free from the personal association, are never able to thoroughly regain their maiden place. There is always something about them that clogs and fetters them, always a kind of aura of a doubtful and depressing kind that surrounds and influences them. If they have not strength to free themselves, they never cease to feel the mistake they have made, until the old sad process of degeneration is accomplished, and the "grossness of his nature" has had strength to drag her down. After a time, if her ladyhood has been of a superficial kind only, a woman who has married beneath herself may ease down into her groove, and be like the man she has married; if, however, she has sufficient force to resist outside influences she will not sink, but she will never cease to suffer. She has sinned against herself, her class, and her natural instincts; and so has done substantially a worse thing than has the boy who married his mother's maid. Society understands this, and, not unjustly, if harshly, punishes the one while it lets the other go scot-free; so that the woman who makes a *mésalliance* suffers on every side, and destroys her life almost as much as the woman who goes wrong. All this as is evident to parents and elders as that the sun shines. They understand the imperative needs of social life, and they know how fleeting the passions of youth are, and how they fade by time and use and inharmonious conditions; and they feel that their first duty to their children is to prevent a *mésalliance* which has nothing, and can have nothing, but passion for its basis. But novelists and poets are against the hard dull dictates of worldly wisdom, and

join in the apotheosis of love at any cost—all for love and the world well lost; love in a cottage, with nightingales and honeysuckles as the chief means of paying the rent; Libussa and her ploughman; the princess and the swineherd, &c. And the fathers who stand out against the ruin of their girls by means of estimable men of inferior condition and with not enough to live on, are stony-hearted and cruel, while the daughters who take to cold poison in the back-garden, if they cannot compass a secret honeymoon or an open flight, have all the sympathy and none of the censure. The cruel parent is the favorite whipping-boy of poetry and fiction; and yet which is likely to be the better guide—reason or passion? experience or ignorance? calculation or impulse? the maturity which can judge, or the youth which can only feel? There would be no hesitation in any other case than that of love, but the love instinct is generally considered to be superior to every other consideration, and to be obeyed as a divine voice, no matter at what cost or consequence.

The ideal of life, according to some, is founded on early marriages. But men are slower in the final setting of their character than women, and one never knows how a young fellow of twenty or so will turn out. If he is devout now, he may be an infidel at forty; if, under home influences, he is temperate and pure, when these are withdrawn he may become a rake of the fastest kind. His temper, morals, business power, ability to resist temptation, all are as yet inchoate and undefined; nothing is sure; and the girl's fancy that makes him perfect in proportion to his good looks, is a mere instinct determined by chance association. A girl, too, has more character to come out than she has shown in her girlhood. Though she sets sooner than men, she does not set unalterably, and marriage and maternity bring out the depths of her nature as nothing else can. It is only common sense, then, to marry her to a man whose character is already somewhat formed, rather than to one who is still fluid and floating. It is all very well to talk of fighting the battle of life together, and welding to-

gether by time. Many a man has been ruined by these detestable metaphors. The theory, partly true and partly pretty, is good enough in its degree; and, so far as the welding goes, we weld together in almost all things by time. We wear our shoe till we wear it into shape and it ceases to pinch us; but, in the process, we go through a vast deal of pain, and are liable to make corns that will last long after the shoe itself fits easily. We do not advocate the French system of marrying off our girls according to our own ideas of suitability, and without consulting them; but we not the less think that, of all fatal social mistakes, *mésalliances* are the most fatal, and, in the case of women, to be avoided and prevented at any cost short of a broken heart or a premature death. And even death sometimes would be better than the lifelong misery, the enduring shame and humiliation, of certain *mésalliances*.

Blackwood.

STAGE MORALITY, AND THE BALLET.

THE censorship of the press has long been abolished in Great Britain; and no one who knows anything of the literature that the censorship permitted, can conscientiously say that the cause of public morality has suffered in consequence. There has been a constant improvement for a century and a half; and even within the last thirty years, the offences against decency and good manners in the periodical press and in general literature have been marvellously few. Indecency and immorality in print are not to the taste of the nineteenth century; so that the absence of a censorship has neither done good nor evil. Public opinion has become the great irresponsible and despotic censor—a censor against whose judgment there is no appeal—and that is powerful enough to place under the ban of society, and under the pecuniary penalty of unpopularity, any author who, in his writings, offends against the decencies of life. Thomas Moore, in maturity and old age, was ashamed of the youthful pruriences of Thomas Little; Lord Byron, had his life been spared, might have been anxious to cancel many a too glowing passage in "Don Juan;"

and perhaps even the one living poet who sings the delights of lust will in after years submit to the great censorship of opinion, and learn, as others have learned before him, that "want of decency is want of sense."

But when, after a long and arduous struggle by the friends of the free dissemination of opinion, the British Parliament thought fit in the year 1694—the sixth of William and Mary—to abolish the licensing system of books, and consequently all censorship of literature, no similar step was taken to abolish the censorship exercised over the drama by the Lord Chamberlain. This functionary was originally a kind of upper steward to the sovereigns, and appointed and superintended the conduct of all the servants of the King and Queen, with the exception of the ladies of the Queen's bedchamber. Stage-players, from the earliest periods of English dramatic history, were either the servants of some great lord, like the Earls of Essex, Leicester, and Southampton in the days of Queen Elizabeth, or of the sovereign; and the actors at the two *ci-devant* patent theatres of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, though they never actually were the servants of, or in the pay of the sovereign, called themselves, and were called by others, "his Majesty's servants." This designation is still partially retained; and theoretically being servants in the royal household, the Lord Chamberlain has a theoretical jurisdiction over them. He is, by virtue of his chamberlainship, the licenser of all new plays; and his deputy, known as "the Examiner of Plays," may refuse his license, subject to the approval of his superior, to any new play that may appear to him to be profane, immoral, disloyal, or otherwise objectionable. There is nothing to show that this peculiar censorship has ever been exercised in an unjust or arbitrary manner; while, at the same time, there is nothing to prove that its influence has been beneficial, or that the stage without such supervision would have been other than it is. Censors and examiners of plays partake of the character of their accessories, just as grouse in the moors become ptarmigan on the mountains. Public opinion sways their judgments, though they may be totally unaware of

the bias; and if the public be, at any time and for any cause, immoral, or look with indulgence upon any particular vice—such as lewdness in the days of Charles II., or drunkenness in the days of George III.—the drama, that aspires "to hold the mirror up to nature, and show the very age and body of the time its form and feature," reflects these vices, and the Lord Chamberlain and his deputy make no objection. In spite of the supposed supervision and control of these functionaries, the stage in England has always appeared immoral to large classes of the people—not only to Puritans, and devout persons, who look upon all stage-plays either with abhorrence or disfavour, but to moralists like Addison and Steele in the earlier years of the last century, who were by no means prudish or Puritanical, but thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated good plays well acted. "It is one of the most unaccountable things in our age," says Addison, in No. 446 of the "Spectator," "that the lewdness of our theatres should be so much complained of, so well exposed, and so little redressed. It is to be hoped that, some time or other, we may be at leisure to restrain the licentiousness of the theatre, and make it contribute its assistance to the advancement of morality and the reformation of the age." Steele, in the "Tatler," and, indeed, all the essayists of that and the succeeding generation, complained of the indecency both of the dialogue and plot of the plays that were in favor, and of the behavior of the "Anonyms" and "pretty horse-breakers"—then designated by stronger epithets of the vernacular tongue than are current in our mim-mouthered epoch—who prevented fathers, husbands, and lovers from taking virtuous women within the precincts of such contamination. Since those days, the external behavior, if not the inner heart of society, has become purer, and the stage has participated in the refinement of manners and of literature, until it may be questioned whether, if such persons as the Lord Chamberlain and the Examiner of Plays were non-existent, the plays produced before modern audiences would not be as free from reproach on the score of gross indelicacy, as they now are. Our age may not be really more virtuous than any age that has

preceded it; but as far as regards literature and the drama, and the public observances of all the *bienséances* of life and society in the printed book and on the open stage, it is undoubtedly purer. Even if in this respect it be hypocritical, the hidden vice pays its homage to public virtue, and keeps to decency in language; and not only the stage itself, but its accessories, have been purified. Within the last thirty years—thanks, mainly, to the courageous good example of Mr. Macready, and, after him, of Mr. Charles Kean, Mr. Phelps, and others—a scandal was removed, not exactly from the stage, but from the auditory, among whom professional harlots had not only been permitted but encouraged by previous managers to intrude themselves, without payment of entrance-money. Since that time the *hetairæ* as a class have been rigidly excluded, and if admitted as individuals on payment, have been compelled to conduct themselves with the same propriety as the rest of the audience, under the penalty of expulsion, and a night in the prison of the police court. This, too, has been a great gain, and removed one of the great objections to the theatre entertained by the people who had no objection to the drama.

But if in our day the language of the drama has been decorous, the plot and action have not always been beyond reproach. Stage morality, except in high tragedy, which has been gradually going out of date, is but poor morality at the best; and the French, the English, the German, and the American stage teem with pieces which youths and virgins and virtuous married women are none the better for witnessing, unless their souls are so pure that the rains of vice run over without wetting them, like moisture from the seabird's wings. Yet in this respect also, whatever may be the case on the European continent, there has been in England a decided improvement.

The most popular of the new pieces that have the longest run in London, and retain their hold most firmly on public favor, are virtuous *par excellence*, and trust for their success upon sensational incident, and the sorrows and agonies of innocent heroes and heroines in real life, and not upon *double entendre* and dialogue spiced

with eroticism and sensuality. But good new plays being remarkably scarce, and good old ones being unrepresentable, because there are no rising young actors to take the leading parts—no one fit to play Macbeth or Lady Macbeth, Othello or Desdemona, Romeo or Juliet, Hamlet or Lear—the public, that always hankers after novelty, has transferred the favor which our fathers and grandfathers bestowed upon Shakespeare's plays, and other masterpieces of dramatic genius, to music and dancing. The great majority of people live hard and fast in our day, and they do not like to have their feelings harrowed overmuch in the theatre, but want to laugh and to be amused, without much exercise of thought. They like the senses rather than the intellect to be gratified, and above all, desire not to be bored. There never arises a public want but there is somebody to cater to its gratification; and music-halls, where the ballet and the display of the feminine form constitute as great an attraction as the music, have sprung up not only in the metropolis, but in every part of the country. On the English stage, dancing is of comparatively recent introduction; and we know that in Shakespeare's days, and long afterwards the women's parts were generally performed by young men—and that an English king, impatient for the commencement of a piece that he had come purposely to see, and demanding the cause of the delay in the rising of the curtain, was informed that the Queen was being shaved, and could not appear until that operation had been performed. It was not until the time of Charles II., in 1650, that the first English lady who ever trod the stage appeared in the character of Desdemona. Once this great improvement took place, the introduction of the dance as a part of the entertainment was a matter of course. But the modern ballet, such as it is now exhibited, with its enregimented and battalioned young ladies, was, until a comparatively recent date, the exclusive spectacle of the aristocracy, and only flourished in all its glory at such places as the Italian opera-houses. But with a taste for the music of the million there also arose a taste for the ballet of the million, preceded,

within the last twenty or thirty years, by such grosser representations of the female form as were provided by *tableaux vivants* and *poses plastiques*. As it required, however, a certain degree of æsthetic culture, and acquaintance with the ancient Greek and Roman mythology, to appreciate thoroughly the poetry that might lurk in these exhibitions—a degree of culture which the “million” never did and never will possess—the ballet, which the million as well as the few can enjoy, increased in favor. Not that the ballet, in itself, was anything new and strange. On the contrary, though new to England, it is as old as the Pyrrhic dance in Greece, and the religious festival of Bacchus, Flora, and many others which are familiar to students. In these festivals there were dances, in which the female performers were not chary of the personal exposure of their charms, and which drew down occasionally the rebuke of severe moralists.

“It happened,” says Addison in the “Spectator,” “that Cato once dropped into a Roman theatre when the Floralia were to be represented; and as in that performance, which was a kind of religious ceremony, there were several indecent parts to be acted, the people refused to see them while Cato was present. Martial on this hint made the following epigram, which we must suppose was applied to some grave friend of his that had been accidentally present at some such entertainment:—

“Why dost thou come, great censor of the age,

To see the loose diversions of the stage?

With awful countenance and brow severe,

What in the name of goodness dost thou here?

See the mixed crowd, how giddy, lewd, and vain—

Didst thou come in but to go out again?”

It cannot be asserted by the severest moralist that the ballet, though it partakes of the character of a pagan festival, is of necessity indecent or immodest, and that it may not be made the source of much innocent and refined enjoyment. It is a mistake, too, to suppose that the ballet has exclusive attractions for men. Educated and accomplished women, both young and old, love to see a handsome girl, hand-

somely dressed or draped, displaying herself in the graceful figures and movements of the dance, upon the same principle that they admire a picture, a poem, a flower, a tree, a landscape, or anything in the works of God or man that appeals to the sense of beauty, proportion, and harmony. And if one such young woman is a beautiful sight, fifty or a hundred or more of such women dressed alike, or slightly differing for the contrast of color, are, *pari passu*, a beautiful spectacle, when they perform their gyrations and evolutions upon the stage, and neither by gesture nor sign nor suggestion convey, or seek to convey, to the mind of the beholder any impression but that which springs from the legitimate exercise of their art. The scanty drapery of the ballet-girls, when not carried to the extreme that suggests—not dancing, or the ease and grace of dancing, but something else—is no offence either against modesty or good manners. Yet ever since the days of Martial, and perhaps long before, the prudes, Puritans, and sterner moralists of society have seen in the public dance a means for the corruption of public manners through the eye, which they have never wearied in denouncing. Addison, in the article in the “Spectator” from which extract has already been made, has a good-natured fling at the stage-dancers of his day when the ballet was as yet unknown. “I,” he says, “who know nothing of women but from seeing plays, can give great guesses at the whole structure of the fair sex by being innocently placed in the pit, and insulted by the petticoats of the dancers—the advantages of whose pretty persons are a great help to a dull play.” The costume of the modern ballet of thirty years ago, when Taglioni’s graceful skirts barely displayed the knee, was objected to by the prudes of both sexes. In spite, however, of objections, good-natured and otherwise, the ballet has continued to grow in popularity, and the skirts of the dancers to grow less; and such entertainments have spread from the Italian opera-houses to the great, and afterwards to the minor, theatres, and, finally, have invaded and taken possession of the music-halls. By degrees the real nudity of the shoulders,

and the simulated nudity of the lower limbs of the *coryphées*, has reached a climax in our day, and has at last excited such a clamor, that for the first time in the history of his anomalous office, the Lord Chamberlain has considered it his duty to look after the petticoats of the ladies. Under date of the 28th of January, Lord Sydney addressed the following circular to the managers of all the theatres under his jurisdiction:—

"The Lord Chamberlain presents his compliments to the manager of the ———. He has learned with regret, from observations in the press, and from other sources, that there is much reason to complain of the impropriety of costume of the ladies in the pantomimes, burlesques, etc., which are now being performed in some of the metropolitan theatres. He has noticed for some time past that this evil has been gradually on the increase, but he has been most unwilling to interfere in a matter which he considers ought more properly to be left to the discretion and good taste of the managers themselves. Now, however, that the question has been taken up by the press, and public opinion is being expressed upon it, he feels himself compelled to call the serious attention of the managers to the subject; for he cannot but remark the discredit that now justly falls on the stage, and the objections which are being raised against it by many who have hitherto frequented the theatres, but who now profess themselves unwilling to permit the ladies of their families to sanction by their presence such questionable exhibitions.

"The Lord Chamberlain, with every anxiety to promote the interests of the stage, trusts that he may confidently appeal to the managers to assist in abating the evil complained of, which threatens to become a public scandal.

"He has purposely addressed these observations in the form of a circular to the managers of all theatres under his jurisdiction, without imputing blame to any in particular, and will gladly receive from them any observations or suggestions which they may wish to offer on the subject.

"LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE,
Jan. 28, 1869."

The dull ear of the public is not easily startled, but this document, to use a favorite expression of the day, "created a sensation." For a while the idle people at the clubs, at breakfast-tables, and at dinner-parties forgot their old topics of conversation—whether the Greek difficulty would be settled; whether it was likely that the vinegar

of Mr. Lowe, the oil of Mr. Gladstone, the salt of Mr. Bright, the pepper of Mr. Layard, the sugar of Lord Hatherley, and the succulent greenery of Lord Granville and the junior members of the Administration, would combine efficiently in the Ministerial salad; whether Mr. Gladstone really had leanings to Ritualism and to Rome; whether the Duke de Montpensier had the ghost of a chance for the throne of Spain; and whether the Orleanists generally were not a little too cock-sure about a change in the public opinion of France in their favor—all these great and little topics were whiffed aside by the breath of the Lord Chamberlain's gentle and suggestive missive, and nudity, and semi-nudity, under all their aspects—philosophical, moral, æsthetic, and dramatic—were everywhere discussed with edification—or without; but with evident gusto, especially on the part of strong-minded ladies. Most people seemed to think that Lord Sydney—if he imagined that the regulation of petticoats in the interests of decency were a part of his legitimate business—should have seen with his own eyes what he took it upon himself to condemn; and asked why he should rely upon the newspapers and "other sources" for the truth of a fact which he might so easily have investigated for himself. Another objection taken to his well-meant but weak display of an authority which it is by no means certain that he possesses, was found in the fact that, even if he had the jurisdiction which he seems to claim over the theatres, he has no authority over the music-halls; and in the other fact, that it is the music-halls which are the especial offenders. The circular elicited a great deal of discussion, but it is to be doubted whether it did or will produce the slightest good, unless it be a good that attention has been drawn to the fact that a censorship is still claimed and exercised.

After all, the question of the immorality of nudity—which is but a simulated nudity in the limbs, and a real nudity in the bust, which real nudity is as common to what is called full dress in the best private society as it is to the stage—lies in the intent of the person who displays, and in the

mind of the person who beholds it. Bailey's lovely statue of "Eve at the Fountain," in which there is not the slightest pretence of drapery or concealment of the divine form, fresh from the hands of the Creator, is purity itself; and any one who sees impurity in it has the impurity in his own heart. In the same manner, there is no indelicacy in the display of the pretty bare legs of little maidens of from four or five years old, or in the bare feet and ankles of the bonny Scotch lasses, innocent alike of shoes and stockings and of evil intent, though there would be indecency in the display of naked leg and foot in the streets of London or Edinburgh by full-grown damsels, who made the display for a meretricious purpose. There are statues and statuettes to be seen all over Europe in which nudity is as complete as it is beautiful; but when such statues or statuettes are imitated by purveyors of obscenity, and crowned with a modern bonnet, wrapped in a modern shawl, and encased in modern stockings, and nothing else, their vile intention becomes apparent, and they fall properly under the cognizance of the police. The display is not indecent *per se*, as when an actress of high attainments and genius, in default of an actor of truthfulness and talent enough to undertake the part, appears as Romeo; any more than it is indelicate or improper for a man to hide the form by appearing in petticoats to play the part of one of the witches in Macbeth. The intention is everything, just as it is in killing. If you intend to kill, you are a murderer, and deserve the murderer's fate. If you kill in self-defence, and in a just and patriotic cause—like a soldier—you are not blamable, but virtuous. In like manner, the scanty drapery of the ballet for the purposes of art, and art alone, is no offence against good taste or good manners; but if the ballet-girl—not for the sake of art, but for the sake of attracting lewd attention—overdoes the scantiness, and betrays the immodesty of her mind by her motions or gestures, she commits an offence, and ought to be hissed from the stage which she disgraces.

In fact, the greatest admirers of the ballet are those who most object to the present style of undress, which foolish

caterers to the public imagine to be popular when it is the reverse. The ballet, as an ancient *roué* once said, ought to leave something to the imagination. A murder only interests the public very greatly when it is a mystery, or whether there be a considerable chance that the murderer may be found not guilty. When all is known the interest ceases; and if it were possible that the ballet-girls should denude themselves of petticoats and drapery altogether, and be as apparently nude as the late Adah Isaacs Menken in her favorite character of "Mazeppa," the *roués* of society would be among the loudest in the expression of their abhorrence, and in their determination to banish the abomination from the stage. Let us have graceful dancing, by all means, and let us, if possible, have virtuous women for dancers. Let managers of theatres and of music-halls imitate the example of Mr. Macready and Mr. Charles Kean, and regulate the affairs of their establishments on the principle that the profession of the dramatic art in all its branches and departments—histrionic, musical, choregraphic—is as respectable as any other profession by which men and women earn their honest bread; and there will be no need of any other censorship, or of a Lord Chamberlain or any other functionary to measure the length of a petticoat, and draw a line above the knee or below it, where it may suit his prudery, his ignorance, or his affectation to leave it. Better that public opinion should regulate such matters than that a King Bomba, whose collection of ancient art at Naples was the most obscene in the world, should issue sumptuary edicts against dancing-women, and permit none to appear in the ballet without green or pink trousers, after the style worn by the traditionary Fatimas of the stage. Public taste in this country is, in the main, pure and wholesome, as our literature may proudly testify. It is almost as healthy in the drama, without being indebted in any respect to the real or nominal censorship of the Lord Chamberlain. If at any place of public entertainment the undress of women is of a character to deter men from introducing their pure-minded mothers, wives, sisters, or daughters to witness the performance, such place of entertainment is

doomed to bankruptcy. It may drag on a precarious existence for a while, by keeping within a hair's-breadth of the penalties of the law that prohibits the immodest exposure of the person; but the world and the world's opinion are against it, and it must go the way of all anachronisms and offences against the public conscience. But let us not, in the outcry against short petticoats, commit treason against an art that ministers, like other arts, to the gratification of the sense of beauty. All true art is like music—it cannot be indecent or improper in itself, and is only made so by the extraneous association of words and thoughts that come out of the mind of the observer, and not out of the things observed. "To the pure all things are pure." "In dancing," says Sir Richard Steele, "all the charms of an agreeable person are in their highest exercise; every limb and feature appears with its reflective grace. As all art is an imitation of nature, so this is an imitation of nature in its highest excellence. The business of dancing is to display beauty; and for that reason all distortion and mimeries, as such, are what raise aversion instead of pleasure.

. . . The dancers on our stage are very faulty in this kind; and what they mean by writhing themselves into such postures as it would be a pain for any of the spectators to stand in, and yet hope to please those spectators, is unintelligible." And it is in this respect that reform is in our day still more needful than it was in the days when Addison and Steele were the arbiters of taste and the high-priests of criticism. To see a semi-nude woman balance herself upon her toe, and keep one leg in a vertical and the other in a horizontal position for minutes, is neither graceful nor pleasant, nor can the painful exhibition be dignified with the name of dancing. It is these *tours de force* that lead to the personal displays which offend good taste. If the managers would discourage these gymnastics, public opinion would support them; and if they would exercise a moral supervision over the young women in their employ, in the fatherly spirit displayed by Mr. Macready and Mr. Charles Kean in other and higher departments of the drama, the petticoats would soon descend again

to the normal length that the art of dancing requires, and dancing itself become as moral as the music to which it is an accompaniment.

Intellectual Observer.

THE POLAR WORLD.*

DR. HARTWIG has shown himself a very clever compiler of popular scientific works, and the present is perhaps the best he has produced. The "Polar World" has always excited a charm over the minds of maritime nations, and the lovers of adventure in strange countries. The varied forms of icebergs gleaming in the auroral coruscations of the long night of the Arctic regions, the temperature so low that mercury solidifies, the huge wastes of trackless snow, the warmer portions with open water, the homes of the walrus, the white bear, the whale, the grampus, and the auks—these, together with the vegetation, so different from that of temperate regions, all contribute to a series of pictures, well represented in Dr. Hartwig's pages, and on which young and old may dwell with curiosity and delight.

It is not latitude alone that determines the arctic character of a given region; as the climate is affected by the relative dispositions of land and sea, by the influence of the warm Gulf-stream currents, and by the positions of mountain ranges and their heights. After passing from the colder temperate lands to the polar zones, two distinctly characteristic regions will be observed—that of "the forest, and that of the treeless wastes. The latter, comprising the islands within the Arctic circle, form a belt, more or less broad, bounded by continental shores of the North Polar Seas, and gradually merging, towards the south, into the forest region, which encircles them with a garland of ever-green *Coniferae*." When trees cease, mosses and lichens form the chief vegetation, and "in winter, when animal life has mostly retreated to the south, or

* "The Polar World: a Popular Description of Man and Nature in the Arctic and Antarctic Regions of the Globe." By Dr. G. Hartwig, author of "The Sea and its Living Wonders;" "The Harmonies of Nature;" "The Tropical World;" etc. With eight Chromo-xylographic Plates, three Maps, and numerous Woodcuts. Longmans.

sought refuge in burrows and in caves, an awful silence, interrupted only by the hooting of a snow owl or the yelping of a fox, reigns over their vast expanse." With the spring and summer, numerous flights of birds appear, and the coasts swarm with fish, gnats abound in the swamps, and the scene is enlivened by flowering plants.

The "treeless zone of Europe, Asia, and America occupies a larger space than the whole of Europe. Even the African Sahara and the Pampas of South America are inferior in extent to the Siberian Tundri." Still larger are the forest regions, frequently monotonous from the prevalence of the Coniferae, but varied in certain districts by birch and dwarf willows. The birch grows further north than the pines and firs can follow; and the willow makes its fight for life against adverse conditions, until it is reduced to a little shrub. Many valuable timber trees belong to the milder portions of the Arctic regions, and our plantations and gardens are enriched by arctic species of pinus, abies, picea, etc.

The power of the human frame to accommodate itself to the intense cold of the Polar circle is truly wonderful. Kane experienced a temperature so low, that chloric ether became solid, and the mean of his best spirit thermometers registered -68° and -100° below the freezing point of water. Not only natives, but travellers, soon grow accustomed to the great cold. They get hungry, consume great quantities of fat food, and maintain their animal heat with surprisingly little suffering. Dr. Hartwig cites Kane's account of Petersen, who lived for two years at Upernavik, and seldom entered a room with a fire; and of George Riley who could sleep comfortably on sledge journeys with no other cover than a walking-suit, although the temperature was -30° . The average immunity from disease, and general safety of Arctic expeditions, made the conduct of our Government in doing so little for the rescue of Franklin all the more blamable. A few months on an African or West Indian station are far more perilous than a sojourn in Arctic regions of much longer duration.

Dr. Hartwig has culled from Arctic voyagers many interesting accounts of

icebergs, ice-floes, etc., and has adorned his book with beautiful plates of these wonders of the Polar zone; and it is necessary to familiarize the mind with their vast dimensions to enable us to understand the important action which ice had in former ages in forming and shaping many of the strata in our country, deposited or modified, when our climate was much more severe. A single stranded iceberg, roughly measured by Dr. Hayes, was estimated to contain 27,000 millions of cubic feet, and to weigh 2,000 millions of tons. Another stranded iceberg, seen by Ross, was 4,167 yards long, 3,689 yards broad, and 51 feet high above the level of the sea. This monster was estimated at 1,292,397,673 tons! Many of these monster icebergs come down to the sea from Polar rivers and glaciers, bringing with them prodigious quantities of earthy matter. Tindall Glacier has two miles of sea front, and Humboldt Glacier, connecting Greenland with Washington Land, stands up 300 feet above the sea, and extends for sixty miles from Cape Agassiz to Cape Forbes.

When exposed to warmer air or a warmer water current, icebergs become very brittle, and "Scoresby relates the adventure of two sailors who were attempting to fix an anchor to a berg. They began to hew a hole in the ice, but scarcely had the first blow been struck when suddenly the immense mass split from top to bottom and fell asunder, the two halves falling in contrary directions with a prodigious crash."

In the "Polar World" will be found descriptions of the various Arctic races, Laps, Samoyedes, Ostjaks, Jakuts, Tungusi, Esquimaux, etc., compiled in a pleasant way from a great number of sources. The Jakuts (of Siberia) are stated to be remarkable for their sharpness of sight, and a curious instance is mentioned of one of them pointing to Jupiter, and telling Lieut. Anjou that "he had often seen yonder blue star devour a smaller one, and then after a time cast it out again." He must have seen the first and last stages of the transit of a satellite, a feat which may have been performed in other places, as astronomical works mention several cases of persons able to see the larger satellites with the naked eye.

Arctic life requires ample digestive powers, and the heat necessary for existence can only be maintained by a large consumption of what Liebig terms the respiratory elements. In illustration of this, Dr. Hartwig cites Captain Parry, who, as a matter of curiosity, once tried how much an Esquimaux would eat. In twenty-four hours he consumed $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of frozen sea-horse flesh, and the same quantity boiled, together with one pound twelve ounces "bread and bread dust." To these solids, weighing $10\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, he added a pint and a quarter of rich soup, three rim glasses of strong spirits, a tumbler of strong grog, and one gallon and one pint of water; nor did he deem this supply at all extraordinary in quantity.

After describing the chief expeditions to the northern Polar regions, including the disastrous one of Sir John Franklin, and those in search of him, Dr. Hartwig turns to the Southern Pole, with which our acquaintance is very limited. Sir James Ross, surmounting the most awful perils, managed to reach lat. $78^{\circ} 11' S.$, and found the way blocked by prodigious coast walls of ice. In $77^{\circ} 5' S.$ he saw Mount Erebus in magnificent eruption, and since his voyage no one has ventured to explore the mysteries of the Antarctic Pole.

As a book of pleasant reading, beautifully illustrated, and handsomely printed, "The Polar World" deserves, and will command, a high place.

DEAN MILMAN.

THE EDITOR.

THE very able critical sketch from the *Saturday Review* which appeared in our pages shortly after the death of this eminent poet, historian, and divine, renders unnecessary anything more than a mere enumeration of the salient features of his career. Moreover, his name and fame are too familiar to the readers of our time to require any elaborate exposition.

Henry Hart Milman was born in London, on the 10th day of February, 1791. He came of a good family, a little above what in England is called the middle class; being the youngest son of Sir Francis Milman, first Baronet and physician to George III. Sir Francis, being a man of means and culture, gave every educational advantage to his sons, and

young Henry commenced his studies at the school of Dr. Burney, of Greenwich, one of the most learned men of his time, fully able to hold his own with the famous Cambridge scholar, Porson.

From Dr. Burney's, he was transferred to Eton, and from there to Oxford, where he graduated in 1812, taking the highest classical honors, and the degrees of B.A. and M.A.

He also received the Newdegate prize for his poem on the Apollo Belvedere. Here was a commencement full of promise; and, fortunately for contemporary literature, the old aphorism, about first honors never being heard of in after life, failed of being verified in his case.

In 1815, he published "Fazio, a Tragedy," produced with immediate success at the Covent Garden theatre, and is the only modern tragedy which has retained the suffrages of the public for half a century.

As a singular illustration, or rather an illustration frequent enough in those days, of the injustice with which authors who are even now living had to contend, we may mention that Fazio was seized upon and produced by the theatrical managers, not only without the author's consent, but he was powerless even to secure the proper pronunciation of the word. Nor was this an exceptional case.

The republic of letters has still a good many shackles to throw off, but it is now haply free from anything of this kind.

Mr. Milman took holy orders in 1817, and was appointed Vicar of St. Mary's, Reading.

In the succeeding year, he published "Samor, Lord of the Bright City: an heroic poem," which went into a second edition the same year, but which has since fallen into oblivion.

In 1820, he published the "Fall of Jerusalem," a dramatic poem, founded on Josephus' narration of the siege of that city. This is his finest poetic work, and deserves a much wider circle of readers than it has ever yet obtained.

In the following year (1821) he was appointed Professor of Poetry to the University of Oxford, and published three other dramatic poems—"The Martyr of Antioch," "Belshazzar," and "Anne Boleyn." Of these, The Martyr

of Antioch seems to have been the only one which added anything to the fame of the author.

In 1827, he published "Sermons at the Bampton Lecture," and in 1829 appeared his first purely historical work—the "History of the Jews," written for Murray's Family Library. This is in many respects a remarkable work, not from its historical value merely, but as having first led Mr. Milman into the field in which he afterward so distinguished himself. It is also remarkable as almost the first work from the pen of a churchman of repute, which accepted the results of German rationalistic criticism and researches, and applied precisely the same principles to the elimination of the bases of sacred history which had been generally accepted in investigating the profane. The religious world in England was very much exercised on its appearance, and some extremely "orthodox" people even went so far as to pronounce it infidel in its tendencies. The principal accusation which we can remember to have been brought against it was, that it declared Abraham to have been an Arab Shiek or Emir. The History of the Jews was a genuine literary surprise, and to none probably more than to the author himself, who had drifted far out from his original design in its preparation.

Very shortly after the appearance of this work, he edited Gibbon's "Rome," appending notes, making criticisms, &c., and produced a work which has ever since been universally considered the most scholarly and reliable edition of that famous history. Some time between 1830 and 1840 a collected edition of Milman's Poetical Works appeared, which, in addition to those enumerated above, contained "Nala and Damayanti," a translation from the Sanskrit.

In 1840, he published his "History of Christianity, from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire," probably his historical masterpiece.

In this work his broad and liberal mind, incapable of narrow dogmatism, and his enlarged views, are even more conspicuous than in the History of the Jews. He enters the field in no partisan spirit, and professes to treat Christianity solely in its moral, social, and political influences, referring to its esoteric

doctrines no further than is necessary for explaining the general effect of the system.

In 1849 appeared "The Works of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, illustrated with Remains of Ancient Art, with a Life by H. H. Milman;" also a "Life of Horace," with some very able critical remarks on the great Latin poet.

In the latter part of this year, Mr. Milman, who had for some years been Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and a canon of Westminster, was made Dean of St. Paul's, which position he held until his death.

His latest published work, with the exception of "The Annals of St. Paul's Cathedral," was a "History of Latin Christianity," a continuation of the "History of Christianity," but complete in itself. These two great works are the finest productions of his genius, and constitute his title-deeds to immortality. They will be read and their importance appreciated as long as the English tongue is spoken, or until the progress of philological and antiquarian discovery shall afford material for some later Milman to retrace the ground, and, in a manner, to supersede them.

Dean Milman, in addition to his strictly historical and poetical labors, was all his life one of the chief contributors to the *Quarterly Review*, and he is known in many an English household by several very beautiful hymns.

He died September 24, 1868, in his seventy-eighth year.

Dean Milman was a great man—few in this century greater, and few have had a more powerful influence on modern thought, or rather in that department of it called the Theological. He is the most distinguished exponent of that liberal movement by which Christianity has thrown off, in a measure, her inflexibility, and accepted the scientific discoveries of the age, confident that in essentials she can only be strengthened by increase of human knowledge, and willing to stand by essentials alone. If he had accomplished nothing but this, he would have entitled himself to that shadowy reward, the gratitude of posterity; for we consider this the most vital movement of the times. But he accomplished much more. He was a poet of the first order, and would have been more generally recog-

nized as such, but for the overshadowing popularity of the Wordsworth-Tennyson school; and he was unsurpassed as a critic. In fact, in everything that he undertook, he rose to the very foremost rank.

We feel that we cannot close this sketch more appropriately than by quoting the words of a recent writer—a personal friend of the Dean:—

"To complete and round this career it only remains to add that Dean Milman's life was crowned with an euthanasia. He had all that life could give, and he had contributed largely to the instruction of mankind, and to the good of the Church; not in one direction only, for it must not be forgotten that the scheme for the completion and decoration of St. Paul's, which is sure some day or other to be completed, is owing to his septuagenarian zeal and activity. He died in

the ripeness of his age, in the mature perfection and complete retention of his faculties, with few of the sufferings of mortality. He often used, in a strange pathetic way, to deprecate that life in death, or rather death in life, which results from paralysis; and in his sermon on Wellington's funeral he said how merciful was the dispensation granted to the Great Duke that he had been spared that terrible end which Johnson, because he so dreaded it, so wonderfully painted:—

From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a show.

Though struck down by paralysis, he died calmly and peacefully, without experiencing the terrible consequences of paralysis. And so Dean Milman has gone to his rest, a complete and noble man."

POETRY.

THE CUCKOO-CLOCK.

FROM MRS. SOUTHEY'S POEMS.

Long did I meditate—yea, often dream
By day and night, at school-time and at play—
Alas! at holiest seasons, even at church
The vision haunted me—of that rare thing,
And his surpassing happiness to whom
Fate should assign its fellow. Thereupon
Sprang up crude notions, vague incipient schemes
Of future independence: Not like those
Fermenting in the youthful brain of her
Maternally, on fashionable system,
Train'd up betimes i' the way that she should go
To the one great end—a good establishment.
Yet similar in *some sort* were our views
Toward contingent power. "When I'm a woman
I'll have," quoth I,—so far the *will* and *when*
Tallied exactly, but our difference lay
Touching the end to be achieved. With me,
Not settlements, and pin-money, and spouse
Appendent, but in unencumber'd right
Of womanhood—a *house and cuckoo-clock!*
Hark! as I hang reflective o'er my task,
The pen fresh-nibb'd and full, held idly yet;
What sound comes clicking through the half-closed
door,
Distinct, monotonous?—"Tis even so;
Years past, the pledge (self-plighted) was redeem'd:
There hangs, with its companionable voice,
The cuckoo-clock in this mine house.—Ay, mine;
But left unto me desolate. Such end
Crowns oft Ambition's most successful aim
(Success than disappointment more defeating);
Passionate longing grasps the ripened fruit
And finds it marr'd, a canker at the core:

What shall I dare desire of earthly good
The seeming greatest: what in prayer implore
Or deprecate, of that my secret soul
In fondness and in weakness covets most
Or deepest dreads, but with the crowning clause,
The sanctifying—"Lord! Thy will be done?"

SONNETS.

I.

As where, perchance, no warbled note is heard
Some summer's eve, when fast the daylight fades,
And silence reigns, as around slumbering maids,
Whose minds by pleasant dreams alone are stirred
Of happy days and love; some stranger bird
Comes singing homewards to the leafy shades,
And all the rest with carols fill the glades,
In rivalry; so with no joyous word
Was our home vocal, gravely mute were we,
And each mind rested like a stagnant sea;
When thou, with flowing hair and tender eyes,
And mellow tones, and thousand witcheries,
Camest, as sleepers by a ray of light,
Arousing us and filling with delight.

II.

A long half-year has passed since I saw thee,
And many thoughts have dwelt within my brain
But yet the thought of thee would still remain;
And many paths have since been trod by me,
But none can e'er efface the memory
Of that we trod together, love, we twain!
Many fair forms have met my eyes, again
And yet again have tried their witchery,
Yet cannot cast o'er me the chains of love;

The brow of none thrones intellect like thine,
No voice discourses tones so much that move,
No sparkling eyes with happy wit so shine,
None claim such soul, such love, such worth, above
All else, a thousand times surpassing mine.

PETRARCH ON THE DEATH OF LAURA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

[NOTE.—The poet, finding himself in a lone but beautiful spot, where the nightingales are singing in their soft, melancholy tones, sits down to think of Laura, whom he fancies he can see, and hear answering in pity the lamentations of his heart.]

HERE would I sit, and muse in pensive love
Of her who shines so bright in heaven above,
When birds lament because they cannot pair,
Where leaves wait softly to the summer air,
On this green bank where fragrant flowers are seen.
Beside the margin of yon murmuring stream,
She whom the earth conceals, in thought I see,
Thus answers to my sighs, and pities me:
"Wherefore, alas! that grievous flow of tears?
Weep not for me! By death my earthly years
Became eternal! and my then clos'd eyes
Awoke to brighter light beyond the skies!
Ah! why consume thyself before thy time?
There LOVE is earthly—here it is Divine!"

L.

ON THE REMOVAL OF SOME FAMILY PORTRAITS.

SILENT friends! fare ye well—shadows, adieu.
Living friends long I've lost, now I lose you.
Bitter tears many I've shed, you've seen them flow;
Dreary hours many I've sped, full well ye know.
Yet in my loneliness, kindly, methought,
Still ye looked down on me, mocking me not.
With light speech and hollow words, grating so
sore,
The sad heart with many ills sick to the core.
Then, if my clouded skies brightened awhile,
Seemed your soft, serious eyes almost to smile.
Silent friends! fare ye well—shadows, adieu.
Living friends long I've lost, now I lose you.
Taken from hearth and board, when all were gone;
I look'd up at you, and felt not quite alone.
Not quite companionless, while in each face
Met me familiar the stamp of my race.
Thine, gentle ancestress! dove-eyed and fair,
Melting in sympathy oft for my care.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

NEVERMORE.

THE artless plans of childhood—the rambles
through the wild wood—
The stories told by muses, or gleaned from fairy
lore—
Of chieftain or of rover—too soon for us are over;
They charmed us in that pleasant time, but charm
us—nevermore.
The youth's fond aspiration—to rise above his
station
By deeds of early daring, or a prize from learning's
store;

Too oft the light has faded, or shines upon us
jaded,
As we resign the struggle, to combat—nevermore.

Or, after painful trouble, we find fame but a bubble,
And worn by disappointment, would seek some
peaceful shore,
Lost is the better feeling that might bring sound
heart-healing—
Repulsed each loving spirit, to come back—never-
more.

And sinking into old age, the future seems a cold
page,
That we avert our eyes from, as fruitless to ex-
plore;
The dreary acts are ended, all energy expended;
The lamp of life is failing, to brighten—never-
more.

AN EPIGRAM.

Of the smallness of small men, the best test of all
Is their hate of the greatness that proves them so
small.

THE SECRET IN THE AIR.

Nor a leaf is on the beech, not a blossom on the
elm;
And all the green is in the grass and in the velvet
moss;
For the hues of livid purple e'en the ivies over-
whelm,
And the willows that are first brown and barren
branches toss.

But a secret in the smiling air, whose breezes
come and go,
Doing service unproclaimed upon the hill and in
the vale,
And the gayety and force that are beating to and
fro
In the swarms of little winglets, seem to hint a
pleasant tale.

Yes, the flowers under earth, and the leaves
within the bud,
Must be waiting for the promised change of sunny
life to come:
Must be waiting like the children that with spirits
on the flood
Are all eager for the mystery that gathers them
at home.

The clouds have covered heaven, but they cannot
shed a gloom,
Though not a ray of shining gold doth slant upon
the earth;
And the air is more transparent, and they wear a
whiter bloom,
And everywhere, but half-suppressed, there lurks
a well of mirth.

The branch hath ta'en a softer brown, the bud a
richer black,
The note of birds is rounding into sweeter swell
and power,

Earth and Heaven both are listening to far steps
upon the track
That leadeth toward their winter-withered, leaf-
abandoned bower.

And lo! a joyous leaping in the rosy springs of
life,
And the South's caressing kisses on the cheek,
and eye, and brow,
And the ankle as if winged, and the limb with
vigor rife,
Make the bosom light with pleasure that the
Spring is coming now!

THE PEARL OF THE COURT.

BEAUTY, as the poets sing,
In the vales of life is found,
Hidden sweetness, violets hid
Twixt the leafage and the ground.

Worthy of divinest song,
So divinest singers tell,
Are these Chloes of the plain,
These Dorindas of the dell.

Sunny locks about them float,
Blue as summer beam their eyes,
Roses freshen in their cheeks,
Aromatic are their sighs.

Happy poets, who in song
Can their hearts melodious break,
For the beauty that they find,
And the beauty that they make!

Not by unanointed eyes
Are these sylvan Phrynes seen;
Humble birth for most implies
Homely face and awkward mien.

Hidden blossoms there may be,
Gems of hedgerow and of field;
But the gem of the parterre
Only the parterre can yield.

Rosy is the Queen of May,
While the rustics round her sport;
But the village Pearl would ill
Match the Pearl of all the Court.

Look upon her queenly brow,
Note the wonder of her face,
Its inimitable lines,
Its incomparable grace!

Eyes of the Immortals gaze
From those lids on things of earth,
With a sadness of the soul,
Half the heritage of birth.

Perfect beauty such as this
Centuries alone could give;
All the charms of all her race
In her form reflected live.

Latest bloom of longest line;
Rival beauty there may be,
But the perfect blossom crowns
Only the ancestral tree.

W. S.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

The Ring and the Book. By Robert Browning. Vol. II. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. Robert Browning's noble poem is at length complete. Twenty-one thousand lines have sufficed for the apotheosis of an old Roman murder case, and now, the alloy which the Prologue promised us, being mixed with the pure ore of the Book, the Ring, with its elaborate carvings,

"The rondure brave, the lilled loveliness,
Gold as it was, la, shall be evermore,
Prime nature with an added artistry"

lies finished before us. The lean, crafty, greedy devil, Guido, the simple, saintly "woman-child," Pompilia, the noble and impassioned Canon Caponsacchi, the clashing opinions of the public, the subtle arguments of the opposing lawyers, and the final decision of the aged Pope—the "Twelfth Innocent"—have all been heard; and now, the clamor and confusion of conflict being over, we can look back over the ample field, judge the poem calmly as if it, like the tragedy which it depicts, were three centuries away from the passion and prejudices of the present, and judge the doer according to his deeds.

In our notice of the first volume we gave an outline of the story and the manner and scope of the treatment. Public opinion in Rome, roused to frenzy by the triple murder, had had its flow, ebb, and subsidence. Count Guido had almost entrapped our judgment by his subtle and eloquent defence before the tribunal of justice, and the suspected priest, Caponsacchi, had vindicated his own course and the character of Pompilia in what is the most fervid, highly-wrought, and poetic division of this wonderful poem. The innocent victim, Count Guido's wife,

"Little Pompilia with the patient brow
And lamentable smile on those poor lips,"

pierced with wounds, and lying on her death-bed, sings the sweet idyll of her innocent life, and gives her version of the awful tragedy which ends it. And then we have the dull, heartless puns and Law-latin of Dominus Hyacinthus de Archangelis, counsel for the defence; and the still duller, conceited platitudes of Juris Doctor Johannes-Baptista Rottinius, fisc. and attorney for the prosecution. Guido is condemned to death, but having at one time been almost within the pale of the holy priesthood—hanging as it were on the verge of the Hierarchy—he claims the protection of the Vatican, and appeals to Pope Innocent.

The fourth grand figure of the drama is that of the venerable Pope, aged eighty-six, failing in everything except intellectual power, as he sits in his study, piercing through the mist of words which had accumulated around the case ere it was dragged out of the slime of the law, and confirming the verdict which, as he well knew, must hurry a shrinking and criminal soul into the abyss.

The picture of the brave old man, himself sinking into the world of shadows, fully aware of the awful responsibility of his position, of the opprobrium which the act would bring upon himself and the Church, and of the unreasoning sympathy which clusters round a criminal the moment justice has him fairly by the throat, yet firm in the principle of right, pronouncing the

sentence which shall consign the sinful soul of a mortal

"Into that sad obscure sequestered state
Where God unmakes but to remake the soul
He else had made in vain,"

is like one of the sacred paintings of Raphael in its simple moral sublimity.

Last of all, fit close to the long lurid trail of murder, we have Guido again, no longer the meek, injured, resigned hero, but an incarnate devil—a crafty, lean, malignant wolf, imbruing his claws in blood from the mere instinctive delight in cruelty; in one word—himself. In the first volume the wolf was in sheep's clothing, and the reader felt that there was much to be said in his defence; but in this one the evidence is all against him, and when hope is dead, and death scarce six hours off, he throws off the mask and stands hideously revealed.

Nowhere in our dramatic literature is human depravity portrayed with such relentless, unflinching, loathsome accuracy, as in the character of Count Guido Franceschini, as it stands revealed to us in his desperate confession.

Finally, by way of winding up the dangling threads of the narrative, we have *The Book* and the *Ring* by the Poet *in propria persona*—a solid but not eloquent peroration.

Here, evidently surprised at the unwonted popularity of this, his latest work, he speaks of "You British Public, who may like me yet," in modification of "The British Public, ye who like me not," found in the Prologue.

Let us hope that this "consummation devoutly to be wished" may be realized soon, and that the world may learn to do justice to one who, if not the greatest, is certainly one of the great poets of the century.

Such is the faint outline of the work. Now let us measure its artistic perfection (which is impossible) and point out what we conceive to be some of its defects. The latter can be summed up in a sentence, and are faults which will prove fatal rather to the general popularity of the poem than to the estimation in which it will be held by those who are willing to *study* a work, not merely to *read* it.

Briefly, then, the poem is too long, not simply in the number of lines, but it is longer than the story renders necessary, we had almost said justifies. Though told by Browning, it is rather tedious to read the same story in blank verse in nine different versions. Few readers but will feel that the interest drags frequently in a manner fatal to the complete success of a poem essentially dramatic.

Browning has mixed too much of the alloy which he promised with the ore, to maintain the purity of his metal. And though it would be at the sacrifice of marvellous work of its kind, the unity of conception, the art of the poem would be more unimpeachable with fully one-third left out. The super-subtle pleadings of the two dull lawyers—each so supremely skilful that he can concede everything his opponent claims and then beat him (after the manner of all lawyers) are excellent, wonderful, but add nothing whatever to the interest of the poem or its general effect. They are digressions pure and simple.

So also of "Half-Rome," "The other Half-Rome," and "Tertium Quid."

In this second volume, too, the poet has relapsed into his rugged, tortuous style, and abstract subtleties which have so long repelled general readers. The first was comparatively intelligible and lucid.

But in spite of all drawbacks—if drawbacks they be—*The Ring and the Book* is a great poem—in some respects "the greatest of the century"—the strongest epic in our language since the *Paradise Lost*. Those four great figures of Pomplia, Caponsacchi, Pope Innocent, and Count Guido, and the fearful drama which they act before us, will be impressed upon our minds forever.

The sketch of the simple innocent girl, suddenly transformed by the faint whisper of approaching maternity into a woman, is a masterpiece of delicate power; nor has the sacred perfection of maternal love ever been more finely drawn than in the following from the lips of the dying Pomplia?—

"Even for my babe, my boy, there's safety thence—
From the sudden death of me, I mean: we poor
Weak souls, how we endeavor to be strong!
I was already using up my life—
This portion, now, should do him such a good,
This other go to keep off such an ill!
The great life; see, a breath and it is gone!
So is detached, so left all by itself
The little life, the fact which means so much,
Shall not God stoop the kindler to His work,
His marvel of creation, foot would crush,
Now that the hand He trusted to receive
And hold it, lets the treasure fall perforce?
The better; He shall have in orphanage
His own way all the clearer: If my babe
Outlive the hour—and he has lived two weeks—
It is through God who knows I am not by.
Who is it makes the soft gold hair turn black,
And sets the tongue, might lie so long at rest,
Trying to talk? Let us leave God alone!
Why should I doubt He will explain in time
What I feel now, but fail to find the words?"

The old Pope, too, is a noble character, drawn with wonderful vigor and grasp. The picture of the courageous old man's slight hesitation in the discharge of his terrible duty—of the deep questions as to the truths in which he and his office rest which that hesitation stirs—of the plumbing of the most difficult problems of philosophy and faith, as his mind travels round the intellectual horizon of his lonely eminence, and of the half-anxiety and half-trust with which he observes the signs of moral decomposition—omens for those who come after him—all is drawn so as to leave an indelible impression on any moderately sensitive imagination.

With a quotation of the finest dramatic passage in the poem we will conclude this notice.

Guido, closeted with the Abbot and the Cardinal for confession, has been indulging in the usual reckless bravado of the condemned felon, when the approach of the executioners strips his soul bare, and as he stands

"Just on the edge over the awful dark,"
he is stricken to his knees with horror:

"Who are these you have let descend my stair?
Ha, their accursed psalm! Lights at the sill!
Is it "Open" they dare bid you? Treachery!
Sirs, have I spoken one word all this while
Out of the world of words I had to say?
But one word! All was folly—I laughed and mocked!
Sirs, my first true word, all truth and no lie,
Is—save me notwithstanding! Life is all!
I was just mad,—let the madman live
Pressed by as many chains as you please pile!

Don't open! Hold me from them! I am yours,
I am the Granduke's—no, I am the Pope's!
Abate,—Cardinal,—Christ,—Maria,—God,
Pompilia, will you let them murder me?"

Annual of Scientific Discovery. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. The year of grace, 1868, has been peculiarly rich in contributions to every branch of science. Probably never before, in the same space of time, has so much activity been manifested or researches attended with such brilliant results.

The marvellous resources of the spectroscope,—with the exception of the telescope, undoubtedly the most powerful instrument yet placed within the grasp of science—has given such an impetus to astronomy, chemistry, and the kindred sciences, that the ordinary discoveries of a century have been crowded into a single twelvemonth; and Geologists, Anthropologists, and Ethnologists have been far from idle. Indeed, whoever is not in a position to realize with what rapidity the circle of the sciences is being enlarged in these latter years will find this book a startling curiosity, independent of the instruction it is certain to afford; while to all those who, from profession, pursuit, or inclination, are interested in the progress of human thought in its most important field (and who in our day is not so interested?), the *Annual* will prove invaluable.

One of our own leading specialties is to give, from month to month, a digest of contemporary scientific discovery; but from the very necessities of the case only a very limited range can be covered.

This *Annual* collates what only a large number of periodicals could supply, and includes every subject, however relatively trivial, and records every step in advance, however faint and faltering, made in any of those subjects.

The classification of the work is as follows:—1st, Mechanics and Useful Arts; 2d, Natural Philosophy; 3d, Chemistry; 4th, Geology; 5th, Biology; 6th, Astronomy and Meteorology; 7th, Geography and Antiquities.

Mr. Kneeland has done his work carefully and well; and the *Annual* seems to us, after a pretty thorough examination, to be comprehensive, lucid, and reliable. Some few things are stated as facts concerning which there is still much dispute among scientific men, and which are scarcely entitled to a more dignified name than probable guesses; but some latitude must be allowed to a compiler's individual opinion.

The volume is embellished with a portrait on steel of James D. Dana, LL.D., Professor of Natural History and Geology in Yale College.

Edelweiss. By Berthold Auerbach. Handy Volume Series, No. 4. Boston: Roberts Bros.

Edelweiss is a very charming story—a sweet, poetic pastoral of Swiss peasant life, such as only Auerbach could have written. We seem to see the simplicity of a clever, happy, thrifty, people, whom the tumult of civilization has not yet reached, to breathe the pure air of the mountains, and to take a more than mere spectator's interest in the development of *Edelweiss*—Noble Purity—from the lives which, promising so much, have fallen into the mire of domestic enmity and strife. We close our ears to the mad clamor of this struggling life, and, going back to nature and human nature not yet fired with the fierce inspi-

ration of Progress, we "fleet the time as merrily as they did in the golden world."

True, after reading *On the Heights*, *Edelweiss* is somewhat of an anti-climax. One is so broad, philosophical, and complex; the other so simple, unpretending, and as it were confined. The one a grand picture of human life in the great world, with all its problems, complexities, apprehensions, and possibilities; the other the pale reflection and ebb of life, where everything is by comparison dwarfed, as if looked at through the telescope reversed. We scarcely recognize the author of *On the Heights*, probing with the spear of Ithuriel into the solemn mysteries of the human heart, save in the consummate handling of his materials and the quiet force of his style. And yet *Edelweiss* is a masterly story, far more refreshing and healthful to read, and a much truer study of character than is ever afforded save by the hand of genius.

One quality of Auerbach's which finds better development in *Edelweiss* than in his previous works is his quiet humor. We had almost concluded that the author of *On the Heights* was too thoughtful and sombre to possess it in a high degree, but we see now, that he knows when it is admissible and when it is not—a quality which, we may remark, is even more rare than humor itself.

How to Read Character. New York: S. R. Wells. Whatever may be thought of phrenology as a science, it has certainly entitled itself to a respectful hearing, and a calm and thoughtful analysis of its claims. The time has gone by when the Podsnaps of the press could consign it to the limbo of absurdities with a contemptuous wave of the hand. No doubt, enthusiastic advocates have claimed too much for it—more than it can possibly ever realize; for "circumstances are a kind of fate," and must exercise a far more powerful influence upon human life than any system or science based on antecedents or brain development can possibly provide for, without a flexibility which would render it practically a series of fortuitous guesses. Still phrenology is far from mere empiricism, and presents facts which it is much more reasonable to accept than to deny, however they may clash with inherited prejudices. No one can undergo an examination by an able practitioner without being startled at the general accuracy of the portrait, or without feeling that some other agency is at work beside clever conjecture.

This Handbook of Phrenology, Physiology, and Physiognomy is designed for those who wish to get a practical knowledge of the science, its principles, and latest developments, without the labor of examining abstruse and technical works, or sifting its various theories. Everything essential to the understanding and even practising of the system is embraced in the plan, but details are omitted, as far as is consistent with completeness and lucidity. To quote the author, "It contains not only all of the phrenology of previous charts or hand-books for self-instruction, but it embraces much more of physiology and physiognomy than any former book of the kind."

The hand-book is profusely illustrated, as is essential in a science based on form, and will do much to popularize phrenology and kindred in-

quiries. It is convenient, lucid, and concise, and is the only book on the subject which has tempted us to a careful and studious examination, or inspired us with a desire to apply it.

Representative Biographies. New York: Felt & Dillingham. Cassell & Co. of London have commenced the publication of a popular series of biographies of eminent men (and women), which are being issued simultaneously in this country by Messrs. Felt & Dillingham. Four volumes have appeared, being the Lives of John Bright, William E. Gladstone, Benjamin Disraeli, and Queen Victoria.

The series cannot but be popular, and the instruction afforded is valuable. Many are familiar with the names of the three great statesmen Bright, Gladstone, and Disraeli, and even with their recent history, who yet know nothing of the early careers—the chrysalis state as it were—through which all aspirants for political pre-eminence must pass in England.

To such, *Representative Biographies* will afford much interesting information. Mr. McGilchrist, the author of all of them, seems to be a man of fair attainments, good judgment, some literary skill, and a clear conception of the demands of his task. No subtle criticism, the bane of so much biography, peculiarly fruitless and useless in the lives of contemporaries, is attempted; but a lucid, concise, and careful statement of salient facts, and a generally impartial and clever outline of character are what he considers best adapted to the wants of "the people," to whom he particularly appeals.

The Life of Brougham, which was first on the list of Messrs. Cassell & Co., has been omitted by the American publishers, probably as not of sufficient interest in this country, but other volumes are to follow.

The style of the series is neat and the size convenient; and though not so cheap as the professedly "cheap literature" of our own publishers, is much more worthy of preservation.

Villa Eden, the Country House on the Rhine. By Berthold Auerbach. Part I. Boston: Roberts Bros. The fierce competition among the publishers for the privilege of offering Auerbach's new novel to the public has culminated in this *coup de théâtre* by Messrs. Roberts Bros. By arrangement with the publishers of the *Living Age*, in the pages of which it is now appearing as a serial, they have gotten the first entry to the field, and have commenced its issue in instalments.

Part I. is a handsome 8vo pamphlet of 200 or more pages, and is probably a fourth of the entire work. It would be futile, at this stage of the story, to attempt any criticism upon its merits—in fact, we have deferred the pleasure we anticipate from its perusal until such time as we can have the whole before us.

Any one who has read *On the Heights*, and knows the eagerness with which this story has been anticipated, will be more than willing to take any of the productions of Auerbach's pen on trust, and be thankful.

Perhaps we ought to mention that Part I. has a very handsome title-page and frontispiece, neatly engraved, on tinted paper.

The Evidences of Christianity. By Ebenezer

Dodge. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. This book consists of a series of lectures on the Evidences, delivered by Professor Dodge to the senior class of Madison University, and a couple of prefatory essays on the Existence of God and the Immortality of the Soul.

Nothing particularly new is eliminated, nor can we reasonably expect it; but for a text-book, for which the Professor evidently intends it, it seems to us in many respects better adapted than any of its predecessors. The old field is traversed with a vigorous step, some skill is shown in handling the evidence, and the author evinces a thorough grasp of religious ethics.

Virginia Graham, the Spy of the Grand Army. Boston: Loring. This is a story of the late war. In the preface (which we have read) the author informs us that this "plain unvarnished tale" was neither picked up on a battle-field, nor found in a dead soldier's haversack, nor abstracted from the collection of military souvenirs at Washington, West Point, or elsewhere; nor was it collated from the multitudinous histories or fictions of the ever-memorable campaign which gloriously culminated in the reduction and surrender of the "Gibraltar of the Mississippi," nor &c. But, nevertheless, he finds the manuscript in his possession, and takes the responsibility of being its putative father.

The first page (which we have looked at) introduces us to Virginia the Vivandiere (not an "American institution"), and turning over the leaves, we find "The End" printed on page 165.

We feel that we have done Virginia Graham altogether exceptional justice—that is, if Sydney Smith's principles of criticism are good. He held that "we should never read a book before reviewing it, it prejudices one so."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Planchette. Handy Volume Series, No. 3. Boston: Roberts Bros. 4to pp. 414.

My Ten-Rod Farm, by Mrs. Maria Gilman. Boston: Loring. 8vo, paper covers, pp. 119.

SCIENCE.

Roman Remains in London.—In February, 1867, some fragments of Roman pavement were exhibited by Messrs. Cubitt and Mr. P. C. Hardwicke, architect of the New Union Bank at the corner of St. Mildred's court. In excavating at eighteen feet from the surface, the workmen found the pavement in its original position. The fragments were selected from a vast number. It must have resembled those met with under the East India House, beneath the Excise Office, and in Threadneedle street. In the centre was a vase, formed in lines of tesserae of various colors, of small size, and of the finest kind, the effect being heightened by introducing colored glass. This was encircled by a scroll of foliage and various intricate patterns, the familiar guilloché design bordering the whole. The excavations being near the bed of the ancient Wall-brook, they might be only fragmental remains buried in river débris. Mr. Tito thinks the depth of this stream bed might have been as low as thirty feet.

Stowe says, "From the wall of the City the course of the work was and is to St. Margaret's, Lothbury, and from thence beneath Grocers' Hall, about the east part of their kitchen, under St. Mildred's Church." Numerous antiquities were met with near the pavement, a good mortuary having on the rim the name "Albinus," several specimens of pottery, and some fine bronze fibulae, one is preserved in the Museum at Guildhall. From this site, near Tokenhouse-yard, many interesting objects have been dug up. The locality is rich in Roman remains. In 1805, opposite Founders' court, at a depth of eleven feet, the famous pavement now in the British Museum was discovered. During the recent excavations a curious specimen was met with, an instrument for trimming Roman lamps. It has a pointed end for raising the wick, and projections for removing any hardened crust. Among lamp appendages, stands of clay have been identified by Roach Smith in his *Roman London*; he has also described iron utensils for hanging the lamp from a small projection. Mr. Gunston has an example of a scale beam. It has folding joints; at each end is seen the ring from which the scales would be suspended. Such balances were probably to weigh jewellery or precious stones. The folding hinge rendered them portable. Mr. Gunston also possesses a wedding-ring. It is of iron, mounted with a plate of brass, whereon is inscribed *vita volo*. Rings of this sort are rare. Roach Smith records instances of rings of gold, one from the Thames weighing nearly five drachms, and others of bronze. The practice of wearing rings is exceedingly ancient. The Egyptians especially wore them as marks of honor, and the use of them is frequently spoken of in the Scriptures. In Pliny's age, iron rings unjewelled were fashionable; more valuable rings were given by the State as rewards for public services. Rings sometimes cost enormous sums. The ring of Justinian cost £40,000; that of Domitian £60,000. During the second Punic War, at the battle of Cannæ, when 40,000 Romans were slain or made prisoners, Hannibal is said to have sent to Carthage three modii of rings, taken from the fingers of the dead. It is affirmed that from the eagerness of Cæpio and Darius, each to possess the same ring, arose the Social War of the Marsians. Most of the Latin authors speak of finger-rings. Terence mentions the betrothal ring with the Anglo-Saxons—the ring formed part of the marriage contract. It was placed on all the fingers in turn, but was ultimately left on the fourth. Mediæval rings generally were inscribed with poesies, often of a religious character, as—"If love abide, God will provide;" "Have faith, conquer death;" "Tried with fire, rise higher;" &c. Among other Latin mottoes are recorded—"Bonam vitam;" "Amo Te—amo me—Vivas Bene Vignis amoris Habes." Fashion is said to be very changeable, and yet the fashion of decorating the person with ornaments—particularly rings—may be traced up to the earliest times. Yet our progenitors in the old world formed a different estimate of gems and precious stones than we do. Pearls were thought the most valuable. Hence we read in the description of the new Jerusalem, that "The gates are pearls, each one," and the Saviour Himself speaks of the merchantman seeking goodly

pearls, "and when he had found one of great price, he sold all that he had, and bought it." Among us diamonds are estimated above all other gems. Rubies were thought more highly of by the ancients. Solomon declares of a virtuous woman, "that her price is above rubies." Cleopatra's greatest act of extravagance (according to Plutarch) was to dissolve a costly pearl in some acid, to form a loving cup for Mark Antony. Shakespeare makes the King in *Hamlet* say:—

"And in the cup a union (pearl) shall be thrown,
Richer than that which three successive kings
Have in the Royal crown of Denmark worn."

But all these symbols of wealth, rank, or royalty have in their turn become ornaments of the sarcophagus, to be dug from pyramid or cemetery, an eloquent though silent record of the past. With what elaborate pains the ancient Egyptians embalmed their dead, and now their labors are a mockery and a by-word. Mummies were broken up to afford materials for medical balsams, or placed in glass cases to be stared at in museums—kings, priests, all the great ones of the earth have been exposed to the gaze of idle curiosity. The possessors of an Italy anterior to Rome, the Etruscans, went down to their graves in glory, and their richly-decked sepulchres preserved until modern times, to become the problems of modern artists; and Rome spread her net of dominion over the "isles of the sea," and not content with the oysters of Britain, or the metals of Wales, became lord paramount of white-cliffed Albion for a few generations, covering the land with the marks of Imperial grandeur. Soon Rome abandoned her conquest; comparative barbarism followed; the dust fell thick over the trophies of the empire, a grave-like darkness hid them from sight. In the progress of civilization the pick of the antiquary grows busy; the London architect pauses amidst the *débris* of a buried city—

"Amazed at antique titles on the stones,
And mighty fragments of gigantic bones."

Recommencement of the Excavations at Herculaneum.—All those who take an interest in antiquarian studies will rejoice to hear that, after a century of almost total neglect, the excavations at Herculaneum are now to be resumed, King Victor Emmanuel having conceived, or at all events carried out, the happy idea of assigning for this purpose an annual grant of thirty thousand francs to the charge of his civil list. He has, furthermore, undertaken to provide for the maintenance of a pupil at the Archæological School of Pompeii. These measures have been received with uncommon satisfaction in the Neapolitan provinces. As befitting an event of such importance as the recommencement of the long-abandoned excavations at Herculaneum, the opening ceremony was directed, and the first clod loosened, by the King himself. What a rich harvest of discovery may reward the toil of future laborers in this mysterious soil! What further insight into the domestic life of the ancient world may not be obtained from the imprisoned treasures that have at last obtained their orders of release! The two buried sisters, Herculaneum and Pompeii, have undergone a very different fate in these latter times.

The earliest researches were instituted in Herculaneum, with magnificent results; but partly from the hardness of the material in which the ruins are imbedded, and partly also from a fear of endangering the foundations of the modern town of Portici, the works were discontinued and transferred to Pompeii, where the labor is far easier, and, therefore, more remunerative. As a set-off against this defect, the works of art unearthed here are generally of a superior character, not only because Herculaneum was itself a seat of a richer and more refined community, but also because the difficulties attending the excavations at Herculaneum have preserved its contents from the depredations to which Pompeii has been subjected at various periods.

Strange Phenomenon.—A rather peculiar and striking phenomenon was observed at Braemar on Thursday se'nnight, between the hours of nine and ten P.M. The sky at the time was clear and starry, and the night slightly frosty, while a dense belt of dark clouds hung like a fringe along the northern horizon. Suddenly a belt, of apparently fifty yards in length and six in breadth at the middle, tapering to a sharp angle at both ends, was seen in the southern heavens. Its position was exactly, as far as could be ascertained, directly athwart the meridian, and about thirty-five degs. above the horizon in that quarter. It continued distinctly visible for upwards of half an hour, at intervals growing very faint, almost a mere speck, but speedily recovering its bright refulgent character without perceptibly altering its position or shape. Its appearance was of a filmy luminous white color, at times slightly resembling the aurora borealis, but its situation and the general aspect of the heavens before and after it was seen were such as to preclude the probability of it having originated from the northern lights, of which no indications were visible.

Peculiar Fish.—"We have," says Sir Charles Bell, "a curious instance of the precision of the eye and of the adaptation of muscular action, in the beaked chætodon, a fish which inhabits the Indian rivers, and lives on the smaller aquatic Indian flies. When it observes one alighted upon a twig, or flying over (for it can shoot them on the wing), it darts a drop of water with so steady an aim as to bring the fly down into the water, when it falls an easy prey. It will hit a fly at the distance of from three to six feet. Another fish of the same order, the *zeus*, has the power of forming its mouth into a tube, and squirting at flies, so as to encumber their wings and bring them to the surface of the water." In these instances, a difficulty will readily occur to the reader: How does the fish judge of position, since the rays of light are refracted at the surface of the water? Does instinct enable it to do this, or is it by experience? Now, Sir Charles Bell was one of the closest observers and the most trust-worthy writers of his time, so that his authority is unquestionable.

Cats in Antiquity.—The following curious particulars about this domestic animal are from a work, just out, by M. de Champfleury, entitled *Les Chats*. There is no mention of the cat as a domestic animal in the Bible. According to our

author, the word *Tsyim* met with in the prophets rather means "jackals." Nor does the *ailouros* of the Greeks seem to have been domesticated until a comparatively recent period. Pliny speaks a good deal of the *felis*, and Palladius, a later writer on agriculture, mentions the *Catus* as an animal of some use in catching mice in garrets. Hence M. de Blainville concludes that the cat was only domesticated among the Romans about that period. With the Egyptians it was otherwise; they even seem to have had various species of this animal, three of which still exist in Africa. Nevertheless it is never found depicted on such monuments as are contemporary with the Pyramids; so that we may conclude it was not domesticated in Egypt until the year 1688 B.C. or thereabouts, that being the oldest date deducible from the "Funeral Ritual," where the cat is sometimes seen represented under the arm-chair of the mistress of the house, an honor it shares with dogs and monkeys. Its rarity and usefulness probably soon caused it to be admitted among the number of sacred animals, in order to favor the preservation of the breed. It seems to have been used in the chase, there being pictures extant in which cats are seen to spring from boats into the marshes of the Nile to fetch the wild ducks killed by their masters. In a painting found in a Theban tomb, puss is represented standing on her hind legs like a little dog, and resting her forepaws on the knees of a mau who is about to throw the crooked stick, called *shbot*, resembling the Australian boomerang, for the purpose of killing some game.

Jerusalem.—The explorers at Jerusalem have made further discoveries of underground structures—part of the ancient city—which have for generations been hidden by accumulations of rubbish and modern buildings. They have opened a vaulted passage, one side of which is massive masonry, the other perpendicular rock, and this rock is supposed to be the platform on which the Temple was built. Should this supposition prove true, the long-debated question as to the dimensions of the Temple may perhaps be settled; and the archaeologists who hold that the extent of the building was not greater than appears in Josephus, may find their views confirmed. From this it will be seen that the exploration becomes more and more interesting; but it is unfortunate that, in order to lay open old Jerusalem, a large part of modern Jerusalem must be endangered or destroyed. Nevertheless, if we can succeed in getting a definite notion of what Jerusalem was like in the days of Herod, all the money, labor, and enthusiasm expended in obtaining that result will have been well bestowed.

Mount Sinai.—News has been received also from the Sinai surveying-party, who are prospering in their task, laborious though it be. They had almost finished the great mountain-range, Jabel Musa, and were in expectation of soon beginning upon Mount Serbal. To carry on such a task in a region so barren, rugged, and precipitous, requires no small amount of strength and perseverance; but the observers were all in excellent spirits, and considered themselves repaid at times by the wide prospects opened to them, and the glorious effects of color presented by

landscapes bare and arid almost beyond imagination. They take photographs of the scenery, make regular meteorological observations, collect facts in geology, natural history, and archæology; and Mr. Palmer, the orientalist of the party, is copying all the ancient inscriptions he meets with. Out of all this we shall surely get something like a competent knowledge of a land rich in sacred and historical associations; and the thousands of readers who take interest in the discovery of Scriptural illustrations will no doubt be abundantly gratified.

Gunpowder.—The danger and inconvenience attending the use of gunpowder for blasting in coal-mines are so great, that repeated attempts have been made to construct a machine that should break out the coal by mechanical means only. This, as we learn from a paper read at the Institution of Civil Engineers, has now been accomplished, and tried with satisfactory results in a colliery at Harecastle. The machine comprises a hydraulic press of twelve tons power, with bars and wedges, which, being brought to bear on the coal, one wedge is forced in after another, until a huge mass of coal, weighing three or four tons, breaks off and falls. The advantage of this machine is thus apparent: the coal is "got" without the danger of a blast, and in unusually large pieces, and there is no time lost in waiting for the smoke to clear away.

Vesuvius.—Professor Phillips's visit to Vesuvius, which we mentioned last spring, has just shown a good result in an interesting book on Vesuvius in particular, and volcanoes in general. As a scientific work, it is instructive and suggestive, and we observe that Professor Phillips makes out a periodicity in volcanic outbursts, thus corroborating the conclusions of other geologists. But the Vesuvian region, he says, has recently been much more disturbed than in many years previously, and he is of opinion that we are now passing through a period of very severe struggle with the imprisoned energy of fire. If this opinion be well founded, we shall perhaps hear during the present year of earthquakes and eruptions as alarming as those which happened in different parts of the world in 1868. Professor Phillips's book is well worth reading; but we cannot say the same of an argument, published in Australia by a speculative geologist, to prove that the time is not distant when Rome will be swallowed by an earthquake.

Ether-spray.—Most readers are now aware that ether-spray is used to produce insensibility in any part of the body during surgical operations. Much ingenuity has been brought into exercise in the construction of instruments to administer the spray, and it is now blown from a tube in a shower so fine that it may be called liquid dust. It has the advantage over chloroform that it does not deaden the whole body, but only the part to be operated on. Another use has been lately found for the instrument—namely, in applying washes, lotions, and gargles to the eyes, nostrils, or throat. And in this there is great advantage, for the fine shower can be confined to the affected part exclusively, and can be made to reach parts not accessible by ordinary means. But the greatest

benefit may perhaps be looked for in the application of gargles: the patient will no longer have to fill his mouth with a nauseous draught, and go through the disagreeable operation of gurgling it in his gullet, but the shower of gargle will be directed to the inflamed part of his throat only, and its strength may be increased if needful without risk to the other parts of his mouth.

Scarlet Fever.—Dr. Budd, of Bristol, has published an account of his method for preventing the spread of scarlet fever, which ought to find a place in every school and dwelling-house throughout the country. For nearly twenty years the doctor has practised the method, and with entire success; his experience may therefore be trusted; and we find that the Registrar-General has published his approval thereof. He sets forth clearly all the precautions that ought to be used to prevent the spread of infection, and shows that if these are attended to, the disease may be cured in a comparatively short time, and without harm to the other inmates of the house. To counteract the diffusion of the poison in the dry scurf from the skin, he anoints the whole body, including the scalp, with olive-oil twice a day, beginning when the white dry eruption appears, commonly about the fourth day.

Snake Poison.—In the last volume of Transactions of the Royal Society of Victoria, published at Melbourne, there was an account of Dr. Halford's interesting researches into the nature of the change produced in the blood by the poison of snake-bites. The doctor worked with the microscope, satisfied himself that there was a change, and described it, and has since had an opportunity of testing his theory and his antidote. A man working on a railway was bitten by a snake; ere long drowsiness came on; medical assistance was obtained, but by the time it arrived the man was comatose, and his lower extremities were paralyzed. Dr. Halford was then summoned by telegraph: he made an incision in a vein, inserted the point of a syringe, injected ammonia diluted with water; and the effect produced is described as "marvellous and immediate." The man became conscious, steadily recovered, and became quite well. Henceforth let all people who live in districts infested by poisonous snakes remember that ammonia injected into a vein is the remedy for a bite.

Rainfall.—In a paper read at the Geographical Society, another example has been given that rainfall is diminished by the cutting down of forests. It occurred in the province of Coorg, Southern India, where for some years large clearings of the dense forest were made for coffee plantations. Less rain fell in consequence, and it is recommended that large belts of jungle be preserved to retain the moisture.

The Increase of Brain Disease. which the Registrar-General tells us is rapidly on the increase, is an alarming fact, which may well make us ask if we are not mentally travelling too fast in this age of increasing activity. In 1857 the number of persons who died from softening of the brain was 775. In 1866 the number was 1,664. The number of deaths from cephalitis (inflammation

of the brain) per 1,000,000 persons living had increased from 178 in 1857 to 197 in 1866. In the year 1866 there were 61,164 deaths from diseases of the brain and nervous system in England and Wales. Yet can it be doubted that we are yearly becoming a more temperate people? The fact is, we are living under high pressure conditions. It is the pace that kills. Great bodily exertion, exposure and variation of climate would not seem to be unfavorable to longevity, if one may judge from the great age to which soldiers live, even those who have added considerable mental work to physical exertion. Last week we recorded the death of Lord Gough, at the age of 90; this week of General Clifton, whose age is variously stated, the lowest estimate being 97. These were no feather-bed soldiers, but men who had seen half a century or more of active service and endured all the vicissitudes of war.

Lighting up the Stomach.—We find the following curious statement in a Canadian paper:—M. Miliat, in France, introduces into the stomach glass tubes of small calibre, connected with a strong battery, and containing the electrodes necessary for producing a brilliant galvanic light. Tumors or ulcers in the abdomen can thus be observed through the skin, and the interior lit up as when the feeble light of a candle renders the finger translucent.

VARIETIES.

Voltaire.—In the Archives of Moscow has been found a despatch addressed by the Russian Ambassador at Paris, in 1778, to Catharine II. It contains details hitherto unprinted concerning the disposal of Voltaire's body, and it is to this effect: Exhausted by a debate at the *Academie*, in which he had taken an active and eloquent part, Voltaire, on returning home, was smitten by excruciating internal pain, which he sought to alleviate by large doses of opium. Growing worse, Tronchin was sent for, and the doctor, not being acquainted with what Voltaire had taken, ordered that opium should be administered. The remedy was fatal to the philosopher. While he was dying, the Duchess of Nivernois and Madame de Gisors, her daughter, extracted a promise from the Curé of St. Sulpice that after Voltaire's death the Curé would publicly refuse to bury him. This refusal would be illegal, as Voltaire, when indisposed two months previously, and at the request of his family, had made a formal confession to the Abbé Gautier, and had been reconciled to the Church by the Curé of St. Sulpice, the parish in which Voltaire resided. The Curé and Abbé visited Voltaire in his last moments. The dying man put his arm around the Curé, assuring him of his respect for him. "Sir," said the Curé, "do you believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ?"—"I beg that you will let me die in peace!" replied Voltaire. The Curé turned away and intimated to the friends present that he *abandoned* the dying philosopher. Three or four hours later in the night Voltaire breathed his last, and then his friends and relatives understood that when a dying man was "*abandoned*" by his priest, he could not be buried in consecrated ground, and might be cast out of any grave, wheresoever dug for him. Voltaire's body was at once embalmed. The

heart was given to the Marquis de Villette, who placed it in his private residence. Voltaire's nephew, the Abbé Mignot, contrived to smuggle the body itself out of Paris. It was decked in the dressing-gown and night-cap of the defunct, and laid at length in a carriage, so that it might pass for an invalid being transported to the country. A servant sat in the carriage with it. The corpse was thus conveyed to the Abbey of Cellieres, belonging to the Abbé Mignot, who, with another nephew of Voltaire's, M. d'Ornoy, and some friends, were on the spot, which is a few miles from Nogent-sur-Seine. Into a grave eight feet deep the uncoffined body was let down. Quicklime two feet deep was cast upon it, and in a few hours the body was entirely consumed. Thus the end was gained of burying Voltaire in consecrated ground, and preventing the possibility of the body being cast out of the grave. The prior of the abbey had a funeral service celebrated in honor of the deceased in the abbey where he was interred, and similar services were celebrated in neighboring churches. The diocesan Bishop of Troyes published his anger at this step; but the prior remarked that he could not legally refuse the rites of sepulture to the body of a man who had duly confessed so shortly before his death. It was reported that the Bishop might have prevented what he only thought fit to censure. Such is the summary of a very long document, the authenticity of which is apparently guaranteed. Out of it arises a question of some historical interest. On the 30th of May, 1791, a coffin was carried from Cellieres to Paris, which was said to contain the body of Voltaire. It was conveyed to the "Pantheon," into which the Church of Ste. Genevieve had just been converted, with such circumstance of pomp as has probably never been awarded to the most exalted of mortal men. In 1806 the Church was restored to its first purpose; but it was not till 1822 that it was reconsecrated and divine worship again performed in it. Five years ago the present Marquis de Villette presented the Emperor with Voltaire's heart. His Majesty thought that such a relic might be placed where Voltaire's body lay, in the Church of Ste.-Genevieve. The Archbishop was consulted; but he smiled as he hinted a doubt whether the remains of Voltaire could be found in the above church. The tomb was opened and proved to be empty. Then old men remembered a story of the coffin that had been carried thither from Cellieres having been carried away by the priests of Ste. Genevieve, and buried in some unconsecrated hole. The heart is now, we believe, in the Imperial Library. The document sent to Catherine by her Ambassador in France would seem to show that Voltaire's body could never have rested in the Pantheon at all. All the sentimental pilgrimages made thither were made to a shrine without a hero. The two feet of quicklime thrown on the body at its burial at Cellieres disposed of what was mortal of the hero. The "Apotheosis" of Voltaire, in 1791, was a splendid farce, and Monseigneur l'Archeveque Darbois probably knew "all about it" when he quietly smiled at the application to have Voltaire's heart placed near Voltaire's body.—*Athenæum*.

Experiences of an Earthquake.—July 23: This morning, at a quarter past four, I was suddenly awoken by some cause which, for the moment, I

could not understand, but immediately there began a low, heavy rumbling, down deep in the earth. It was not a roar, but such a rattling or quick succession of reports as is made when a number of heavily-laden coaches are rapidly driven down a steep street paved with round cobble-stones. At the next instant it seemed as if some huge giant had seized my bed, and had pushed it from him and then pulled it towards him with the greatest violence. The gentleman and lady with whom I was residing shouted out to me: "Run out of the house! run for your life! There is a dreadful earthquake!" Back of the main house was the dining-room, surrounded by a low wall, and covered with a light roof. This was our place of refuge. The gentleman then explained to me that the shock which had just occurred was the second, and a very severe one, and the first, which was light, was what had so suddenly aroused me from a deep sleep. Of course, no one of us knew but another still heavier might come at the next instant and lay all the buildings near us in a mass of ruins, if indeed the earth should not open and swallow us all alive. The time that elapsed between hearing the rumbling noise and feeling the shock itself was about five seconds. At this time of the year, in the middle of a monsoon, the wind blows constantly day and night; but after this earthquake there was not the slightest perceptible motion in the air. The tree-toads stopped their steady piping, and the nocturnal insects all ceased their shrill music. It was so absolutely quiet that it seemed as if all nature was waiting in dread anticipation of some coming catastrophe. Such an unnatural stillness was certainly more painful than the howling of the most violent tempest or the roar of the heaviest thunder. Meantime, lights sprang up here and there in the neighboring houses, and all the doors were thrown open, that at the slightest warning everybody might run into the street. The strange words of the Chinese, Malays, and Arabs sounded yet stranger in the dark, still night, as each called in a subdued but most earnest tone to his or her relatives. The utter helplessness which every one feels at such a time, where even the solid earth groans and trembles beneath his feet, makes the solitude most keenly painful. It was half an hour—and that half hour seemed an age—before the wind began to blow as before. Then the nocturnal animals, one after another, slowly resumed their nightly cries, and our alarm gradually subsided as the dawn appeared, and once more gave promise of approaching day. I had long been anxious to witness an earthquake; but since that dreadful night there is something in the very sound of the word that makes me almost shudder. There is usually at least one earthquake—that is, one series of shocks—at Amboina every year, and when eight or ten months have passed without one, a very heavy shock is always expected.—"Travels in the East Indian Archipelago." By Albert S. Bickmore, M.A.

The Library of Timour.—The librarian of the India House has, we learn, made a most splendid "find." He has discovered in a chest which had escaped attention nothing less than the library of Timour, collected by the Mogul in the course of his conquests. Among other treasures are docu-

ments of extraordinary value connected with the biography of Mohammed. These facts are, we believe, fully ascertained; but we have still to learn whether the chest was obtained in the first or the second seizure of Delhi, where it must, we imagine, have been religiously preserved by the heirs of the great Tartar.—*Spectator*.

The Drawing-Room Elephant.—Some time ago two large elephants and a young one were captured in Ceylon. The agent of a certain well-known exhibitor, hearing of the capture, bought the lot for what would, even for elephants, be called a fancy price, and they were shipped on board the P. and O. boat Mongolia for Europe via Suez, and the vessel sailed on the 5th December. All went well till the arrival at Suez. They were then transported to trucks for railway transit across the Isthmus. Unfortunately, during the journey the trucks, owing, it is supposed, to the friction caused by the immense weight of the male elephant, took fire, and before the flames could be extinguished the two large elephants were so badly burnt that they died the same day. The young elephant was also much burnt, but escaped to be the wonder and delight of Liverpoolians. For the loss of the two elephants the Pasha of Egypt had to pay an indemnity of £2,000. The youngster proceeded on its way and is now in the possession of its owner, Mr. Manders, who will to-day exhibit it for the first time at his menagerie, adjoining the Free Public Library. It is a wonderful little animal. We usually associate elephants with ideas of the colossal; what, then, will folks say to a little lady (for it is a lady) not the height of the table, a brisk and lively little creature, with most affectionate and engaging little ways? These we know are not usually elephantine qualities, but, they are possessed by our heroine. She stands two feet six inches high, and her bulk is only such that a strong youth could lift her with ease. She is, in fact, quite a little pet; and if Mr. Manders can only be induced to send her out to select evening parties, on terms adequate of course to the unique character of the entertainment, we have no doubt but that she will become quite a favorite with the fair sex. Mr. Manders has now four elephants of different species and of singular contrasts in size. The largest weighs over four tons, the smallest barely a hundred weight. The largest would fill an ordinary room, and when in it probably break through the floor; the smallest is in size and behavior not at all out of place as a novelty to present to the guests in the drawing-room. There is no doubt that the wonderful little leviathan will rapidly become the "lion" of the establishment, in spite of the many rivals which have, perhaps, a better technical right to the name.

Bunsen's Student Life in Paris.—I write from six in the morning till four in the afternoon, only in the course of that time having a walk in the garden of the Luxembourg, where I also often study; from four to six I dine and walk; from six to seven sleep; from seven to eleven work again. I have overtaken in study (Arabic and Persian) some of the French students who have begun a year ago. God be thanked for this help! Before I go to bed I read a chapter in the New Testament, in the morning on rising one in the Old Testament; yesterday I began the Psalms from the first.



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